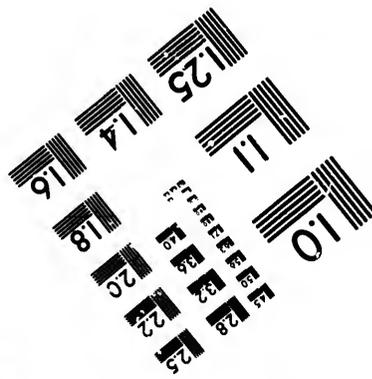
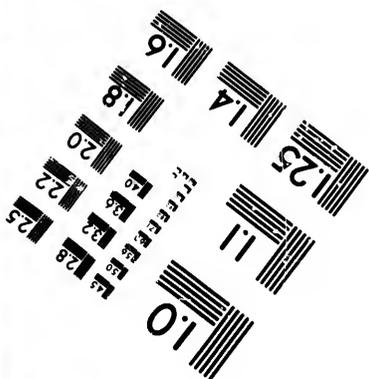
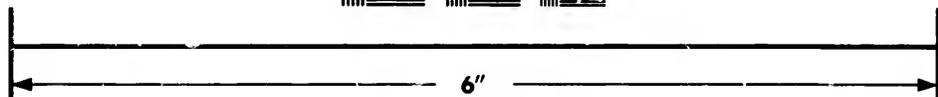
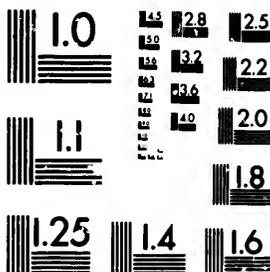


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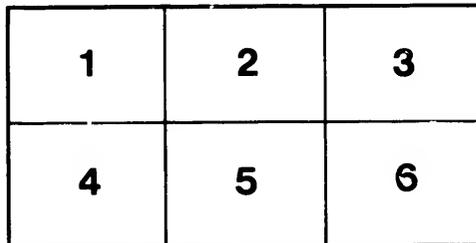
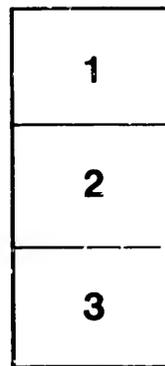
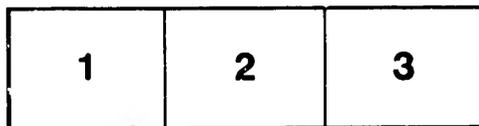
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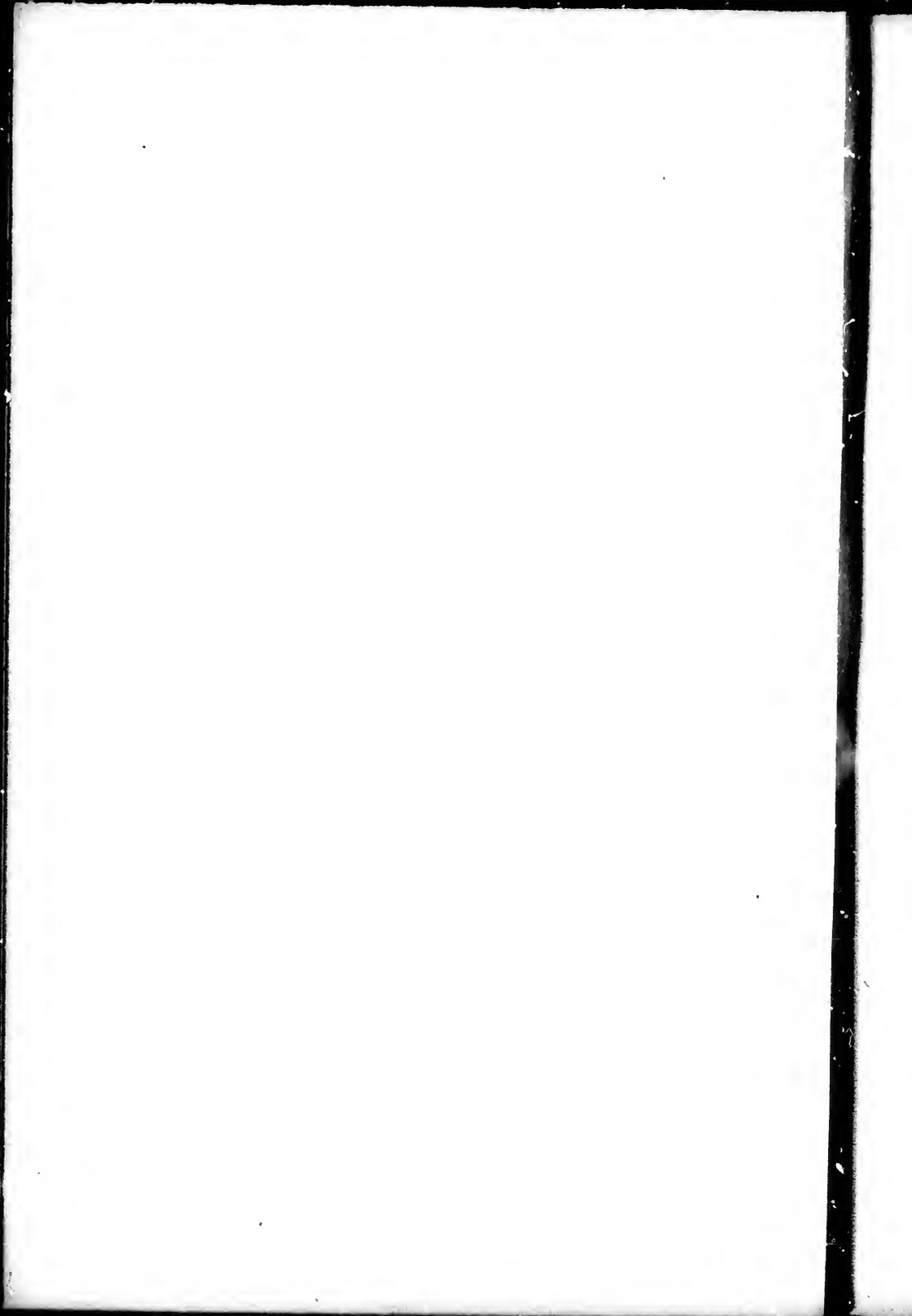
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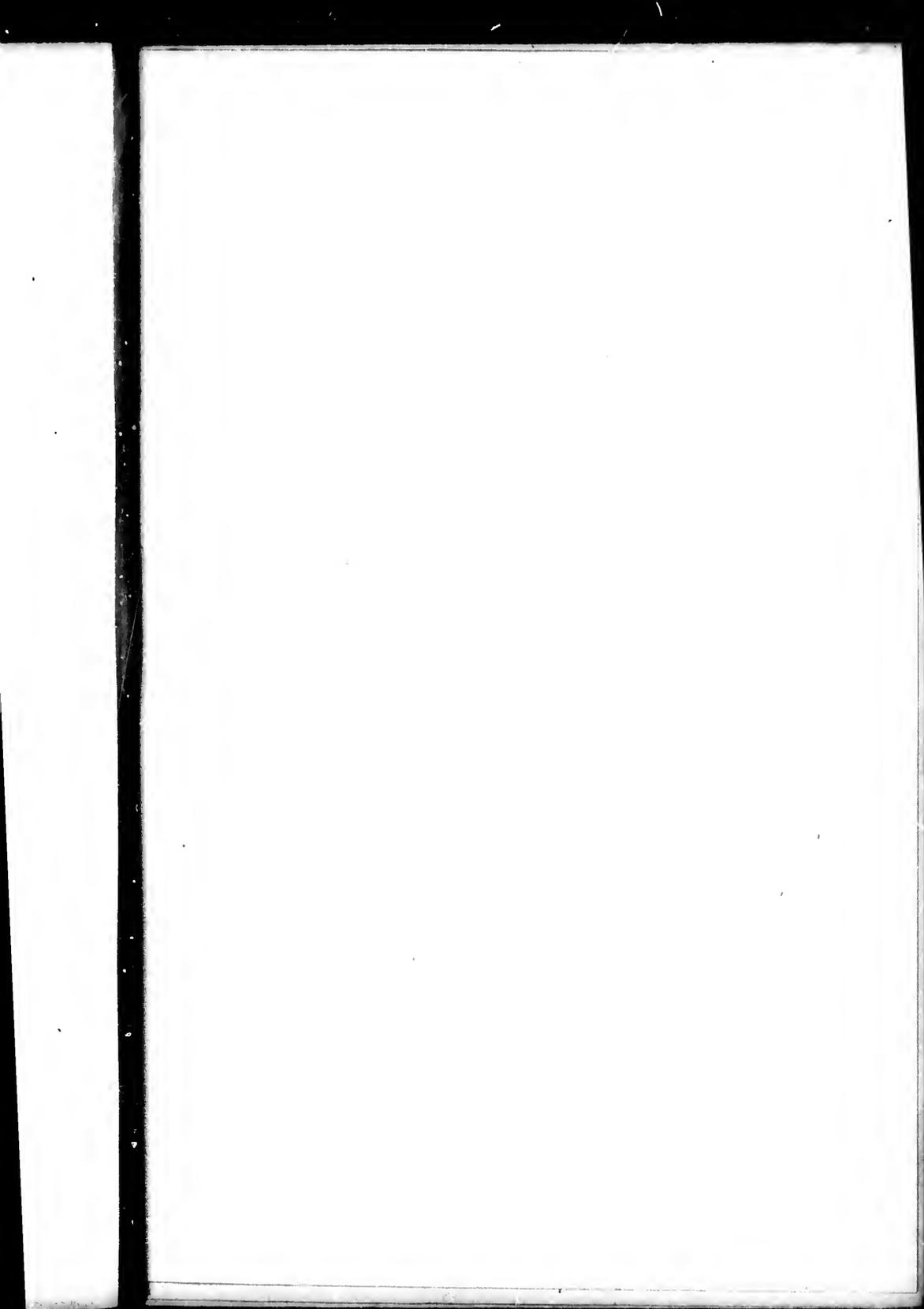
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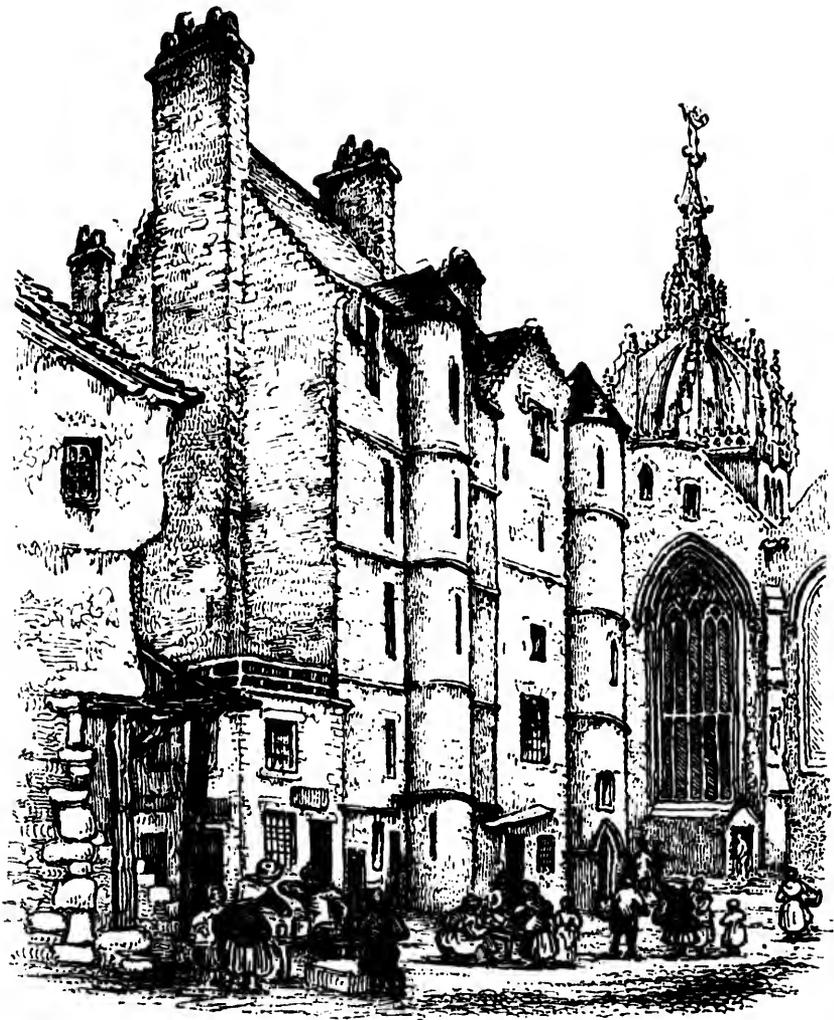
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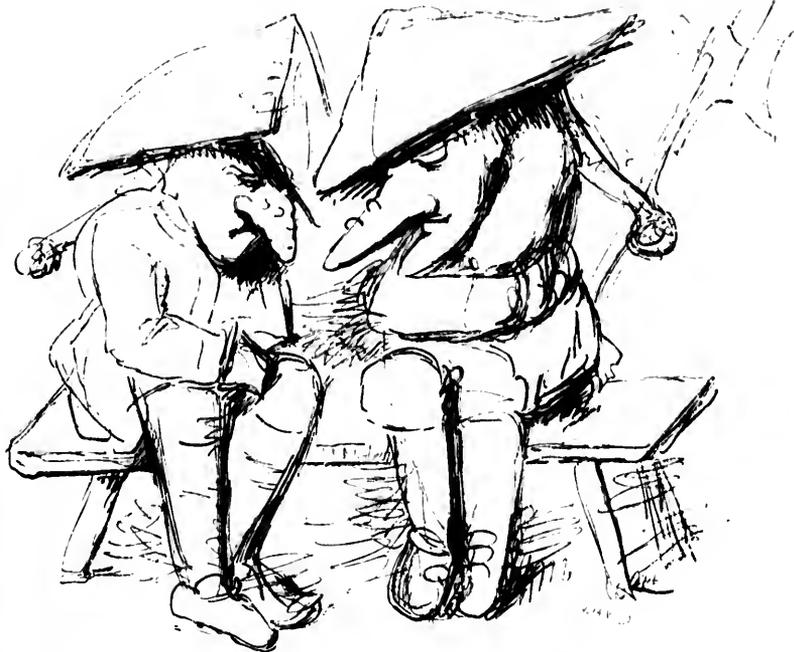
VOL. II.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

FRONTISPIECE.

REMINISCENCES
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.



CHAPTER XIII.

| | PAGE |
|----------------------------------|------|
| QUEEN MARY OF GUELDRES | I |

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| ST. ANTHONY'S WELL | 42 |
|------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| THE OLD TOLBOOTH | 70 |
|----------------------------|----|

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| CANONGATE REVELS | 101 |
|----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVII.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| THE OLD CASTLEHILL | 130 |
|------------------------------|-----|

| CHAPTER XVIII. | | PAGE |
|--|--|------|
| JONATHAN OLDBUCK | | 154 |
| CHAPTER XIX. | | |
| KING ARTHUR AND THE PICTS | | 195 |
| CHAPTER XX. | | |
| RIVAL SAINTS OF THE LOTHIANS | | 212 |
| CHAPTER XXI. | | |
| ST. MARGARET AND HER RELICS | | 244 |
| CHAPTER XXII. | | |
| THE WELL AND SHRINE | | 263 |
| CHAPTER XXIII. | | |
| THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE | | 292 |

PAGE
154

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.



195

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN *Frontispiece*

OLD TOWN GUARD *Vignette*

212

THE GUELDRES CHAPEL *Page 16*

COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY 40

THE OLD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, WEST BOW 98

244

THE WITCHES' HOUFF, OLD BROUGHTON 111

THE GOLFER'S LAND, CANONGATE 118

THE SANCTUARY, ABBEY CLOSE 125

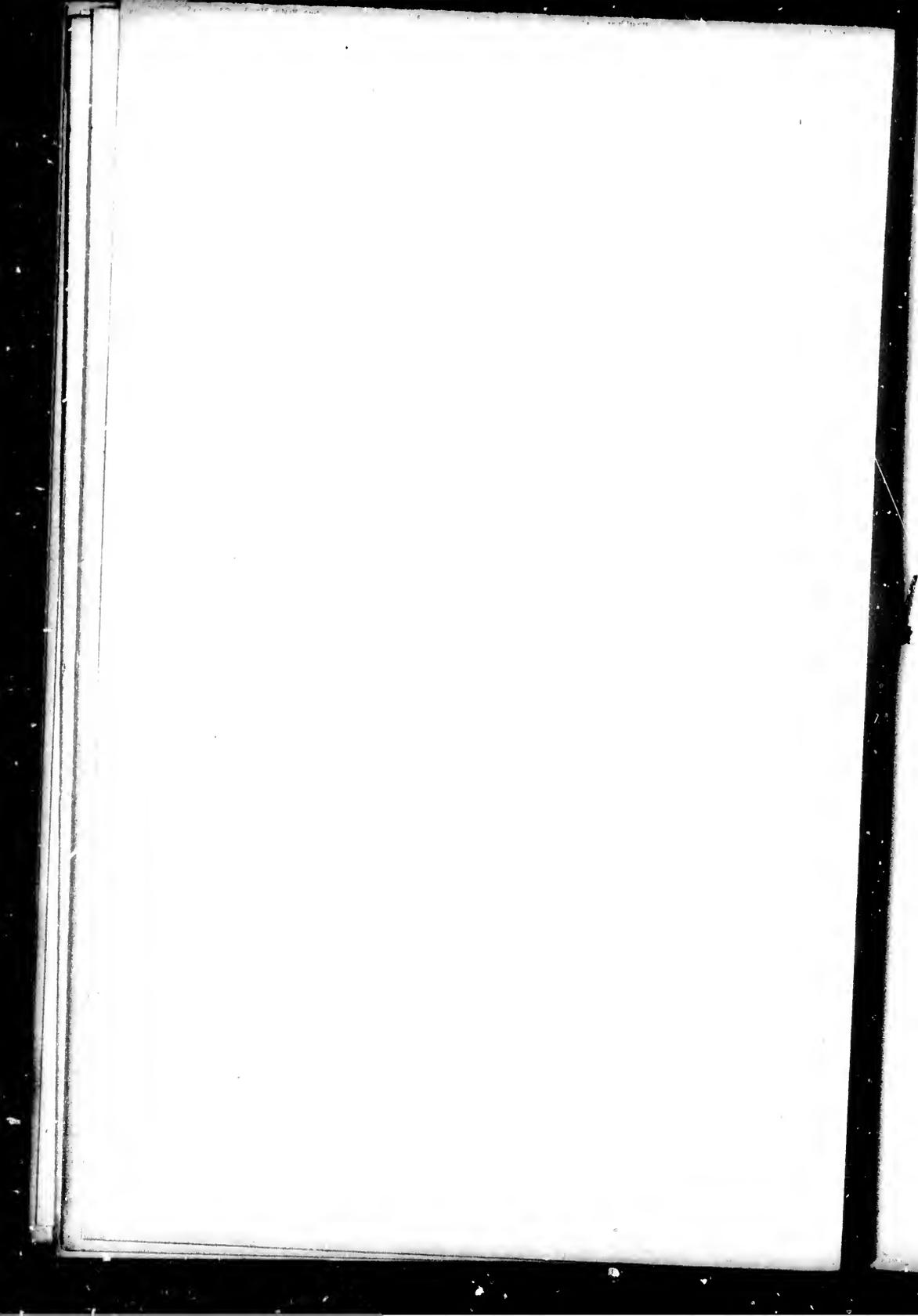
263

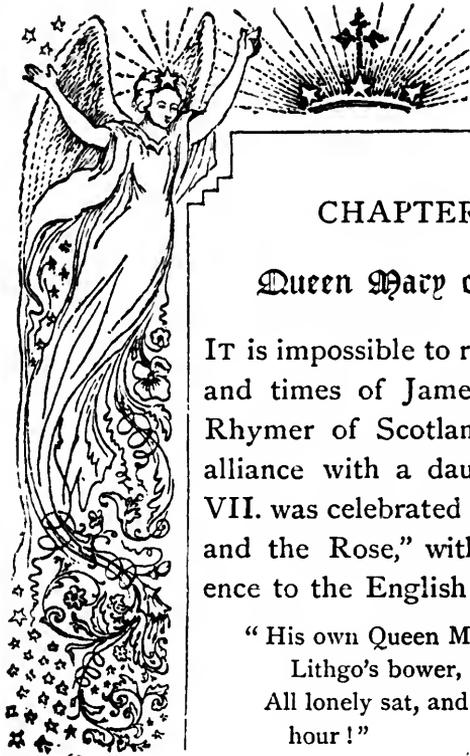
THE REFECTORY, TRINITY HOSPITAL 201

THE SHEPHERD'S TRYST, ARTHUR'S SEAT, 1844 210

292

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CHAPTER XIII.

Queen Mary of Gueldres.

IT is impossible to revert to the court and times of James IV., or to the Rhymer of Scotland by whom his alliance with a daughter of Henry VII. was celebrated in "The Thrissil and the Rose," without some reference to the English princess,

" His own Queen Margaret, who in
Lithgo's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary
hour !"

But among the Scottish Queens associated with Edinburgh, from the days of the Saxon Margaret to those of Mary Stuart, no one has greater claims to local interest than Mary of Gueldres, the Queen of James II. Of her brief wedded life the most memorable incident recorded by Scottish historians is that of its close. According to Hector Boece, Drummond of Hawthornden, and ot. er

chroniclers of the rhetorical and imaginative class, when the queen learned of the death of her husband by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in spite of her grief, she courageously presented to the army their infant king, and so animated the besiegers to prosecute their work, that the castle was speedily surrendered into their hands. But an old contemporary chronicle has been brought to light which demolishes this fine romance. It was not, apparently, till after the death of James, that the nobles sent for the royal infant and its mother, and had him crowned at Kelso, "quhile the foresaid castell was wastit and destroyit." But of the work which specially connected Mary of Gueldres with Edinburgh, both in olden and recent times, the substantial memorials have only disappeared in our own day.

In the year 1462, the widowed queen, in fulfilment of the intentions of her royal consort, founded the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, in the low valley immediately under the precipitous rock of the Calton Hill, styled in early notices the Dow Craig. It is so designated in the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, under date 1571, when a battery was erected on "the Dow Craig abone Trinity Colledge, beside Edinburgh, to ding and siege the north-east quarter of the burgh." The old Gaelic *Dubh*, or Black Craig, very appropriate for the lofty trap rock, is rendered by Gordon of Rothiemay in his view

of 1647, by its Latin equivalent *Nigelli Rupes*. There is a Dubh Craig in the Forth, which, by the assumption of its old Gaelic name as the Scottish vernacular *Doo* or dove, got translated on one of the ordnance survey-maps into "Pigeon Rock!" In a title-deed of the eighteenth century "the tenement of land in Calton, commonly called the Sclate Land," is described as bounded on the east by M'Niell's Craigs—possibly only a similar travesty of Gordon's *Nigelli Rupes*.

Close under this rocky steep, on which the city gaol now masquerades in picturesque rivalry of the castled crags of the Rhine, the collegiate church of Mary of Gueldres nestled for four centuries outside the city walls. In this suburban district it had been preceded by an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Ninian, and so the street was styled St. Ninian's, or St. Ringan's Row; though in later days its more familiar title was the Beggar Row. The crypt and other remains of St. Ninian's chapel were only swept away in 1814, in clearing the site for the Regent Bridge. It must have stood in close proximity to Dingwall Castle, the ruins of which appear in Gordon's view as a square keep with round towers at three of the angles; and a ruinous building, probably the chapel, on its eastern side. Sir John Dingwall, one of the provosts of the Collegiate Church, was a man of note in his day, Archdeacon of Caithness, Rector

of Strabrok in Linlithgowshire, and one of the spiritual Lords of the College of Justice. In 1518 he bought a house and garden in the vennel of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary-in-the-fields. He was the son of a priest, who gave him his patrimony in the form of a good education, and helped him to ecclesiastical preferment. He was held in good esteem for his talents, was employed at the court of Rome, and amassed much wealth, some of which he bequeathed for carrying on the buildings of the collegiate foundation of Mary of Gueldres. But his reputation was no less for pride and luxury than for great wealth. In Knox's History he is taunted with open dissoluteness; and an old Latin epigram refers ironically to the high-sounding titles inscribed on his sumptuous monument. Dominus Johannes Dingvale, Præpositus Ecclesiæ Collegiatæ Sanctæ Trinitatis prope Burgum de Edinburg, appears to have been no inapt type of the ecclesiastics of that strange era of which the queen's foundation was so characteristic a memorial.

The plan and architectural details of Trinity College Church appear to have been designed by John Halkerstone, master of the fabric. His design included a choir, nave, transepts, chantry chapel, and muniment room, in addition to prebendal buildings, and hospital for the royal bedesmen. The church embraced in its ample dedication not only the Holy Trinity, but also "the

always blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, Saint Ninian the confessor, and all the saints and elect of God ;” and for its object the foundation charter sets forth the salvation of the soul of King James II. the husband of the foundress, of her own soul and those of her kindred, and of the good Bishop Kennedy, the Scottish primate—himself of royal blood,—whose official services had been promptly available for carrying into effect the papal bull of his Holiness Pius II.

During the lifetime of the queen dowager the work was prosecuted with energy, under the direction of the first provost, Sir Edward Bonkil, and the architect. The bull of Pius II. had not only authorised the annexation to the foundation of the ancient church of Soltre in East Lothian ; but, by a later bull, plenary indulgence was granted to all devout penitents who visited the church at certain prescribed times during the feast of dedication, on the 18th of July, and the octaves following. The offerings of the pilgrims, after due reservation of a third to aid his Holiness “in carrying on war with the infidels,” furnished an important resource for the completion of the building. But the work had advanced but a little way when the royal foundress died at Edinburgh on the 16th November 1463. Her funeral obsequies had to be performed elsewhere, while the church which she had destined for her final resting-

place was in progress, and where at length her remains did find rest for nearly four hundred years.

But the maimed edifice testified to the last of the premature death of its foundress. The central tower was hastily finished with crow-stepped gables; of the nave no stone was ever laid; but the beautiful choir, with its fine apsidal end, exaggerated in apparent height by the ingenious arrangement of its three tall narrow windows; its elaborate groined roof, and beautifully sculptured bosses, corbels, and capitals, enriched, as Rickman says, "with foliage not exceeded in design or execution in any English cathedral:" all combined to form to the last a work of rare architectural beauty. But the site was in a hollow, where the inevitable accumulations of centuries tended more and more to depress it below the level of the neighbouring thoroughfares; and when, on a change in the national religion, it was conveyed by royal charter to Sir Symon Prestoun, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in 1567, its architectural effect was little regarded in the arrangements resorted to for the purpose of adapting it to the requirements of Presbyterian worship.

My own recollections carry me back nearly half a century, when on repeated occasions I sat in a huge square pew alongside one of the large pillars designed to sustain the central tower, while an uncle, the Rev. John Russel, of Muthill, officiated,

and the quaint sculpturings of pillar and roof pre-occupied his little nephew's attention, to the entire exclusion of the sermon. Mr. Russel had hereditary claims to pulpit oratory, as the son of the famous Old Light Minister of Kilmarnock, and in later years, of the High Church, Stirling: one of the heroes of Burns's "Twa Herds," against whom the poet bent his keenest satirical shafts in his "Kirk's Alarm," "The Ordination," "The Holy Fair," and others of his satires. He had been the master of the grammar school of Cromarty, where in after years the younger generation to which Hugh Miller belonged pursued their studies, and improved their opportunities in ways unknown to our modern "schools and schoolmasters." Hugh Miller described the old master as "a tall, robust, dark-complexioned man, imperturbably grave, and even fierce in his wrath against any defection or backsliding." With a voice of great power, and much energy in his action when in the pulpit, he preached the terrors of the law with an awful severity which made his hearers shudder, even when they recalled his sermons in later life. He lived to a great age, mellowed with years, and became a special favourite with the more grave and staid portion of his people. His son resembled him in figure, and inherited his energy and powers of language, as well as somewhat of his stern gravity, though softened and refined by culture.

He was greatly esteemed as a preacher, and at the time of his death had been selected to succeed Dr. Chalmers, in St. John's Parish, Glasgow. What would the denouncer of New Light heresies within his own fold, who so jealously kept his flock "weel fed on pastures orthodox," have said, could he have looked down the vista of the future and seen the use to be made of the gifts transmitted by him to younger generations? Popery was not more abhorrent to the old Calvinistic Divine than Black Prelacy. But his only surviving representative of the third generation, a popular preacher, is now the Very Reverend the Dean of Adelaide, South Australia.

But we have wandered from the ancient shrine of Mary of Gueldres to the very antipodes. The church occupied a site which at no period of its history can have been aristocratic. It is difficult indeed to conceive of the principle on which the locality was chosen for a royal foundation, unless we are to ascribe it to the worthy motive of providing for the wants of a populous and neglected district. The Latin of Gordon of Rothiemay disguises its plebeian title of the Beggar Row under the double cognomen of *Niniani suburbium, seu Mendicorum platea*. Unhappily, the abortive nave was alone visible from the North Bridge; while the picturesque apse and beautiful interior of the church had to be sought out in a low and

crowded neighbourhood, difficult of access; so that when the site was invaded by a railway, and its destruction threatened, it proved impossible to persuade the citizens that the removal of the church was to be deprecated as a loss. When at length the ancient edifice—valuable alike as a specimen of native art of the fifteenth century, and as a historical memorial of a memorable period in civil and ecclesiastical history,—was doomed to destruction, it was my fortune, as secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, to bear a part in sundry ways, in vain remonstrances against so disgraceful an act of vandalism; and in efforts of diverse kinds to avert, if possible, the threatened eradication of every trace of this royal foundation. The history of the appeals, protests, memorials, and negotiations, for its preservation, its rebuilding on a new site, the search for the royal tomb, for the foundation stone, etc., would fill a volume. But its fate was irreversible. It had stood there for nearly four hundred years. To the new claimants for its site it seemed a mere cumberer of the ground.

On Sunday, May 14, 1848, I witnessed the last religious services within the walls of the ancient church. The city magistrates, who had sold it to the spoilers, with incongruous ostentation, attended in their official robes, much as they were wont of old to preside over a public execution. The quaint, richly-carved capitals, the

beautiful roof with its sculptured bosses of varied design, the pier-shafts rising from corbels ingeniously grotesque, and leading the eye up to the fan-like ribs of the groined ceiling, all seemed to have only received their last perfecting touch in the harmonious tintings of time since the remains of the royal foundress were laid beneath the flooring, where they still rested in peace. The Rev. Dr. Steven, incumbent of the parish, entering into the feelings which the occasion was calculated to awaken, chose his text from Matt. xxiv. 2, "Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." The words were appropriate; yet they seemed to sound with a bitter irony in the presence of those by whom this very verdict had been decreed, and from the lips of one who had been no unwilling party to it. I still recall the mingled feelings of mortification and pain with which I quitted for the last time, the sacred edifice, as such. I was in it many a time thereafter when it had ceased to be a place of worship, but still retained all its attractive details, tempting the pencil to make some record of them before its last stone was thrown down. Before referring to some unexpected incidents which accompanied the demolition, a compensating discovery is worthy of note.

By a curious coincidence, at the very time when

historical students were mourning the destruction of this fine architectural memorial of the fifteenth century, the transference from Hampton Court to Holyrood of a painting long recognised as containing portraits of James III. and his queen, Margaret of Denmark, led to its identification by Mr. David Laing as the original altar-piece of the Collegiate Church founded by the mother of that king. It is a work of art of singular interest as the only example of a Scottish pre-reformation altar-piece known to exist, and includes portraits of great historical value. It is a diptych, painted on both sides of its two leaves. The two exterior compartments are thus filled up: On the one is King James III. with his son, "The Flodden King," as a youth of about twelve years of age. The two are represented as kneeling, with St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, behind them; on the other, is the queen, and a figure in armour, with an aureole,—possibly designed for St. Olave of Denmark,—holding over her a banner inscribed AVE MARIA. On the right inner compartment is the Trinity: the Divine Father enthroned in glory, sustaining the Redeemer in His passion; while the Holy Spirit rests on him in the form of a dove. This clearly points to the dedication of the church; while on the left compartment the beatified foundress, as it has been assumed, is represented in the character of St. Cecilia playing on

an organ. An angel who looks out from behind the organ has been surmised by Mr. Laing as possibly representing her daughter. The arms of the queen, impaled in a lozenge with the royal arms of Scotland, place beyond doubt the identity of the principal characters ; and another shield is equally confirmatory of the relation of the whole to the Collegiate Church founded by Mary of Gueldres. In front of the organ at which St. Cecilia presides is a kneeling ecclesiastic, with marked features strongly indicative of individual portraiture ; and, as appears from the arms blazoned alongside of him on the organ stool, this is Sir Edward Bonkil, first provost of the church, and confessor of its foundress.

The historical interest of this picture is greatly increased from the means it supplies of judging of the actual condition of art in Scotland at a time when the king, James III., was charged with keeping low company, because he preferred the society of artists and musicians to that of the rude barons of his realm ; and even made of his two chief artistic favourites, Cochrane and Ramsay, his advisers in state affairs. Alike in drawing and execution the merits of the painting are great ; as historical portraits its picturings are invaluable ; and Pinkerton has justly said of it that "hardly can any kingdom in Europe boast of a more noble family picture of this early epoch." The features of St. Cecilia are not of that idealised cast of

beauty which would become the mere saint, but are rather suggestive of individual portraiture. The temptation is great to recognise in them the likeness of the deceased queen, and to trace in her avocation a possible reference to special musical tastes, so that James III. may have inherited from his mother his passionate love for music. But it may be noted that the name Mary is the only baptismal one which, according to the usage of the medieval church, cannot be changed at confirmation ; and had the features of Mary of Gueldres been represented in beatified saintship, there would have been a special aptness in the introduction of the Virgin Mother as the counterpart to the Trinity. There is, indeed, a certain incongruity in the design, in which the provost, Sir Edward Bonkil, plays so prominent a part, as the companion piece to the conventional representation of the Holy Trinity, which tempts us to look for an explanation in some events of the time. It is worthy of note that so early as 1474 proposals were made for the betrothal of the Princess Cecilia, the daughter of Edward IV., to the Prince James of Scotland, then only two years old ; and this proposed alliance was not finally abandoned till 1483, when the city of Edinburgh acquired its peculiar constitution as a distinct county, or sheriffdom, in return for advancing the money to refund to England the Princess Cecilia's dowry.

To one of the latest stages of this proposed alliance with the House of York may possibly be due the curious intermingling of sacred allegory and portraiture in this altar-piece of the Collegiate Church—even if we suppose St. Cecilia to preserve the portraiture of the royal foundress, and assume the attendant angel to represent the affianced princess of the House of York.

In truth, if the stories of old chroniclers are to be relied upon, the Queen was no saint. The church which she founded was, in more ways than one, a curious historical memorial of her age; and its sculptures—from which many of the tail-pieces of these chapters have been selected,—furnished some singular disclosures relative to the faith of the times. With unobtrusive richness, corbel, boss, and capital, seemed each to take its fitting place in the general plan; and a fine harmony blended the whole interior into a combination of rare beauty. But when the critical eye scanned their minute details, some of the devices proved to be grotesque and incongruous enough. Amid the admired foliage on the capital of one of the four great pillars a couple of apes were busy strangling a monk. The groined roof of the choir and apse, the most beautiful part of the whole building, only revealed some of its hidden satire to its destroyers. But the decorators who thus sported in the obscurity of the lofty sculptured

ceiling were obviously unrestrained by any fear of exposure. Its vaulting-shafts sprang from corbels fashioned into all manner of grotesque imps, leering masks, and caricatures of monks and friars, such as a jolly brother who looked out from one of the angles of the apse over the very site of the high altar, as if in purposed mockery of the mysteries enacted below. Yet above those unseemly drolls, which, in the general view, appeared only as points of enriched detail, rose the clustered groining of the beautiful roof, in its eastern portion especially hardly to be surpassed in the elaborate richness of its design.

When all hope of saving the ancient church was at an end, the antiquaries demanded a search for the remains of the royal foundress, and in the proceedings which followed, my old friend Mr. David Laing and myself took an active part, ending in the only difference that ever occurred between us. On Monday, 22d May 1848, the officers of the Board of Works commenced their search for the royal tomb. Excavations were made at various points, but the chief interest was finally concentrated on the chapel entered by an ornamental doorway from the north aisle of the choir. The later destination of this as a vestry had helped to obscure its original character. It was lighted by a deeply-splayed east window, immediately to the left of which, in the angle of

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the north wall, a mutilated credence table, and a beautifully sculptured piscina, more elaborate in its design than any in the main body of the church, left no room to question that an altar had stood there under the window. The south wall of the chapel was obliquely pierced by a hagioscope looking directly to the apse, where the high altar had stood, and in the west wall was an ambrey for holding the sacred vessels. The foundation charter provides for a weekly mass to be celebrated at the altar of the Blessed Virgin ; and a special clause requires that whenever any prebendary reads mass, he shall immediately thereafter repair to the tomb of the foundress, and there devoutly read over the *De profundis*, etc. Both provisions seem to accord with the arrangements of the chapel, or vestry, on the north side of the choir. Here, I doubt not, was the lady chapel and chantry of the foundress, dedicated to the Virgin Mother whose name she bore ; and here, directly in the centre of the chapel, was found an oaken coffin of antique form, enclosing a female skeleton. About three feet below the modern flooring the remains of a paving of encaustic tiles appeared, and underneath this a mass of solid concrete enclosed the grave or vault within which the coffin lay. It was of equal breadth throughout, and the two ends rose in a semicircle, so as to give form and

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THE GUELDRES CHAPEL,

VOL. II.

COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

P. 16.

support to the arched or "waggon-shaped" top. The enclosed remains were pronounced by Professor Goodsir to be those of a female about thirty years of age. The skull was characterised by great delicacy, especially in the cheek-bones and the lower jaw, which also indicated a well-formed chin. The teeth were small and regular, the forehead was broad but not high, and the nasal bones indicated a well-defined and probably slightly-hooked nose.

A zealous group of antiquaries looked on with curious interest as the excavations proceeded, and at length disclosed what all believed to be the undoubted remains of the dowager queen Mary of Gueldres. In addition to the officers of the Board of Works, I specially recall among those present at the search, and keenly interested in its results, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Robert Chambers, W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Cosmo Innes, Joseph Robertson, George Harvey, David Laing, and James Drummond. A report was drawn up, setting forth all the circumstances which seemed to justify the belief that those were the actual remains of the royal foundress. An ill-constructed drain, necessitated by the increasing dampness of the church, owing to the gradual rising of the low ground around it from the accumulation of centuries, had been carried across the floor of the chapel, and greatly contributed to the decayed

state of the coffin. But fragments of the cerecloth, of finest linen, still remained, preserved by the resinous matter with which it was saturated ; and suggested that the obsequies had resembled those of Prince Arthur, the Tudor heir-apparent of half a century later, of whom it is recorded, "The corpse was coyled, well cered, and conveniently dressed with spices and other sweet stuff. This was so sufficiently done that it needed not lead, but was chested." The chapel in which this ancient coffin lay entombed in the centre of the area, and directly in front of the east window, with the feet towards the site of its long-demolished altar, was entered from the north aisle of the choir by a circular-headed doorway of fine proportions and workmanship ; and on the buttress of its north-east angle were the arms of the foundress, Gueldres, impaled with those of Scotland. Within, it had been paved with encaustic tiles of orange and purple ; and it may be assumed that, by sepulchral brass, incised slab, or altar-tomb, the precise site of the royal vault was originally indicated. But the encaustic pavement lay buried three feet under the modern flooring ; and the covering of the vault of concrete appeared to have been broken through without disturbing the skeleton, which lay there in its natural state, with the bones undisplaced.

The head rested on its left cheek, and was regarded

with all the interest which pertained to its supposed identification as that of the queen of James II. and the mother of James III. It required no anatomical training to discern, in the delicately-formed zygomata and cheek-bones, the well-developed nose and chin, and the small, regular teeth, the indications of refined and probably beautiful features. The only defect was a curvature of the spine, sufficient to have slightly elevated the right shoulder, and to which by and by an amusing prominence was assigned when the identity of its owner came in question. Professor Goodsir, when first pointing it out, remarked that it was not rare to find such curvature in the female skeleton. It did not amount to more deformity than might easily be concealed by the dress, and such as passes unheeded in many a fair lady of modern days.

In due time the royal remains were anew deposited in an oaken coffin; the band of antiquaries, who had witnessed the disinterment, attended, with others, including the city magistrates, in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood, on a bright summer morning, July 15, 1848, and there our *requiescat in pace* was pronounced over the disturbed relics as we saw them deposited in the royal vault, into which from time to time have been huddled many worse desecrated royal remains. But it was too much to expect that a queen, who in her lifetime had not been without

a will of her own, was to rest all at once in peace after the turmoil and desecration which had ruined her own shrine, and transferred her ejected remains to the roofless aisles of Holyrood.

On the 20th of September of that same eventful year, a little party, composed in part of those already named, sat down to dinner in the suburban villa of Mr. David Laing at Portobello. An evening of wit and lively converse over congenial topics was to be anticipated, when the startling news was announced by one of the guests that that very day "another queen" had turned up amid the ruins of Trinity College Church. It was like a bomb-shell among a bivouac party round the camp fire. James Ballantine, poet and antiquary, had seen the exhumed remains, and in unmistakably graphic if non-anatomical language, removed all doubts as to the sex. Had it only proved to be a man what a pother it would have saved! Since the removal of the supposed remains of the foundress, the demolition of the ancient church had been in rapid progress, and that very day, right in the centre of the apse, in a lead coffin shaped with a rounded projection for the head, there had been found a skeleton, which in due time Professors Goodsir and Simpson pronounced to be that of a female above twenty but below thirty years of age. The top of the skull had been sawn off, presumably in some ineffectual process of embalming, and the two professors

concurring in the opinion that "from the small perpendicular and antero-posterior extent of the frontal region of the head, the very small cerebral space, the unsymmetrical, contracted, and undeveloped state of the base, and the retarded condition of the wisdom teeth," the deceased female "was of feeble or deficient intellect."

If such historians as Hector Boece and Drummond of Hawthornden could be relied on, Mary of Gueldres was an eloquent and heroic queen, with more than an average share of wisdom and self-control; nor did her descendants betray any lack of intellect. Critical research, however, seeks in vain for contemporary authority for their statements; though that such traditions should have been allowed currency may perhaps justify our faith in the intellectual vigour of Mary of Gueldres. The education of her children was undoubtedly left to the queen dowager, though she did not live to fulfil the trust. But all this, as well as the verdict of the scientific experts on the probable intellectual deficiencies of the new claimant for royal honours, were still unmarshalled, or unthought of, when the news of a new queen "lapped in lead," and furnished by rumour with many indisputable tokens of royalty, came, like the ghost of Banquo, to "spoil the pleasure of the time," and mar the digestion of some of the guests.

We had our laugh over the awkward contretemps; and all the more so as one of the party

suddenly discovered that he had never had faith in "the first queen!" But the joke was too good a one for the press to let slip, or popular rumour to leave unadorned. According to current report, "the real queen" had turned up, with her crown on her head, rings on her fingers, the royal arms wrought in silver on her coffin, etc. Even the London *Athenæum*, gravely taking up the matter, stated, among other identifying veracities: "There is a lateral curve on the spine which corresponds with a report that Mary had a vertebral deformity!" Doubtless critical readers of this announcement credited Boece, or Drummond of Hawthornden, if not some older and more indisputable authority, with the uncourtierly chronicling of her Majesty's physical defects. In reality the venerable tradition was barely four months old; and the crooked spine pertained to the first-found skeleton, the queenship of which was disputed by the new claimant to her "vertebral deformity" and all other attributes of royalty. One very noticeable feature, however, was that in the latter skeleton the top of the skull had been sawn off; or, as Professors Simpson and Goodsir noted, "the skull had been opened for examination;" and in the exposed interior they discerned certain bony spiculæ protruding into the cerebral region, which in the opinion of Professor Simpson suggested the probability that the owner had been subject to epileptic fits. But the state of mediæval science

in Scotland in the fifteenth century, and the general prejudice against anatomical investigations, confirmed as they then were by ecclesiastical prohibition, preclude the idea of a post-mortem examination to ascertain the cause of death. In reality, even if we assign it to its more probable source, as part of a process of embalment, and so recognise it as proof that the lady interred in the choir of the Collegiate Church was a person of distinction, it points to a period fully a century later, and to a practice of post-reformation times. This is confirmed by two other examples of similar traces of post-mortem operations, which tend to refer the date of the later-found remains to the closing years of the sixteenth century. The choice of the centre of the apse—in all probability in front of the pulpit of the reformed church,—is, moreover, far more consistent with post-reformation ideas, in the case of some person of rank and distinction, than with those of the period when the royal foundress was laid to rest in her own chantry chapel.

In the spring of 1850 a search was instituted in the Moray vault of St. Giles's church for the remains of the Good Regent; and there, in a lead coffin, the precise counterpart of the one found in the apse of Trinity College Church,—straight at the sides and feet, but with a rounded projection for the head, not moulded to it, but with upright sides,—lay the remains of the Regent,

as deposited there in 1570. A portion of the lead cover immediately over the head was broken away, and showed the top of the skull sawn off, as in that of the supposed remains of Mary of Gueldres. Another example of the same peculiar traces of the rude art of the embalmers of the sixteenth century had been previously noted in the case of Jean, Countess of Argyle, who was buried in the royal vault of Holyrood. She was a natural daughter of James V., and therefore half-sister of the Regent Murray. She specially belongs to the transitional period of that sixteenth century, when so many old rites and customs were in process of change. She was at supper with Queen Mary when Rizzio was murdered; and stood sponsor, as Queen Elizabeth's representative, at the baptism of James VI. by Archbishop Hamilton, in the Great Hall of Stirling Castle. Here, therefore, are examples, both pointing to dates of upwards of a century later than the interment of Mary of Gueldres. My own conviction is that the earlier discovered remains, interred in an oak coffin of antique form, in the centre of the chapel floor on the north side of the choir, answer in all respects most fittingly to those of the royal foundress, Mary of Gueldres; and that they were rightly disinterred from the old chantry chapel, and deposited in the royal vault of Holyrood Abbey. But to this my friend Mr. David Laing demurred; and adopting

the later discovered claimant, he suggested that the occupant of the mortuary chapel might either be one of the queen's daughters, or the first wife of her son Alexander, Duke of Albany, Lady Katherine Sinclair, daughter of William, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, who died before 1482. In further proof, he referred to "the shield with the Albany arms on the outside wall of this part of the building;" but that was a mistake. The Albany arms were on the opposite side of the church, on the buttress at the south-west angle of the south transept; whereas those on the north-east buttress of the chantry chapel were the arms of the royal foundress. The error no doubt arose from the fact that both Maitland and Arnold describe the arms of Alexander, Duke of Albany, the younger brother of James III., as those of his mother Mary of Gueldres.

To the outer world the antiquarian fraternity is a venerable conclave of Dryasdusts, whose instincts lead them to haunt some gloomy cloister or long buried crypt, and there pore and prose over the dry bones of history. But Burns, in picturing one famous brother of the order, describes him as

" A fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright !"

and neither the genius nor the social spirit of Captain Grose was of a wholly exceptional cha-

racter. The brotherhood, however, do find a special delight in poring over a choice exhumation, whether of long-inurned royalty or buried lore; and shortly after the inopportune advent of a second royal claimant, the following antique document turned up at a conversazione of the Scottish Antiquaries. It made its first appearance, duly engrossed in black letter, with illuminated initials and other evidences of an antiquity not less genuine than the best authenticated piece of old Rowley's penmanship, recovered by Chatterton from the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe; and sorely puzzled some of the quidnuncs. *Maister D. Doubleyowe's* name, however, had a greater obscurity to the eye than to the ear; and ere long the most that could be unhesitatingly affirmed of the antique parchment was that its genuineness was not less unquestionable than that of one, at least, of the new found queens.



ANE AULD PROPHECIE, bot doubt be
 Merlyne or Thomas of Erceldoune,
 fundin under ye altar-stane of ye
 Quenyis College of ye Haly Trinitie
 besyde Edenburgh, AND diligen'lie
 comparit with ye Cronyclis and
 auld Wrytingis quhilk yairto effeir,
 be *Maister D. Doubleyowe*, ane
 Brither of ye Auncient
 Fraternitie of ye
 Antiquaries.

Quhar-for of swylk Antyqwyteys
 Thai yat set hale yare delyte
 Gest or Story for to wryte,
 Owyr in Metyre, or in Prose,
 Fluryside fayrly yaire purpose
 Wyth queynt and curyous circumstance,
 To rays hartis in plesance.

quod Androw of Wyntown.



QUEENE MARY OF SCOTLANDE, y^e Duik of
 Gillirlandis douchter, and sisteris douchter
 to y^e Duik of Burgone, spousit in the yer
 of God M.CCCC.XLIX. to King James y^e secund
 with y^e fierje face, Hyr unerdyng fra hyr awn
 College besyde Edenburgh, quhilk sho hyr self
 fundit biggit and dotit. ALSO of ane awesum
 and merwalous Demone quha sete hys herte on hyr
 banes, and of ane haly and pyous Fraternitie quha
 unerdit the samyn in spyte of hys tethe, and of ye twa
 valiand Knychtis quha discomfytit the monstrous
 beste, and strak him doune, and pushionit
 hym incontinent wyth hys awin malyce.

ALSO of some quha lookit maist
 stout and rycht cocke-sure

at ye begynin, quha
 lookit blae yineuch
 gin y^e hynderende.



ANE BALLAT OF OLDE QUENE MOLL; as sung be
y^e Menstrallis to y^e plesand Tune of *Olde Kyng Cole*, with
variationes.

There lived a Quene in the Olden Time,



And a pious Quene was she,
And she vowed a vow that a kirk she'd build,
An' wi' Provost and Prebends it should be filled,
An' with Priest, an' Sacrist, and Singer skilled,
All in the North Countrie.

This pious Quene, it chanced her,—
For wha wilt not,—to dee;
An', for a' her tokens o' pietie,
Folk vowed sair penance she maun dree,
For they ca'd her nae better than she should be,
All in the North Countrie.

But the Priests they chaunted the haly mass,
And the Clerks they sang, perdie;
An' ilk Prebend the *De profundis* said,

As wi' haly water he sprynkeled
The through-stane whaur the Quene was laid,
All in the Sacristie.

An' years gaed by, and changes wore,
An' times nane thought to see;
There cam' a Demon, the Demon o' Steam;
The Dragon o' Wantly was naething to him,
He gobled down churches like strawberries and cream,
Or a caup o' flummerie!

This truculent Demon a longing took
When hungry he chanced to be,
To mak' a snack o' her pious bones,—
Kirk, transept, vestry, steeple, and roans,

He'd swallow, and make no bones o' the stones ;—
All in the Sacristie.

But, as good luck would have it, there chanced the while,
Ane pious Fraternitie,
An auld-warld, monkish race o' freres,
Wha ilka lang-kisted bane reveres
As a saunted relic o' bye-gane years,
All in the North Countrie.

An' they vowed a vow, an' they sained a sign,
An' they sware fu' piouslie ;
An' never a man o' them a' was afear'd,
For they grippit the Steam Demon by his beard,
An' they howkit the Quene frae the mouldy yird,
All in the Sacristie.

An' they dighted their specs, an' they rubbit their een,
An' they vowed the Quene was she ;
An' they took a cast o' her pious skull,
An' they kisted her banes in a leaden shell,
An' they eirded her under a velvet pall,
All in the Rood Abbie.

The Demon had set his heart on her banes,
An' an angry Demon was he ;
He took the auld kirk in his hungry maw,
An' he crunched it doun betwixt tooth and jaw,
An' he lickt his chops, and chuckled, haw ! haw !
We shall see—what we shall see !

For it chanced 'mong the auld-warld dead were laid
In the Kirk fu' peacefullie,
He turned up, whar ance the altar stood,
Wi' its mystic host and its haly rood,
Some rotten banes lapp'd in lead and wood,
All in the Sacrarie.

An' fu' loud he shriekit an elritch laugh,
 An' revenged he wad be ;
 He sent in haste for the Queen's Remembrancer,
 And bad him cook up the banes instanter,
 An' swear them to ilk antiquarian vaunter,
 The Quene's banes in veritie.

The Queen's Remembrancer he cam post haste,
 An' wi' him ilk Antiquarie ;
 The Curator look'd red, the Treasurer look'd blue,
 The Secretary sniffed, but he only said, Whew !
 And the President groaned out, What shall we do ?
 For it stinkit maist villainouslie !

Next there cam in hot haste, as best they might,
 Some wha foremost afore maun be ;
 An' each stood bolt up, like an innocent man,
 For they suddenly remembered—let wha will ban,—
 They never had believed the auld Quene was the one,
 Frae the first they never had—not they !

Besides 'twas as plain as a beggar's pike-staff—
 As they suddenly cam to see,—
 That a pious Quene, in her mouldie bed,
 Was always known by being lapp'd in lead,—
 Tho' such logic, 'tis certain, made some shake their head,
 Baith in North and South Countrie !

By good luck there chanced, on the nonce, riding by,
 Twa Knights o' the lancet, perdie ;
 I warrant, at the sight, the Secretarie,
 Vice-president, Treasurer, and all, you might see
 Look as though such lead-logic they thought might weigh
 Somewhat short of the veritie.

There was John o' the Bone, a right Good-sir,
 And Sir James o' Midwiferie ;

The tane, a bright, fat, fodge! chield,
Wi' somewhat o' rare auld Grose's build,
The tother was lang as his lance, afield
Baith Knights o' gude degree.

The Demon, aghast, belched smoke and steam
At the threat o' sic enmitie ;
But on catching a glower o' their dauntless een,
He lookit first red, then yellow and green,
Till at last, in a fit o' o'ermaisterfu' spleen,
He dwam'd awa utterlie.

They prickit his hide, and vowed wi' the banes
That pushionit he should be ;
They took up the skull, and the one said, Faugh !
A Quene ! quoth the other,—sic a Quene I ne'er saw—
As he thrust a thigh-bane in the Demon's maw,—
But the Quene o' Bedlamie !

The Demon he groaned, and coughed, and choked,
And sputtered maist furiouslie ;
But some that were there, I can warrant you,
Durst scarce show their faces, they looked sae blue,
And the Secretarie vowed, and Vice-president too,
'Twas the rarest mare's-nest ever on view
All in the North Countrie.



MORAL.

Now all you Antiquaries beware how you swear
 To a Quene's identitie,
 Unless in the case it should chance, indeed,
 That the ladye turns up well lappt in lead,
 With a crook in her spine, and a cleft in her head,
 Which, as everybody knows, are the marks agreed
 For a Quene in the North Countrie !



The colophon of the original black-letter edition of fifty copies bore that it was "imprinted be *Andrew Fack*, prenter to y^e Quenis Maiesties leiges, dwelland at y^e fit of Niddryes Wynde, in y^e *Quenis Hie Gait*e, aneist y^e *Chapele of Sanct Mary* in y^e *Cow-Gait*e, fundit be *Elizabeth*, Countess of Ross of auld, in Edenburgh, in y^e yere of Grace cIo Io cccxl. ix." This was but a specimen of the banter and satiric by-play which intermingled with graver efforts to arrest the destruction, or to secure the promised restoration of the Collegiate Church of Mary of Gueldres. There were years enough on the youngest of us to make us keenly sensitive to the wasteful act of vandalism which thus swept away an architectural memorial of rare beauty and unique historical interest, rather than divert a railway line to some

less sacred site ; yet also with the majority of us there was enough of the elasticity of youth to heartily appreciate the comic incidents which intruded on our deliberations, like some unseemly jest thrust into the midst of funeral solemnities.

“The Queen’s Choir,” a graver piece from the same pen, was preceded by the dialogue between Mr. Oldbuck and the town-clerk of Fairport, when the irascible Antiquary is mollified by the information that “the council wad be agreeable that ye should hae the auld stanes at Donagild’s Chapel that ye was wussing to hae,”—only, if Monkbarns is not prompt, Deacon Harlewalls has a project of his own for their disposal, which, as he says, “will be very tastefu’, and just in the style of modern Gothic.” Response of Monkbarns, and the whole antiquarian choir: “Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!” The ecclesiological spirit was at its height ; and the proposed demolition of a church consecrated in the good old times of the royal foundress was deemed by some sheer sacrilege, involving all the seven deadly sins, for which the hanging or burning of a bailie or two would have been a most righteous visitation. Others of us, estimating the memorial for its architectural and historical worth, and its honest truthfulness about saints and sinners of those good old times, found therein cause enough for anathematising its destroyers.

A fane it was where sculpture's curious wile,
 And all the grace of mediæval art,
 Were richly blended in the ornate style
 Of that old century ; whereof a part,
 Thus fossilised, lived on within the heart
 Of the succeeding centuries, as one
 Trustworthy chronicle
 In lasting characters of graven stone.

An honest chronicle it was of facts
 Such as fond lovers of those good old times
 Scarce look for record of 'mid pious acts
 Of royal devotion ; trail of shameless crimes
 And follies wherewith still the Devil limes
 To catch weak mortals :—but no prurient taint
 Is to be dreamt of 'neath
 The modish piety of ancient saint !

It was, in truth, with its grotesque, and grave,
 And leering drollery, from corbel, boss,
 And capital, and gargoil ; and with nave
 Shorn of its purposed graces ; a most gross,
 Plain-spoken petrification of the loose
 And sensual guise of that old century's faith ;
 Like motley mingling with
 The solemn shroud and smileless gaze of death.

Yet had it, too, its look of the divine
 And earnest faith that claimed in that old creed
 Such place as golden chalice in the shrine
 Honoured to hold both bones of sainted dead,
 And paten, emblem of Christ's living bread :—
 A fitting chantry for such queenly saint
 To vow and fashion thus
 With mystic imagery and sculpture quaint.

The incumbent of Trinity College Kirk was himself an antiquary, the historian of Heriot's Hospital, the Burgh High School, etc. But the civic authorities went to work with him as did the town-clerk of Fairport with the Antiquary himself when they wanted to bring the Fairwell-springs through his lands. They beguiled him with promises of a grand new church in some fashionable corner of the town; while they strove to pacify the belligerent ecclesiologists with the assured restoration of the church, stone for stone, on a better site. The hope of realising such a modern antique beguiled the fancy of a whole generation. The incumbent wore out his days in vain remonstrance and hope deferred, preaching to a little remnant of his parishioners in a hired room, primitive as the upper chamber at Jerusalem; and while it was still deemed possible that bailies might have a conscience, and my Lord Provost prove a man of his word, the following *jeu d'esprit* appeared among other like paper pellets with which "Maister D. Doubleyowe" and the forlorn band of antiquaries strove to prolong the warfare, and shame the enemy into some honourable compromise:—

THE PROVOST AND THE COAL BUNKER.

O SICAN a Provost as Embrugh has got,
 An' sican a Council an' Bailies an' a',
 For the camstrary bodies, nae body kens how,
 Hae pawn'd ane o' the kirks, an' there's sic an ado,
 What wi' vriters and clergy, sic hullabaloo,
 Folk wanna hear tell o't ava.

A gousty auld rickle o' sticks an' stanes,
 Yet some cankered carles wanna let it gae ;
 Sin' the kirk's stood already 'boon four hunder year,
 They threep it might stan' for four hunder mair ;
 An' they've measured and sketched it frae riggin' to flair,
 Just as tho' it were worth a strae !

An' then they uphaud as a matter o' taste—
 A queer thrawn taste I trow they maun hae,—
 That the skeely wark o' the auld Papist loons
 Is worth mair nor a fec o' gude Scots pouns,
 An' its sculptur has value beyond a' bounds,
 Just for its antiquitie !

Auld Knox, I jalouse, taught us better a wheen ;
 An' a credit to the gude town 'twad be,
 Gin the parish session wad tak the pains,
 An' put sic fule booers to stocks and stanes
 In the cutty-stool sark, for the kirk's amends,
 An' the cure o' sic Papistrie.

Gudesakes ! the auld kirk stood out o' the way ;
 Was't Sundays or Mondays made unco sma' matter :
 Gin the folk stayed at hame 'twasna want o' room,
 Mass John, worthy man, little fashed his thoom ;
 Though the laigh pews were scant, and the galleries toom,
 He aye wailed his best screed o' dreich clatter.

But our Provost has ettled a lucky thought ;
 An eident chield, as right sould, was he.
 Some new neighbours hard by had drawn in their stools
 And they wanted a bunker to haud some coals,
 Ye may guess the clanjamfry o' rogues and fules
 O' a railway companie !

The kirk, though 'twas auld, was stout and strang,
 As four-hunder-year wark behoved to be ;
 For sic neebors he thought it weel worth a ware,
 Sae our slee pawkie Provost bespak them fair,
 Aughteen thousand punds—neither less nor mair,—
 An' the kirk-fauld sould weir the colliery.

Some folk wad hae thought him gane gyte in his mind—
 In fact clean wud-mad and demented !—
 Or maybe his Lordship did but droll !
 Aughteen thousand punds down for a stance, an' the whole
 For nae purpose on earth but to haud a when coal
 To stan' by just until they be wanted !

But the slee pawkie loon kent his customers weel,
 Sican gentry are chancy o' reference—
 Mair for token the siller, when a's come and gane,
 Wared on sic a dooms rickle o' timmer an' stane,
 Turns out to've been ither folk's 'stead o' their ain,—
 Whilk ye'll own maks a wonderfu' difference !

Mass John—though ye'd hardly expeckit the thing,—
 Made a grane o' a mane—sican blethers !
 He owned to sair doubts how the bargain would tell ;
 An', somehow, the auld kirk and he sorted fu' weel ;
 Then to gie up, free haun,' to the muckle black deil—
 Or neist thing to't — the kirk o' our faithers !

But our Provost can whistle in a'body's lug ;
 Quo' he, "Ye're your ain light, my man, in ;

Yer Rev'rence maun lippen for ance to advice,
 I hae gien a slee hint to a skeely man, B:
 An' he'll rig up a braw bran-new kirk in a trice
 Whar the crowds scarce'll find room for stanin' !"

The auld kirk's lang doun, an' the coal-fauld's in use,
 An' precisely aneuch paid the feeing ;
 What's thought now o' the bargain is ither folk's wark,
 But Mass John maun byde on for his braw-fashioned kirk,
 An' the crowds he was promised, frae mornin' till mirk,
 For I sair doubt our Provost's a slee anc.

O sican a Provost as Embrugh has got,
 An' sican a Council, an' Bailies an' a' !
 They wad wyle the auld lark frae the lift sae hie,
 An' the swan frae the loch, and the gled frae the tree,
 An' a minister's sell frae his pulpit sae slee,
 An' a' wi' a wink an' a blow !

Whether our humour incline us to ascribe royal honours to her who lay lapped in lead in the choir of the Collegiate Church, or to her rival who reposed in the antique oak coffin in the chantry chapel of Our Lady, no doubt both pertained to "the porcelain of human clay." The reasoning on behalf of their rival claims, at the time of their disinterment, proceeded on a sort of tacit assumption that they were the sole sepulchral occupants of the ancient church. In the chantry chapel, indeed, there had been but the one interment ; but the area of the church was everywhere full of human remains. A substantially-built tomb in the north aisle of the choir, inclosing a male

skeleton, was supposed to be that of Thomas Spence, Bishop of Aberdeen, founder of the Hospital of Our Lady in Leith Wynd, and one of the witnesses to the queen's foundation charter, who is known to have been buried in the church. The fact of the queen's interment there was sufficient to induce many persons of rank to desire sepulture within the same sacred precincts. Doubtless the original floor preserved their memorials in monumental brasses or incised slabs ; but the gradual rise of the surrounding area, and the consequent efforts at drainage, had made woeful havoc with the old paving and the sepulchres beneath. What was left of them is now safe enough under a railway embankment forty feet above the original church floor.

It seems but yesterday since I watched with curious eye the revelations which rewarded the explorers of the doomed church. The Freemasons followed the first excavators in vain search for the foundation stone. They cleared away the walls at every likely point down to their foundations, but without success. The only thing they did discover was a skeleton right under the east wall of the choir, with the legs extending beyond and outside of the church. It may have been no more than an ancient interment unnoticed by the builders of 1462. But it recalls an old Hertfordshire legend. There in the Hundred of Edwinstru,

in some old century when dragons and dragon-slayers abounded, it chanced that one Shonkes of that ilk slew a dragon in which the devil took some special interest ; and so Satan vowed in his wrath to have the good knight, once death had disarmed him, whether they laid him inside the church or out of it. But Shonkes had not discomfited dragons to be foiled at the last by that old serpent. He gave orders that he should be buried half inside and half outside of the church ; and there he lies in peace in spite of Old Nick. Who knows but the chapter of the Holy Trinity may have had among its number some good brother who had reasons of his own for seeking to outwit the devil ?

When the search for the foundation stone was abandoned, the next step was to number the stones, and to have the walls photographed, with a view to the promised resurrection of the church on a new site. Nor has that work been utterly vain. The actual promise did indeed fail of realisation. The money paid by the railway company expressly for the purposed restoration has been diverted to the funds of Trinity Hospital. But the eastern end of the choir has been added on, somewhat incongruously, to the back of the new parish church, built in Jeffrey Street,—itself a new creation out of the spoils of the old town ; and poor though this fragmentary instalment



of the promised restoration is, it forms a characteristic feature in the renovated old town, and will furnish to future generations some faint memorial of the architectural aspect of the royal foundation of Mary of Gueldres.

It is difficult to realise that upwards of a quarter of a century has transpired since those stirring times which seem but of yesterday, when it was still deemed possible to avert the old church's doom; and all the more so, perhaps, to me, that it is the yesterday of another life separated by the clearly marked line which the broad Atlantic has drawn between those early years and later Canadian experiences.

“Time as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoiled, and swift, and of a silken sound.”

So says the poet of “The Task.” The reflection was recalled to me very forcibly, when on recently showing to a young Edinburgh architect some of the sketches of Trinity College Church, reproduced here in the accompanying pen and ink illustrations, “Ah!” he responded, “that was before my time.” It is even so. A new generation has grown up, and is stepping into the place of those who demolished, as well as of those who gallantly strove to avert the destruction of, the ancient church of Mary of Gueldres.

CHAPTER XIV.

St. Anthony's Well.

THE goodly fellowship of the saints has by no means so utterly vanished from modern centuries as might have been expected from the uncompromising denunciations fulminated by the reformers of the seventeenth century against the "canonisation of men, calling upon angels or saints departed, dedicating of kirks, altars, days," and other like matters. The Eve of All Saints—world-famous Hallowe'en of song and story,—survives for us, with little diminution of its quaint mystic rites. Hallow Fair is still the great tryst of Edinburgh, as in the good old times when local saint and local fair went hand in hand. But as for the saints and this all-comprehensive holiday of theirs, they linger among us only in the local associations of sites, or shrines, and perennial wells, which no change of creed could rob of their bounteous flow, or of their choicest virtues. Some favourite saints had churches, convents, shrines, and wells, telling far and near of the favour in which they were held. But, so far as Scotland is concerned

St. Anthony is peculiarly an Edinburgh saint. His ruined cell still looks down, in picturesque ruggedness, on St. David's Abbey; and his well flows forth pure as in the olden days, when his hermit slaked his thirst at the sainted stream.

But, besides the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, with the rood-well now guarded by the rifled masonry of St. Triduana's and St. Margaret's fount, the hermit of St. Anthony looked forth from Arthur Seat on the hospital or preceptory of St. Anthony at the neighbouring seaport, where alone canons of his order had established a footing in Scotland. The brethren of St. Anthony followed the rule of St. Augustine, and there the preceptory of the order was founded near Leith, by Robert Logan of Restalrig, in 1435. St. Anthony's Port, the chief gate of the town, stood at the north-west corner of St. Anthony's Lane, where some of the ancient bastion-work with which it was guarded still survives in a neighbouring garden. Within this stood the preceptory buildings adorned with a tower of substantial and no doubt ornate masonry. We may picture to ourselves its turret stair, its fine archway enriched with the graceful mouldings of the late Scottish decorated style; its groined vaulting, like the old Holyrood porch; and in the niche over its arch the well-known figure of St. Anthony as he is

perpetuated for us in one surviving relic of his preceptory.

In the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh is preserved the original brass matrix of the preceptory seal. There within his niche stands the saint, with a book in his right hand, his left resting on a staff, and alongside of him the favourite sow of St. Anthony, with its bell at its neck. Over his head is the Tau Cross worn by the brethren of the preceptory, wrought in blue cloth on their black gowns. Around this device runs the legend: S PRECEPTORIÆ SANCTÆ ANTONII PROPE LEICHT. As to the saint's porcine companion, Mrs. Jameson tells us that the hog was the representative of the demon of gluttony and sensuality which St. Anthony is supposed to have vanquished by the exercises of piety, with the Divine aid; while the bell which it carries refers to his special power over evil spirits: for the devil cannot endure the sound of a consecrated bell.

But whatever might be the original symbolical meaning of St. Anthony's sow, the brethren by no means confined themselves to any such admonitory symbolism. In the life of Louis le Gros we learn that Prince Philip having been killed in 1131, in consequence of his horse stumbling over a hog in one of the faubourgs of Paris, an order was issued forbidding all pigs the free range of the streets; but the monks of St. Anthony remonstrated, and

at length obtained for their own swine a special right of vagrancy, on condition of their attaching a bell to the neck of each. Later notices show that the brotherhood turned their monopoly to such good account that they derived a large revenue from their unsavoury herds. No doubt, therefore, the devil was hard put to it, and got many a scare in the Kirkgate of Leith by the bells of St. Anthony's swine. A good flich of bacon was never wanting in the larder of the preceptory, in addition to which they enjoyed to the last a gallon of wine out of every tun imported into Leith. We can scarcely err, therefore, in picturing to ourselves, as prominent among the group of buildings near St. Anthony's Port, the refectory with its range of mullioned windows, and its huge fireplace aglow with the blazing log, where the self-denying disciples of the old eremite of the desert had by no means a bad time of it.

But when the monastic orders came into evil odour in later times the sow of St. Anthony became fair game for the satirist. Sir David Lindsay makes repeated reference to it in "The Monarchie;" and when in his "Satyre of the Three Estaitis" the Pardoner is introduced, and proceeds to enumerate "his geir," it is on this wise:—

"Heir is ane relic lang and braid,
Of Fyn Macoull the richt chaft blade,
With teith and all together ;

Of Collin's cow here is ane horn,
 For eating of Makconnal's corn
 Was slain into Balquhidder.

The culum of Sanct Bryd's cow,
 The gruntie of Sanct Anthony's sow.
 Quhilk bure his haly bell ;
 Quha ever he be heiris this bell chink,
 Give me ane ducat for till drink,
 He sall never gang to hell,—
 Without he be of Belial born ;
 Maisters trow ye that this be scorn ;
 Come ! win this pardoun, come ! ”

Naturally enough also St. Anthony came to be regarded as the special patron and protector of swine ; and so when the same satirist ridicules the superstitious pilgrimages to St. Roche, St. Tredwell, St. Mungo, and “to monie divers' images,” there are among the rest, “some to Sanct Anthony to saif the sow.” Gurth, the son of Beowulph, however, swineherd though he was, swore only by his own Saxon saints, St. Withold and St. Dunstan.

Besides the preceptory or hospital buildings in the Kirkgate, there was a church and cemetery, and, as we know only too well, a great tower, which wrought the overthrow of the whole. Little did the brethren of St. Anthony dream of their impending fate. In the “Rentale Buke” of the preceptory, duly engrossed on vellum in the year

1526, with a few additions of a later date, and now preserved in the Advocates' Library, it is statued and ordained that the souls of them who have given yearly perpetual rent to this abbey and hospital of St. Anthony, beside Leith, or have augmented God's service by foundation, or in any other ways have given substantially of their goods to the building, reparation, and upholding of the foresaid abbey, shall "*be prayit for everylk Sunday till the day of dome.*" The gratitude of the chapter was thus devised on the most liberal scale, could they only have kept their promise ; but, alas! the prayers thus ordained to last till the world's final doom were silenced within a single generation. If pigs still haunted the Kirkgate, they were no longer mellifluous with the charm of St. Anthony's bell. For, as we learn from Bishop Lesley and other chroniclers of the siege of Leith in 1560, on the 17th of May the English, who were aiding the Lords of the Congregation, having raised earthen mounds for their great ordnance,—one of which still standing on the neighbouring links is styled *the Giant's Brae*,—they began to shoot at St. Anthony's steeple, upon which the French had mounted some artillery to the great annoyance of the besiegers. " Bot, within a few hours after, the said steeple was broken and shott doune; likewise they shott doune some part of the east-end of the kirk of Leith ;" in fact, demolishing ultimately its

choir and transepts. Lindsay of Pittscottie also narrates how "the principell blokhous within Leith, callit St. Anthonie's Kirk, was dung down with cannones."

The monks of St. Anthony must have built their abbey kirk stout and strong for the French soldiery of Mary de Guise to make of it their principal blockhouse; but all the consecrated bells of St. Anthony and his swine were unavailing against the ordnance of the heretical lords and their English allies. The preceptory vanished. Part of its lands and endowments passed to King James's Hospital; much more of them followed the fashion of ecclesiastical inheritance in that reforming age, and went to enrich the barony of Torphichen, which had been erected into a temporal lordship for Sir James Sandillans, the last preceptor of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

But the cell and chapel of the hermit of St. Anthony stood wholly apart from the abbey of "St. Antoine near Leith." The tower of the preceptory formed a prominent object in the fine landscape which daily met the hermit's eye; and its vesper bell came mellowed to his ear from the neighbouring seaport, in response to the monitory notes from his own belfrey tower, warning all evil spirits to hold aloof while the servant of God and St. Anthony betook himself to his devotions.

But of any direct relations between the hermit and the brethren of the preceptory there is no evidence.

When Maitland described the hermitage chapel, in 1752, he was able to tell of a building forty-three and a half feet long, with a tower at its western end nineteen feet square. Judging of the ruins as I remember them in my own young days, there must have been a chamber over the groined ceiling of the chapel, though the remains of the hermit's cell in a nook of the neighbouring rock are not even now entirely effaced. The chapel was a simple yet tasteful Gothic structure, well suited to the rugged grandeur of its site. The rocks in its immediate vicinity are of columnar basalt; and from beneath a boulder of native trap, the perennial stream of St. Anthony's Well, celebrated alike in Scottish song and romance, fills its rustic stone basin to overflowing, and then sparkles and murmurs down the channel it has worn for itself to the valley below.

A piece of ground on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, known in last century by the odd name of "Hermits and Termits," perpetuated, according to Lord Hailes, a manifest corruption of *Eremitæ Sanctæ Eremi*; or the monks of St. Anthony of Egypt. The recluse life of the eremites of St. Anthony had its rise during the persecution under Decius, in the middle of the

third century. Wherever a cavern in the rocks near some natural fountain afforded a cell for the anchorite, the recluses of the Egyptian desert were to be found. The glory of the monastic life, in this its primitive form, was the forfeiture of every social duty and virtue ; and the realisation of a purely passive existence of contemplative asceticism. The passion for such selfish pietism peopled every habitable nook of the desert ; till St. Anthony, a native Copt of a noble and wealthy family, smit by the virtues of his age, appeared in the fourth century to incorporate the isolated eremites in Cœnobiæ, and convert this ascetic isolation into an organised system. St. Athanasius became his guest, and by his severe austerities stimulated him to higher achievements in that silent life for which the Thebaid became celebrated.

St. Anthony finally retired to Mount Colzium, where he found a fitting retreat in a rifled tomb overlooking the Red Sea. There he became the chosen patron of fishermen, and of "all who go down to the sea in ships." There also, in the solitude of his cell, contending with the flesh and the devil in every variety of form, he is represented to have undergone those temptations which have been the theme of many a quaint bit of artistic diablerie in later times. Admiring disciples flocked to him, and occupied every available recess

in neighbouring rock or tomb ; and there, on the 17th of January, A.D. 356, he died in the odour of sanctity, bequeathing one of his sheep-skins to St. Athanasius, and the other to Serapion, physician and bishop. To Micarius and Amathas, two disciples who were with him when he died, he gave his solitary hair shirt, leaving them to divide it as best they could.

The cure of erysipelas was one of the special virtues ascribed to the saint, and hence it is designated St. Anthony's fire. But his power over the foul fiend and all his emissaries was his crowning glory. The very sound of his bell was enough to drive a whole legion of devils to herd with Pharaoh in the Red Sea. It was, no doubt, in direct imitation of St. Anthony that the Scottish anchorite built his cell amid the crags of Arthur Seat, and reared his belfry tower to catch the eye of the sailor in the Forth, or of the fishermen of Our Lady's port of grace, as Newhaven was termed of old. But the sequestered cell had also its lessons of humility for the busy throngs of the neighbouring city. From his rocky perch the anchorite looked down on the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, and witnessed many an evidence of the unenviable cares which beset a throne. There too the hum of the busy city, the peal of its joy bells, the clangour of its tocsin, the passing bell for the dying, or the tolling for the burial of the

dead, rose on his ear in subdued echoes of a life in which he claimed no part. There, better than from a desert-cell of the Thebaid, he could preach the vanity of worldly joys ; and the fleeting nature of all that is most bright and fair. Himself beadle, sacristan, and priest : the bell of St. Anthony sounded forth its vespers as daylight died in the west, proclaiming far and near the maxim of the ancient eremite of Egypt, *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. As to the old saint himself, here is an authentic report of one of his sermons :—

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON.

ON the gowan'd slope o' Arthur Seat,
 Wi' a fair look to the sea,
 Stands the ruin'd walls o' a chapel-shrine,
 Ance holy as shrine might be ;
 And aneath, in the how o' the grass-green knowe,
 There trickles the water slee ;
 And the well and the shrine baith own the saint
 Erst hyght Sanct Anthonie ;
 And the saut sea murmurs on.

Frae the ridge below, on wha's western tap
 The grim auld castle lours,
 Pile aboon gousty rickle and pile,
 Auld Reekie smokes an' stours ;
 And aboon the sneek, and among the reek,
 Rise the kirks' belfry towers,
 Whyles ringing folk to their Sunday's work,
 Aftner chappin' the week-day hours :
 While the saut sea murmurs on.

But or ever Auld Reekie's tap was deck'd
Sae crouse wi' Sanct Giles's croun ;
Or ever Sanct Giles himsel' had hain'd
His hynd frae the forest boun' ;
Or skellach had tang'd, or bell had clang'd
To summon the burghers roun',
Sanct Anthony's hail congregation had skail'd,
And his powerfu' sermon was done ;
Though the saut sea murmured on.

The Saunt's auld howf's by the Red Sea sands,
On Mount Colzium's rocky bree ;
And mony a tulzie Satan had there
Wi' that haly Sanct Antonie ;
But our hermit bauld was siccar and yaold,
Tho' the Tempter was wondrous slee ;
Till, Pagan and Jew a' wiled to the fauld,
It behoved him to preach to the sea,
Wi' its vext waves murmuring on.

Wi' weel-waled text,—sae the legend tells,—
The eident fishes came round,
Carp, flounder, and cat-fish, pike an' shark,
To list to the gratefu' sound ;
While the Saunt wi' choice o' weel-waled advice
The gowden rule laid down,
And sweetly foretauld o' that age to come
When by a' shall sae be done,
Tho' the saut sea murmur on.

Foretauld them for a' this weary warld
Sic ages o' sorrow maun dree,
Heaven's ain dear Lord had a time foretauld
A' nature yet shall see ;

When the tyrant-spoilers that waste and kill
 Shall lippen to love and lea,
 And the gowden rule o' the Lord o' Life
 Shall be owned in earth and sea,
 Though the waves should murmur on.

Sae edified were they, the legend tells,
 They agreed naething mair could be needed ;
 Sae the flounder gaed floundering back to his mud,
 The pike to his auld pilfering heeded ;
 The shark gaed on sharking, the carp gaed on carping,
 And the cat-fish to mouse them wha bred it,
 An' the dour, hardened crab to his backsliding ways,
 As when naebody seemed to heed it ;
 And the saut sea to murmur on.

Sanct Anton's well runs pure and sweet
 As in days o' auld lang syne,
 When the hermit frae his cell in the rock
 Cam to shrive without propine ;
 And the bairn fu' pure, in its warld's young hour,
 Gat there Christ's haly sign ;
 And priest's last unction warld-weary sauls
 Sought sair or life wad resign ;
 And the saut sea still murmurs on.

World's changes hae rang thro' a devious scale
 Since the well and shrine were sain,
 And weary generations o' men
 To their last lang hame hae gane ;
 But whether or no the world better grow
 Wi' a's been said and done,
 Than the change Saunt Anthony's sermon wrought
 On his fishy congregation :—
 The saut sea aye murmurs on.

The associations of the sainted well with Scottish song carry us back to times when the chapel stood in pristine completeness ; if not indeed when the hermit still slaked his thirst at its stream. Happily the airs, and even to some extent the words, of favourite Scottish songs, can be traced to dates long prior to that prolific eighteenth century to which it is attempted to relegate all such popular verse. Great indeed appears to have been the attention given to music in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Scottish Jameses, especially James III., get credit for much of the old national music ; while some would make of it no more than a foreign importation by David Rizzio and Chastelar. But no one doubts that much of the Scottish music still in favour is as old, at least, as the sixteenth century. There exist two volumes of manuscript transcribed by Thomas Wood, vicar of St. Andrews, in 1566, chiefly consisting of sacred music ; but to which some subsequent possessor, about 1620, added a number of secular airs, with portions of the songs ; and among these the first stanza of the tender and beautiful lyric : " O waly ! waly ! up yon bank," is travestied in a humorous Yule medley. The plaintive original is therefore of older date ; and it is in this that the earliest known allusion to St. Anthony's Well occurs. A complete version of the ballad exists in the Pepys collection ; and

Dr. Robert Chambers, in his *Scottish Songs*, refers to the tradition that it had its origin in an unhappy love affair at Queen Mary's court. Its correspondence with the "bruits" which so scandalised John Knox relative to the queen's Maries renders such an origin probable enough. In his *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, Dr. Chambers has overlooked the earlier date; and confounds it with a ballad of the following century, which is thus also associated with Arthur Seat and St. Anthony's Well. In the year 1670, James, second Marquis of Douglas—a nobleman only too closely fashioned after the model of Charles II. and his court,—married Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. A chamberlain of the Marquis played the Iago to a too willing Othello; and poisoned the mind of his master against the Marchioness. She had already borne one son—James Earl of Angus, who fell at the battle of Steenkirk,—when the chamberlain, by slipping a pair of men's shoes below her bed, succeeded in persuading the Marquis of her infidelity; and the unfortunate heroine of the ballad was driven forth to shame and misery. The later ballad, though very inferior to the one with which it has been pieced, is tender and pathetic, as a stanza or two will show:—

"When we cam to Douglas toun,
We were a fine sight to behold;

My gude lord in cramoisie,
And I mysel in shining gold.

When that my bauld son was born
And set upon the nurse's knee,
I was happy woman as e'er was wed,
And my gude lord he loved me.

O wae be to thee, fause Blackwood !
And aye an ill death may ye die !
For ye was the first and foremost man
That parted my gude lord and me.

When we gaed in by Edinburgh toun,
My father and mother they met me,
Wi' trumpets sounding on every side—
But alas, they couldna comfort me !”

But the older song is one of the most beautiful in the whole range of Scottish minstrelsy ; and is full of plaintive sweetness when sung to the tune with which its words are associated :—

“ O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burnside
Where I and my love went to gae !
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak ;
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly gin love be bonnie
A little time when it is new ;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kaim my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
 St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am wearie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysel were dead and gane,
 And the green grass growing over me."

Among the recollections of friends of olden times which such metrical associations with St. Anthony's Well recall, pleasant memories of my old Edinburgh fireside return, with evenings enlivened by the presence of the blind Irish poetess, Frances Brown, and her sister. Miss Frances dwelt, one evening, on the virtues of certain wells of the saintly eremite in the north of Ireland; for there his waters are gifted with the special power of erasing such bitter memories as those which

the Marchioness of Douglas bewails in the old ballad ; and the traditions of St. Anthony's Well were challenged for similar virtues. If ever they were ascribed to its waters, the beliefs of modern centuries have run in other channels, and allowed them to pass into oblivion. But the idea was not forgotten, and ere long the poetess reproduced it, shaped into this graceful fancy :—

“ They had called the fount by a saintly name,
 From the days of the land's old faith and fame ;
 The vase in the cleft lay clear and cold,
 The crag o'er its rest rose rough and bold,
 Yet tracked by a pilgrim path of old
 Where peer and peasant climbed to pray
 At a chapel-shrine of the elder day ;
 But the faith was gone, and the ruin gray :—
 And Autumn's noon on the hills around
 Lay clear in mellowed light,
 And a stately town with a castle crowned,
 Rose fair and full to sight.

A shepherd stood by that fountain's brink
 When a sage from a far land stooped to drink.
 “ Shepherd, another isle I know
 That could boast such saintly fountains too,—
 And they sought them for love's Lethe dew ;
 Is it so with this old pilgrim well ?”
 “ Stranger, 'tis long since changed and fell
 My country's trust from saint and spell ;
 There may stoop at times dark heads and hoar
 By the Hermit's fountain yet,—
 But thou, with thy wealth of trustless lore,
 What love wouldst thou forget ?

“ Hast thou not traversed land and sea
With a fearless heart and a footstep free ;
Is not the wide green earth thy home,
With the snows to rest, with the spring to roam,
And thy chosen friend the storied tome ?
Thou hast sat with this by the lamp-light lone,
By the greenwood's violet bank ;”—

“ But an earlier page to my soul was known !”—
And deeply the wanderer drank.

“ Nay, but thy wisdom's fame spreads far,
And its light shines cold as a wintry star,—
Thy search is deep, and thy doubt is strong,
And thou tak'st no part with the peasant throng
In the cottage prayer or the evening song,—
Thy memory turns to no household scene
From the strife of toiling men :”—

“ But oh, the hills that I left were green !”—
And the pilgrim drank again.

“ And smil'st thou not at the shadowy ties
That bind the swain to his native skies !
Falls not thy gaze alike on all,
Trusted temple, and hearth-lit hall—
The bridal robe and the funeral pall !
Thou knowst how the clay and the iron cleave
To the homes of every shore :”—

“ But oh, the tales that my dreams believe !”—
And the wanderer drank once more.

“ Shepherd, the bright springs of the wild
Flow fresh and free for the peasant's child ;
And the bard may catch, like far-off chimes,
Through the onward rush of our changing times,
The dim old legend tales and rhymes

Bequeathed to fount and ruin hoar
By the fond unsearching faith of yore,—
But their power hath passed for evermore !
I came and drank—but I trusted not ;
 For the wide earth hath no wave
To feed the heart in its day of drought,
 And our Lethe is the grave !”

In its quiet solitude among the hills ; within sound of the city's murmur, and the music of its church bells, yet homely and artless, as when first the hermit was attracted thither by the living spring : the Well of St. Anthony has a charm of its own, unsurpassed by anything of the olden time which lingers about “ the gray metropolis of the north.” Of all its antique features, none is older or more genuine. When the bright gorse and the yellow broom which still cling to the neighbouring slopes, mingled with the oaks of Drumselch forest, and the savage of a primitive bronze age occupied his pile-village on the neighbouring loch, the saint's well ran clear and cool as it does now. None other of Edinburgh's storied memorials comes back on the memory, after long absence, with such vivid force. No wonder if the wandering Scot, under other skies, should feel tempted at times to re-echo Gilfillan's plaint : “ Oh ! why left I my hame ?” or amid all the charms of some new-world home to say

“ But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,

Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie."

No people cling more fondly to their nationality, or are keener in local attachments, than the Scots; yet none are greater wanderers, or make better colonists. "A Scot, a Sheffield whittle, and a Newcastle grindstone," says the proverb, "are to be found all the world over." It is odd indeed to meet, as is not uncommon, in the United States, natives of Scottish descent, intensely American in feeling, yet cherishing with this the inherited nationality of a country they have never seen; and for whom "The Banks o' Doon," "Lochaber no more," and "Auld Lang Syne," have an inspiration strange to other ears.

The very denunciations of Knox and the early Reformers show the favour in which the national songs and ballads were held. The first original work printed in Scottish prose was the "Complaynt of Scotland," published in 1549; and chiefly interesting to us now for its rehearsal of "sum of the sweit sangs" that the author heard sung by the shepherds of that olden time. Unfortunately he gives no more than an inventory of names; but among these are: "Still under the leyvis greene;" "Brume, brume on hill;" "Con thou me the raschis greene;" "O lusty May with Flora Quene," "Send him joy;" and "My heart is leinit on the land;" some of which sound like

the echoes of familiar strains, and have been recast by the Jacobite muse of a later day. With those are enumerated such ballads as "The battle of the Harlaw;" "The Huntis of Cheuet;" and "The Perssee and the Montgomerye met:" still very familiar to us in versions more or less modernised.

In the Restoration era, whatever rough vigour of the old national lyrics may have proved distasteful, they were not likely to be rejected because of any indelicacy which pertained to the unsophisticated manners of ruder times. But the Augustan age of Queen Anne inaugurated more refined and artificial tastes; and her era, and that of the first two Georges, were prolific in Scottish song. Allan Ramsay and Lady Wardlaw, Robert Crawford, William Hamilton, Lady Grizzel Baillie, and others who have been named already, were among the contributors; and Bishop Percy, borrowing from them to enrich his *Reliques*, helped thereby to inaugurate the better taste which prepared England for the poets of the succeeding era.

Scottish song still retains a hold on the heart alike of peer and peasant; but a century ago it claimed a place in the enjoyments and sympathies of all, which social changes have since greatly tended to weaken. It is told of Lady Murray of Stanhope, the daughter of Lady Grizzel

authoress of "Were na my heart licht I wad dee," that her evening assemblies in the flat where she resided, in the old Parliament Close, were rendered peculiarly attractive by the tender sweetness with which she sang her native Scottish melodies. One of her special favourites was the old version of "Tweedside," written by Lady Yester, daughter of the Duke of Lauderdale, before 1697, with its refrain of the disconsolate lover :—

" Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed."

The words, though vigorous, are homely enough, and would scarcely in themselves awaken the tender feelings they express; but when wedded to the pathetic melody of "Tweedside," and sung by Lady Murray with all the plaintive tenderness ascribed to her, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has assured me that she rarely closed without a general sob of sympathetic feeling, not unaccompanied with tears. In those primitive days of aristocratic simplicity, when the titled ladies and gentlemen who then formed the *élite* of Edinburgh society, and included among them the best blood in Scotland, would thus assemble in a fashionable "flat" down some close, or up a narrow turnpike which sanitary reformers now denounce as unfit for a common beggar, and pass a delightful evening listening to the singing of their own national

songs with the accompaniment of the spinet, the manifestation of feeling must have been more natural and unrestrained than now. In one of Mr. Sharpe's notes, more particularly referred to hereafter, he tells how "when Home's 'Douglas' was first acted, the tune of 'Gil Morrice' was played before the drawing up of the curtain, and most of the ladies began to weep." Very refined, select, and fastidious, was that fashionable coterie for which titled songstresses and reverend dramatists then catered. The bepowdered beaux in sword and bag-wig, laced brocade waistcoat, buckles, and red-heeled shoes; the belles to match, in hoops, stomacher, fardingale, and all else: seem to us the very impersonation of artificiality; and yet hearts tenderly responsive to very simple joys and sorrows lurked behind many a starched stomacher and laced waistcoat.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the select circles of Edinburgh society not only sought one of their chief enjoyments in Scottish song, but as a natural consequence they furnished some of the best contributors to our national minstrelsy. Sir Gilbert Elliot, Sir John Clerk, William Hamilton of Bangour, Dr. Austin, Lady Anne Barnard, Miss Jane Elliot, Mrs. Cockburn, and others of rank and fashion, along with Allan Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, wrote for the favourite old melodies tender and humorous

lyrics which in many cases supplanted their rude precursors, and wedded the music to fancies in fitter harmony with its strains. And what an enduring power those simple Scottish songs possess! In stranger lands, and under foreign skies, their notes fall on the ear with many a tender and kindly memory; nor seldom

“Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at the breast, and turns the past to pain.”

In a work entitled *Verstegian's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, printed at Amsterdam in 1605, a story, referring to older times, proves the antiquity of one favourite air. A Scottish pilgrim journeying through the Holy Land, was startled, amid its strange novelties, to hear a woman seated at her door lulling her babe to sleep with the air of “Bothwell Bank.” He addressed her, and found that a countrywoman of his own had wandered thus far from her native land. She was married to a Turkish official of rank, to whom she introduced her countryman; and her husband's influence was eventually of great service to him. She had settled down contentedly there; her little son was hushed to rest with lullabies such as were familiar to her own childhood; and the new tie doubtless helped to make for her and him a common home. Yet still the wanderer reverted in fancy to the old familiar scenes, the hills and

streams of her native land ; and how strangely tender must have sounded that plaintive Scottish lay under the skies of Palestine, in some elder version of the familiar song :—

“ Oh, Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair,
 But oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair !
 For a' beneath thy holts sae green
 My love and I wad sit at e'en ;
 While primroses and daisies, mixt
 Wi' bluebells, in my locks he fixt.
 But he left me ae drearie day,
 And haply now lies in the clay ;
 Without ae sigh his death to roun,
 Without ae flower his grave to croun !
 Oh, Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair,
 But, oh, thou maks my heart fu' sair.”

The old romance of Richard Cœur de Lion and his faithful Blondel is reproduced by Scott in homely guise in his *Redgauntlet*, where the blind fiddler announces his presence by playing the air of “Wandering Willie,” and carries on a dialogue with the captive Darsie Latimer, with aptest significance, solely by means of familiar Scottish airs. It was a kind of telegraphy very familiar to Scott. He has turned it to account in *The Heart of Midlothian*, when, on a moonlight night Ratcliffe and Madge Wildfire hold their way by the Canongate and the Abbey Stile, in company with the officers of justice, who have got hint of a rendezvous of the ringleader of the Porteous

mob at Muschat's Cairn. Madge Wildfire is full of the virtues of St. Anthony's Well, the water of which she declares sufficient to wash out even the murder-stains of the victim below that cairn. But Ratcliffe easily beguiles her into another vein by humming an apt ballad, designed for the fugitive's ear, to which she at once responds :—

“ When the glede's in the blue cloud,
The laverock lies still ;
When the hound's in the greenwood,
The hind keeps the hill ;”

and then, as the officers of the law are creeping on their victim with the stealthy pace of the Indian savage, she catches the hint of another tune, and unconsciously strikes up with effective warning :—

“ O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride !
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.”

How Scott could appreciate the effect of “ Bothwell Bank,” or “ Lochaber no more,” when heard under foreign skies, has been effectively indicated in a passage of “ Marmion ” very significant to a sojourner on the shores of “ Ontario's boundless lake,” where he recalls the busy harvest band of Highland reapers singing the songs of their own valleys on some Lowland plain :—

“ Oft have I listen’d, and stood still,
As it came soften’d up the hill,
And deem’d it the lament of men
Who languish’d for their native glen ;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana’s swampy ground,
Kentucky’s wood-encumber’d brake,
Or wild Ontario’s boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in the strain,
Recall’d fair Scotland’s hills again.”



CHAPTER XV.

The Old Tolbooth.

THE ancient matrix of the burgh seal of the Canongate, a fine specimen of engraved brass of the fourteenth century, was recovered about the year 1840, in an old drain under the citadel of Leith. It has for device a stag with the cross between its antlers, on its right a chapel, and on its left a group of trees: the representation, doubtless, of the Abbey of Holyrood, and the forest of Drumselch. It bears the fitting legend: S . COME . BURGI . VICE . CANONICOR . MONASTERII . SANCTE . CRUC . But some time between the execution of this early burgh seal and the year 1591, when the Canongate Tolbooth was rebuilt, the heraldic symbolism of the burgh was abbreviated into the simple stag's head with the cross between its tynes; and to this was attached the motto SIC . ITUR . AD . ASTRA . The Tolbooth erected at this date survives in all the quaint picturesqueness of that transitional period when Gothic forms and classic details were mingling as in the dissolving views of a magic lantern. It was in all respects a period

of transition. Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and Protestant commendator of Holyrood, still asserted rights inherited from the old abbots as lords of the burgh. But whether abbot, commendator, or bailie presided in the Tolbooth, it was the burgh court-house and gaol; and hence when the abbey fell into ruin, and the NEMO . ME . IMPUNE . LACESSET . of Scottish royalty displaced the devout aspirations of the canons of St. Augustin, the *sic itur ad astra* of King David's legendary cross and stag was no longer visible anywhere but on the burgh gaol. It was an inapt conjunction doubtless; and the profane wits of the neighbouring capital found abundant mirth in the avowal that the only way to heaven now left open to the church vassals lay through their burgh gaol! It is, however, adorned with other mottoes and devices, such as that sixteenth century specially indulged in. Over the inner doorway the burgh bailie is invited to a judicial frame of mind as he reads ESTO FIDUS; between the great windows, an elaborately ornamented panel is decorated with the burgh arms, the royal initials, and the motto J . R . 6 . JUSTITIA ET PIETAS SUNT PRINCIPIS ARCES; while another tablet puzzles the curious with its  S . L . B . PATRIÆ ET POSTERIS . 1591. *Senatus locus burgi*, a grave antiquary reads it: rendering the whole a dedication of the senate or court house of the burgh to

the country and posterity. *Secure lodging and board* reads a local wag, with a special eye to the heavenward path provided for evil-doers in durance there.

There were more ways than one of getting to heaven, according to the maxims of olden times. The *virtus* of the old Roman does not differ more widely from the *virtu* of the modern Italian, than the standards of virtue of our own day from those of our elders. The fillibustering which now excites such reasonable disgust when practised by Yankee marauders, seems not only, as Fuller says, "a clear case in sea divinity," but absolutely heroic, in Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher; and the vice of a cattle-lifter or horse-thief, now so supremely vulgar, is so picturesquely chivalrous in the Border raids of Elliots, Scotts, and Armstrongs, that Sir Walter recounts a successful thieving raid of his great-grandfather, auld Wat of Harden, as the most brilliant feat in the family pedigree. No wonder then if Lynch law, which is the reproach of American civilisation, should present all the elements of Scottish romance in the days of Queen Caroline and George II.

The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where in elder times the Scottish Parliament assembled, had, like its neighbour in the Canongate, degenerated into a prison, when it took to itself the kindly appellation of the Heart of Midlothian. But incongruities

of this sort seemed in no way inappropriate to our fathers. The city cross wedded itself to the maiden, and divided its duties between civic festivals and public executions, with the interlude of the pillory as an occasional pastime. The cross of the neighbouring burgh, still surmounted by its legendary stag's head and holy rood, retains the iron staple to which culprits were secured by means of the joughs: an iron collar and chain which not only secured them beyond chance of escape, but placed the resentful victim in imminent danger of being hanged. Sometimes the branks were substituted for the joughs; and a curious specimen of the latter instrument of punishment was discovered in 1848, in the vicinity of the Canongate Tolbooth, behind the oak panelling, in one of the rooms of Moray House. It is a skeleton iron helmet, with a gag which entered the mouth and effectually *brankit* or bridled that unruly member, the tongue. Hence its special application to scolds, as in the case of one Bessie Tailzefeir, who was accused before the bailies and council of the Canongate, on the 31st October 1567, of slandering one of their number. Therefore they "ordanit the said Bessie to be brankit the morne, and set upone the croce of this bruche, thair to remane the space of ane hour."

It is difficult for us now to realise the notions of past times in relation either to judicial or extra-

judicial proceedings ; and there is unquestionable truth in Mr. C. K. Sharpe's remark that "sensible men should consider the notions and manners of remote times, and thus make allowance for many horrid things." It is probable enough that neither the brandings and nose-slittings of Laud, nor the boots and thumbkins of Clavers and Dalzell, excited among contemporaries the repulsive horror with which we now regard them. In a good many such cases, a mere transposition of victim and executioners would have seemed a fine realisation of poetical justice. Mr. Sharpe had a pair of thumbkins which he affirmed to have been used in his own youth, in punishing refractory colliers in a Lothian coal-pit. I chanced to remark in the *Memorials* concerning the Gallow Lee, between Leith and Edinburgh : "The lonely gibbet with its loathsome burden must have formed a prominent object, a *moral lesson*, as our forefathers conceived, of great value in the suburban landscape!" This hanging of notorious culprits in chains is now an obsolete barbarism as little likely to be revived among us as the thumbkins for refractory colliers, in spite of all the widespread suffering hegot by recent collier strikes. But Mr. Sharpe remarks : "It was in my humble notion very useful. The greatest villains hated such an exposure. This I know from reading many trials for murder, etc. etc. Vanity is our

ruling passion—the more shame, the more punishment ; and fools—and there are fifty fools to one reasonable man,—never consider that death ends everything as to their sensations. Hundreds would have sworn to you they heard the murderer shriek and moan in a storm of wind and rain. They would not have gone near that gibbet for all their chances here and hereafter.” Doubtless, indeed, his comrades would a thousand times rather have attempted his rescue from the Tolbooth than from the gibbet irons.

The judicial records of Scotland abound with incidents of extrajudicial procedure, which long lived in the traditions and ballad literature of the people ; or, like the execution of Porteous, have been revived in modern romance. Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, whom James V. hanged at Carlinrig, in Liddesdale, lives still as the hero of many a Border tale and ballad. He was but a knave and thieving outlaw, according to the novel standard set up by King James. In his own dale he was a potentate of more worth than the King of Scots, or of England. Lindsay of Pitscottie records his fate as a thing “quhilk monie Scottis men heavilie lamented.” “Quhat wantis yon knave that a king sould have ?” exclaimed James, as the Borderer presented himself very reverently, with a richly attired following of twenty-four “weill horsed *stad* gentlemen.” His offers of

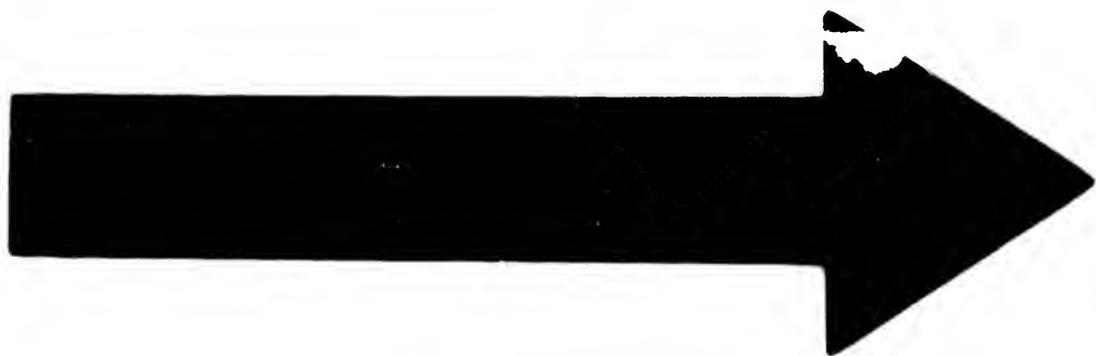
service were enough to have tempted justice in worse cases ; but the king was inexorable, and " he seeing no hope of the kingis favour towards him, said verrie proudlie, ' I am bot ane foole to seik grace at ane graceles face. Bot had I knawin, sir, that ye would have takin my lyff this day, I would have leved vpoun the borderis in disphyte of King Harie and yow baith ; for I knaw King Harie wold down weigh my best hors with gold to knaw that I war condemned to die this day.' " The old ballad in which this Border hero receives his due meed of fame was written down by Allan Ramsay from the lips of one of Johnnie Armstrong's own descendants ; and in its most graphic stanzas closely corresponds with Pitscottie's narrative. He protests in all sincerity, in words not greatly differing from those of the dying Hildebrand : " I have loved justice and hated iniquity." The king says he has " grantit never a traitor's life," and will not now begin :—

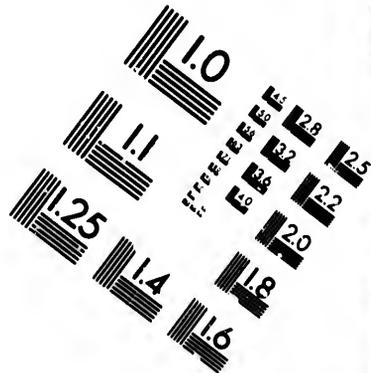
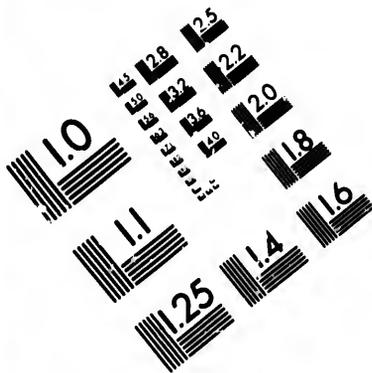
" Ye lied, ye lied now, king, he says,
 Altho' a king and prince ye be !
 For I've luv'd naething in my life
 I weel dare say it, but honesty."

For, as for reiving, herrying, and cattle-lifting over the Border, and burning the English marches to the very gates of Newcastle, what higher virtues could an Armstrong submit to the King of Scots ? But an old saying on the Liddel was,

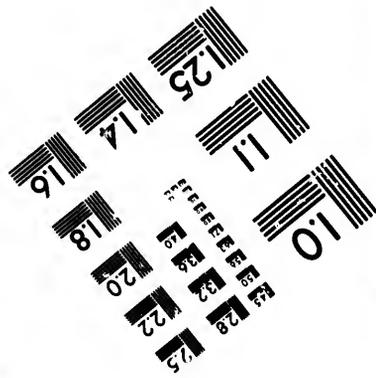
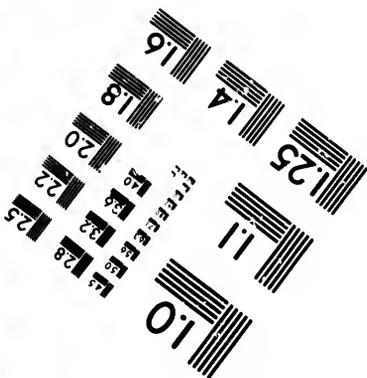
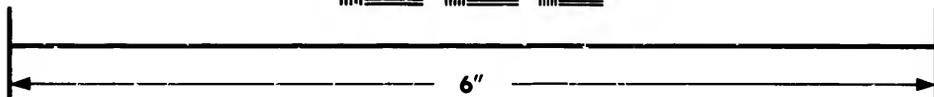
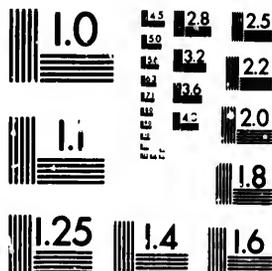
that, "Elliot and Armstrongs ride thieves a'"; and James had sworn a royal oath that he "would make the rush-bush keep the cow."

Johnnie Armstrong's deeds were confined to the Border; but a grand-nephew of his, the son of Christopher Armstrong of Langholm, has his associations with Auld Reekie. The name of the lords of Borthwick is still attached to a close in the High Street of Edinburgh, where, as ancient title-deeds show, more than one of the old barons dwelt. Alongside of theirs was the lodging of the Lords Napier; and there too resided, in 1642 and later years, Lord President Durie, the hero of the merry ballad of "Christie's Will." The Earl of Traquair, it appears, had a lawsuit pending in the Court of Session, to which the president's opposition was dreaded. In this extremity he had recourse to Will Armstrong, the son of Christopher of Langholm, who had owed to the good services of the Earl his escape from a halter. Will promptly volunteered to kidnap the president, on learning that he stood in his patron's way; and so "do as kittle a deed" as any among his most daring experiences in Border life, by "stealing an auld lurdane aff the bench." Watching his opportunity when Lord Durie was riding out, he entered into conversation with him, and so decoying him to an unfrequented spot called the Figgate Whins, near Portobello, he suddenly





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pulled him from his horse, muffled him in his trooper's cloak, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Lord Durie was safely lodged in the Tower of Gràme, an old castle in Annandale; and his horse being found straying on the beach, it was supposed that he had thrown his rider into the sea. His friends went into mourning; his successor was appointed; the Earl won his plea; and Will got a hint to set his captive at liberty. The old judge was accordingly seized in his dungeon, muffled once more in the trooper's cloak, and conveyed back to the Figgate Whins; where his relief was managed so dexterously, as to leave him in the full belief that he had been spirited away by witches. The joy of his friends was probably surpassed in intensity by the mortification of his successor, whom the president thus came to eject from the honours and emoluments of office. Accident long afterwards led to a discovery of the trick; but it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

The ballad of "Christie's Will" was current upon the Border. In the version we now have, the bold moss-trooper alights at Lord Durie's door, and beguiles him with a message from "the fairest lady in Teviotdale." The temptation was great to make the most of such choice materials of romance. There is little doubt as to the general truth of the story. The leading facts

are related in Forbes's *Journal of the Session*, though without names; and Scott gleaned some of the stanzas of his ballad from Border tradition; but he confesses to such eking and patching of the fragments that we must content ourselves with the general flavour of this modern antique. The site of the stolen president's lodging, where we are to fancy Christie's Will alighting, is now occupied by the Heriot's School in the Assembly Close. When he brings Lord Durie back again, he sets him down at the Council stair:—

“Traquair has written a privie letter,
And he has sealed it wi' his seal,
'Ye may let the auld brock out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel.’

O, Will has mounted his bonny black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,
And once again on his sturdy back
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the Council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he:
'Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie.’”

But the romance of popular lawlessness has been concentrated by the genius of Scott on the Heart of Midlothian and the old Captain of the Town Guard of Edinburgh. Incidents of wild justice, akin to that of the Porteous Mob, have been enacted for generations in the frontier states

of America ; nor are the functions of Judge Lynch even now out of vogue there, or likely to be uncelebrated while the New World has poet or romancer of its own to discern, like Joaquin Miller, the poetry which lurks in the career of the fillibuster of Nicaragua ; or to charm us with such a tale of Border raid as "Kit Carson's Ride." Still the daring triumph of mob-law achieved by the Edinburgh rioters in their execution of wild justice on Captain Porteous claims a place of its own as depicted by Scott in his romantic story. The incidents have been interwoven with the special plot of the romance with such general fidelity to truth, and have been illustrated with such minuteness of detail, that they need only be glanced at now. Captain John Porteous, as commander of the City Guard, had already incurred abundant popular odium in fulfilling the duties of an office not likely to be held in much esteem at best. But the hatred with which he had long been regarded culminated when, in aiding at the execution of one Wilson, a smuggler, he rashly ordered his men to fire upon the crowd, whereby six persons were killed and eleven wounded, including females, and spectators at the neighbouring windows.

Dr. Alexander Carlyle, then a student at college, was present in the Tolbooth church on the previous Sunday, when Robertson, the fellow-culprit of

Wilson, effected his escape ; and when the day appointed for the execution came, his tutor, Mr. Baillie, secured windows in a house in the Grass-market, commanding a good view of the gallows. Thither, accordingly, went John Wotherspoon, Sir Henry Nisbet of Dean, John Dalrymple—the future Lord Hailes,—and himself, displacing some people who had already taken possession of the windows, and driving them to that of the neighbouring stair. According to the account which Dr. Carlyle has recorded, the execution was over before the mob began to testify their abhorrence of the hangman's work by pelting him with dirt and stones. He believed, indeed, that the violence was no more than usually happened on such occasions. But Porteous was already inflamed with wine, and infuriated by the supposed insult implied by the magistrates having called for the services of a marching regiment that lay in the Canongate to maintain the passage up the Lawn-market. When the Town Guard showed reluctance to fire, Dr. Carlyle says he saw Porteous “turn to them with threatening gesture and an inflamed countenance. They obeyed and fired, but, wishing to do as little harm as possible, many of them elevated their pieces, the effect of which was that some people were wounded in the windows ; and one unfortunate lad, whom we had displaced, was killed in the stair window by a

slug entering his head. His name was Henry Black, a journeyman tailor, whose bride was the daughter of the house we were in. She fainted away when he was brought into the house speechless." They saw others, both men and women, fall on the street, and when the crowd dispersed eight or nine lay dead, and about double that number wounded. This narrative of an eye-witness, with its tragic episode as one of the minor accompaniments, brings the scene vividly before us. Carlyle and one of his companions ventured back at nine at night to learn the fate of poor Harry Black. A ball had penetrated his head an inch above the ear, and he had expired an hour before their arrival. Captain Porteous was tried and condemned for murder, but reprieved by Queen Caroline, who was then acting as Regent during the absence of George II. in Hanover.

Popular sympathy had naturally inclined towards the smuggler, who was regarded as a victim to the oppressive excise laws and other fruits of the hated union ; and great, therefore, was the exasperation when his execution was followed by the pardon of one who had made that the occasion of murdering so many innocent citizens. The chief promoters and leaders of the revolt that followed were never discovered, and, doubtless, their names now lie beyond recall. They were disguised in many ways, including some in female attire,

and have ordinarily been assumed to have been no more than the most determined among the rabble of the city mob. But Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe was of a different opinion; and, amid the conflicting tales and rumours that have come down to us, the views of one whose sources of information carried him back so nearly to the actual participators in the deed of wild justice, or of vengeance, are well deserving of consideration. Mr. Sharpe had been familiar in his early days with the incidents of this uprising of the city mob as detailed in the conversation of those who spoke of them as things of comparatively recent occurrence, and he scornfully rejected the idea that it was the work of the ordinary town rabble. He thus writes: "From many old persons I have heard that people of high rank were concerned in the affair. My great-grandfather, Lord Alva, told my grandfather that many of the mob were persons of rank, some of them disguised as women, — Lord Haddington for one, in his cook-maid's dress. I have been told that my great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, had a hand in it, as other people of quality unquestionably had. I have often since suspected, from words let fall by my grandfather, and still more from hints of my aunt, Lady Murray of Clermont, that my grandfather knew more about the whole affair than he cared to tell. The upper ranks of society then had

a strong power over the lower, wholly unknown now. On this head I could mention many things scarcely to be believed." Mr. Sharpe also maintained the truth of the familiar tradition that a guinea was left in the booth of the West Bow from whence the rioters procured the halter. According to a story narrated in the illustrations to Geekie's *Edinburgh Etchings*, the leader of the mob was one Alexander Richmond, a baker's apprentice. He is described as a wild and daring lad, and a ringleader in all the riotings of the period. On the night of Porteous's execution his father, a nurseryman at Foulbriggs, near the West Port, sent him early to bed, and carried off his clothes as an effectual hindrance to his sharing in the threatened violence. But he got hold of his sister's clothes, and in that guise joined the mob, and took a leading part in breaking into the Tolbooth. The story is completed by assigning to him the Quixotic display of virtue—so improbable in his case,—of throwing down a half-guinea on the counter from which he carried off the coil of rope with which Porteous was hanged from the dyer's pole. Such a display of punctilious sensitiveness as either the guinea or half-guinea deposit implies excited the unbounded ridicule of Mr. Sharpe as applicable to an ordinary Edinburgh mob. "Even if beset with the whim of maintaining a character for honesty, who among such a

rabble had a guinea to spare ? more likely a pund Scots, or twal' pennies sterling !”

The moderation and singleness of purpose with which the rioters guided their whole proceedings, limiting themselves to the accomplishment of the one object which they had set before them, rests on indisputable contemporary evidence ; and the absence of all acts of needless violence or private injury proves a unanimity of feeling suggestive of some very different leader from a mere wild and daring 'prentice lad. William Maclauchlane, a servant of the Countess of Wemyss, was brought to trial immediately afterwards for complicity in the riot ; and the evidence then produced supplies some of the most graphic details of that eventful night. One of the witnesses stated that he came up Best's Wynd, an alley long since obliterated, along with the old Tolbooth to which it led. He tried to pass by the Purses on the north side of the prison, but there perceiving a guard drawn up across the street, armed with staves, guns, and Lochaber axes, he retreated. The important pass at the east end of the Tolbooth, thus carefully guarded, derived its name of "The Poor Folk's Purses," from being the place where the ancient fraternity of Bluegowns, the king's faithful bedemen, received the royal bounty in a leathern purse on each returning king's birthday after attending service in St. Giles's church. The witness

referred to found his way back to the scene of violence by a safer route ; saw the faggots piled against the Tolbooth door and set fire to ; the victim dragged forth ; and, in spite of being knocked down by one of the rioters in female attire, and run over by a number of the mob, he contrived to follow them to the Grassmarket, and be in at the death. There he saw Porteous give his purse to a wealthy citizen who was near, to be delivered to his brother, a fact afterwards confirmed by the citizen himself ; and also added a further proof of the stern composure and deliberation with which the execution was carried out. He saw the rope put about Porteous's neck, but though the military were already reported to be approaching before he was drawn up, they let him down again to re-adjust the rope and cover his face.

Amid the vague confusion of conflicting rumours and traditions in reference to events which those who best knew were the least likely to reveal, we can still discern the evidence of proceedings widely different from those of an ordinary city mob. All accounts refer in some form or other to the disguising in female attire, which Scott has turned to such effective purpose in his romance. But also the depositing of a guinea on the counter of the booth in the West Bow in payment of the halter, whether literally true or not, fully accords with the act of the rioters in allowing their victim to send

his purse by a trustworthy messenger to his brother. Various indications also seem to show that the execution was a carefully-matured scheme in which many were involved. Dr. Carlyle says: "So prepossessed were the minds of every person that something extraordinary would take place that day, that I, at Prestonpans, nine miles from Edinburgh, dreamt that I saw Captain Porteous hanged in the Grassmarket. I got up betwixt six and seven, and went to my father's servant who was threshing in the barn which lay on the roadside leading to Aberlady and North Berwick, who said that several men on horseback had passed about five in the morning, whom having asked for news, they replied there was none but that Captain Porteous had been dragged out of prison, and hanged on a dyer's tree at two o'clock that morning."

A curious allusion made by the celebrated Horne Tooke, when defending himself before Lord Mansfield on his trial for libel in 1777, seems to confirm the opinion of Mr. Sharpe relative to the rank of the ringleaders in the Porteous Mob. Lord Mansfield's services had been engaged on behalf of the magistrates when they were threatened with ignominious pains and penalties at the instigation of Queen Caroline. He must therefore have known much that would be communicated confidentially to the counsel for the defence.

Knowing this, Horne Tooke said, "I shall not trouble you to repeat the particulars of the affair of Captain Porteous at Edinburgh. These gentlemen are so little pleased with military execution upon themselves, that Porteous was charged by them with murder; he was prosecuted, convicted, and when he was reprieved after sentence, the people of the town executed that man themselves, so little did they approve of military execution. Now, gentlemen, there are at this moment people of reputation, living in credit, making fortunes under the Crown, who were concerned in that very fact,—who were concerned in the execution of Porteous."

A minor incident in the doings of that eventful night was the storming of the citadel of the Town Guard, which occupied the centre of the High Street immediately above the Tron. The civic soldiers were surprised; and their guns and Lochaber axes served to arm the rioters for the proceedings that followed. The old Guard-house continued to cumber the thoroughfare till near the close of the century, when an etching of it was published by Kay, the caricaturist, which shows it, with the long obsolete instrument of punishment, the wooden mare, which stood at its west end to the last. Nicoll, the old diarist, when enlarging on the impartial rule of Cromwell during his residence in the Scottish capital, describes his "guid

discipline, causing drunkardis ryd the tric meir, with stoppis and muskettis tyed to their leggis and feit, a paper on thair breist, and a drinking cap in thair handis." Its latest use seems to have chiefly been for the punishment of such of the veteran Town Guardsmen as yielded to the temptation of undue excess in their favourite potations. The etching which forms the vignette to this volume is from a sketch by Mr. Sharpe on one of my *Memorials* proofs, under which he has written : "Two of the Town Guard as I remember them, basking in the sun, half-drunk, on a bench at the Tolbooth." They had little need of any additional ignominy, such as a ride on the tree mare in sight of a jeering crowd, to add to the mingled disfavour and contempt with which they were regarded. One of the choicest annual sports of the citizens was the baiting of their own Civic Guard on the king's birthday. Towards the afternoon this veteran corps, composed chiefly of old Highland soldiers, was called out to man the eastern entrance to the Parliament Close, while the guests were assembling for "the drinking of the king's health" in the Parliament Hall. When the magistrates, judges, and the other invited guests had assembled, they were drawn up in front of the hall, and announced with a volley each loyal toast of the city magnates. But never did forlorn hope undertake a more desperate duty. Their

first volley was the signal for a frenzied assault on them by the whole rabble of the town. Fergusson, when celebrating "The king's birthday in Edinburgh" thus sings:—

" On this great day the city guard,
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow and shaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions ;
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
Of clarty unctions."

One of the special "functions" for which they were ordained was this same annual pillory. It was, in truth, the high carnival of the Edinburgh rabble. Dead dogs and cats, stale fish, and every offensive missile that could be laid hold on, were hurled at the devoted heads of the Town Guard ; and when at last they received orders to march back to their citadel in the High Street the strife became furious. The rough old veterans dealt their blows right and left with firelock and Lochaber axe, but their utmost efforts were unavailing against the spirit and numbers of their enemies, and the retreat generally ended in an ignominious rout of the whole Civic Guard. Now was the time for a grand saturnalia. *Mob law* ruled supreme for the rest of the evening ; the windows of obnoxious citizens were broken ; and the effigies of the most unpopular men were paraded in derision, and then burnt at the cross. It was one of the

reasonable griefs set forth by Mrs. Howden to her old neighbour Peter Plumdamas, as he politely gave the rousing wife his arm up the steep declivity of the West Bow on the occasion of Porteous's respite, that "when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament men o' our ain, we could aye peeble them wi' stanes when they werna gude bairns. But naebody's nails can reach the length o' Lunnon." The chances, however, generally were that some public delinquent was left at home sufficiently notorious to make his literal peebing one of the day's events, if he were rash enough to show face. But failing this, he could at any rate be dealt with in effigy; and among those specially selected for cremation, the notorious *Johnny Wilkes*, editor of the *North Briton*, and favourite of the London apprentices, long occupied a foremost place.

Among the old officers of the Town Guard of Edinburgh, there is one who competes in importance even with Captain Porteous; and the locality of his abode in the West Bow seems to add an association between him and that famed victim of Lynch law. Major Weir, the prince of Scottish wizards was the son of a Clydesdale farmer, served as a lieutenant in Ireland against the insurgents of 1641, and on settling in Edinburgh, entered the Town Guard and rose to the rank of major. His reputation as an agent of the

powers of darkness rests on no obscure traditions. A manuscript in the Advocates' Library, dated 1670—the year of the major's execution,—under the name of “Fraser's Providential Passages,” sets forth the career of the wizard of the Bow in minute detail; and from this the Rev. Professor Sinclair borrowed, without acknowledgment, the chief materials of the narrative embodied in his “Satan's Invisible World Discovered,” written expressly as an antidote to atheism. Major Weir was a tall black man, with a grim countenance and a big nose, and moved about wrapped in a dark cloak, looking to the ground. He never went anywhere without his staff, a black rod on which, according to popular belief, his magical power depended. He lived in a house within a court, at the upper bend of the Bow, with his sister, Grizel Weir. There his fame was so great among “the Bow-head saints” that many resorted to his house to hear him pray; and according to Mr. Fraser, he “was termed by some of the holy sisters ordinarily *Angelical Thomas*.” But it was observed that he could officiate in no religious duty without his black staff. This accordingly became an object of no less admiration than the major himself; and, according to veracious tradition, it was no uncommon thing for the neighbours to receive a visit from this magical staff, tapping at their counters on some errand of its master, or to

see it running before him with a lantern as he went up the Bow, and turned into the Lawnmarket, escorted by this mysterious link-boy.

That Major Weir had made a compact with the devil, and enjoyed many supernatural powers accordingly, was the universal belief of his age. The probability appears to be that both he and his sister were mad. The two were arrested and put on trial in consequence of his own confession of crimes which needed no supernatural accessories to render them more detestable. But the credulity of the age added many characteristic incidents to the evidence of his guilt. "Maister John Sinclair, minister of Ormistoun," deposed at his trial that "having asked him if he had seen the devil, he answered that any feeling he ever had of him was in the dark!" By his own confession he had lived a life of wretched hypocrisy and vice; and he possibly felt some relief in the idea that the devil had the larger share in his misdeeds. He was sentenced to be strangled and burnt at the stake, and this was duly carried out in the Green-side valley, the scene of martyrdom of David Stratoun and Norman Gourlay in 1534. The Rev. Mr. Fraser adds that the major's "black staff was cast into the fire with him. Whatever incantation was in it, the persons present aver yt it gave rare turnings, and was long a-burning, as also himself!"

When word was brought to Grizel Weir that her brother was burnt, she made the most anxious inquiries about his staff; and when assured by the minister that it had been burnt with him, she became frenzied with passion, "uttering words horrible to be remembered." The narrative goes on to say: "She was persuaded her mother was a witch; 'for the secretest thing that either I myself or any of the family could do, when once a mark appeared on her brow she could tell it them, though done at a distance.' Being demanded what sort of a mark it was, she answered, 'I have some such like mark myself, when I please, on my forehead.' Whereupon she put back her head-dress, and seeming to frown, there was seen an exact horse-shoe shaped for nails in her wrinkles, terrible enough, I assure you, to the stoutest beholder." This, no doubt, suggested to Sir Walter Scott the characteristic frown of Redgauntlet. "I had heard," writes Darsie Latimer, "such a look described in an old tale of *diablerie* which it was my chance to be entertained with not long since, when this deep and gloomy contortion of the frontal muscles was not unaptly described as forming the representation of a small horse-shoe." To the notice of Grizel Weir's hereditary witch-mark, as introduced in my *Memorials*, Mr. Sharpe appended this curious note: "Sir Walter Scott has spoilt this in *Redgauntlet*, fixing

the horse-shoe on my uncle Grierson's brow. The family had nothing to do with it. Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter's son-in-law, is a relation of the major. Sir W. Hamilton told him so in my presence, and he could not deny it. My father had a diverting story about the warlock. On the day of his execution, a man dressed in red plush breeches entered an inn in Haddington, where he dined and supped on the best viands of the house. At last he called for the reckoning, and thrusting his hand into the pocket of his red plush, the hostess said, 'Ye hae a bonny pair o' breeks, gudeman!' 'Yes, indeed,' responded he, 'and a bonny price they cost me,—I coft them the day frae the hangman, wha took them frae Major Weir.' 'Awa wi' you an' your breeks—I'll hae nae money fra the deil's pockets!' exclaimed she; and so he got off scot free. This was old Lord Alva's anecdote to my grandfather,—the joke being that the red breeks had nothing to do with the major."

The legends of the major and the witch Grizel lingered about the West Bow to the last; for it was a strange antique thoroughfare, to which such old-world stories seemed to adapt themselves with apt ingenuity. The Rev. George Sinclair tells, on the authority of a reputable gentlewoman, of a spectre tall as two ordinary females which rose out of the ground in sight of her and her maid-

servant, just at Major Weir's door. The maid bore a lantern, and in spite of their fears they hastened, if possible, to overtake the gaunt spectre, and ascertain what it really was; but it vanished before them within the narrow pend, amid a blaze as of flaming torches, and great unmeasurable peals of laughter. No wonder that the major's house should have remained tenantless after his death; or that many a strange sound and fearful sight should have perpetuated the evidence of the tenure established over this haunted dwelling by the powers of darkness. The enchanted staff was believed to have returned to its post, and to wait as porter behind the door. The hum of Grizel's necromantic wheel was heard at the dead of night; and the deserted mansion was seen at times blazing with the lights of some eldrich festival, when the major and his sister were supposed to be entertaining the Prince of Darkness. There were not even wanting citizens of credible repute who were affirmed to have seen the major issue at midnight from the narrow close, mounted on a headless charger, and gallop off in a whirlwind of flame. Time, however, wrought its usual cure. The major's visits became fewer and less ostentatious, until at length it was only at rare intervals that some belated reveller, returning home through the deserted Bow, was startled by a dark and silent shadow that flitted across his path as

he drew near the unhallowed bend of that perversely crooked thoroughfare.

The number of those who recall to mind the strange zig-zag declivity which of old formed the main avenue to the upper town, with its ancient bow or arched gateway in the older city wall of A.D. 1450, must now be rapidly diminishing. But its curious features are indelibly impressed on my own mind; for long before the Castle Road or the Assembly Hall was dreamt of, there dwelt in an antique wainscoted house, down one of its closes, a lady whose kindly hospitalities are among the most pleasant recollections of my own school-boy days, and whose son—my old school-mate, and companion in many a ramble among the historic scenes and romantic nooks around Edinburgh,—is now the head of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs. Nelson and Sons.

The modern visitor who sees the Bowhead, an open area nearly on a level with the Castle esplanade, and from thence, by gradual descent, with the aid of long flights of stairs and the more gentle slope of Victoria Street, at length reaches the Bowfoot Well and the scene of the Porteous tragedy, will hardly be persuaded that within memory of citizens of our own day there extended between those very diverse levels a thoroughfare crowded with antique tenements, quaint inscriptions, and still more strange and interesting associations. Here were the Templar lands, with their

gables surmounted by the cross that marked them out as sacred from the reach of municipal law ; and on one of their lintels this wise aphorism :—

HE . YT . THOLIS . OVERCVMMIS.

Here were the old Assembly Rooms of 1602, described in their title-deeds as “that tenement of land on the west side of the transe of the Over Bow betwixt the land of umq^{le}. Lord Ruthven on the north, and the king’s auld wall on the south parts.” The mansion of the grim baron who, fresh from his sick-bed there, stalked into the chamber of Queen Mary on the night of the 9th of March 1566, and struck his dagger into the doomed favourite, David Rizzio, still stood in my younger days. Its demolition brought to light a beautiful inlaid sword concealed below one of the floors. The maker’s name, WILHELM WIRSBERG, is inlaid in brass on the blade ; and repeated in engraved characters, along with his device of a pair of pincers, and various mottoes, such as VINCERE AUT MORI—FIDE SED CUI VIDE, etc. The point of the blade is broken ; and the manner of its concealment is suggestive of characteristic associations with the stern old baron who laid claim to the contrivance of Rizzio’s assassination. My own associations with the ancient timber-fronted tenement are still vivid, though of a more homely character ; for in those juvenile days when I chiefly frequented the West Bow, Lord Ruthven’s



Land was the scene of certain puppet theatricals, where, at a charge of one penny sterling, I specially remember witnessing with much delight a comic burletta, styled, "The King of the Cannibal Islands!"

But every house in the strange old thoroughfare had its story. There was St. James's Altar Land, mentioned as such in the "Inventor of Pious Donations," under date of 1541; Provost Stewart's lodging, where he entertained Prince Charles Edward and his counsellors in 1745; and the Clockmaker's Land, immediately below the haunted house of that famous old wizard of the Bow, Major Weir. Here Paul Romieu, one of the Huguenot refugees from the tyranny of Louis XIV., established himself as a clockmaker, in the reign of Charles II.; and there remained on the front of the ancient tenement till its demolition the relics of an ingenious astronomical toy, on which, at certain hours, the heavenly bodies were made to revolve by clockwork, and so to testify to the skill of the occupant. Though the inventive spirit had long vanished, and only a gilded ball and some corroded wheel-work remained in evidence of the former owner's skill, they shared to the last the admiration bestowed on the wonders of the Bow.

Time and change had already robbed the ancient thoroughfare of many of its former honours; but here in the earlier generation to which Mrs. Sharpe of Hoddam belonged, her sister, Lady

Murray of Clermont, found a fashionable lodging among the gentry of the Scottish capital ; and the neighbouring Grassmarket was still the grand City Square of old Edinburgh, with its favourite scenes of wit and revelry, to which some of its choicest spirits were wont to resort. Dr. Carlyle describes himself and a company of brother clergymen supping together, in a fashion sufficiently characteristic of that eighteenth century, at a punch house in the Bow, during the sitting of the Assembly in 1756, when the poet, John Home, took a bet of a half-crown bowl of punch that, in the expected sea-fight in the Mediterranean, Admiral Byng would show the white feather, as he too surely did. There was a fashionable haunt at the foot of the Bow, kept by Thomas and Nelly Nicholson, old servants of Lord Elliock, known by its frequenters as the Diversorium. In that same year, Dr. Carlyle describes the snug parties held there over some choice claret, when the clerical members of the company included Principal Robertson, Home, Ferguson, Jardine, and Wilkie ; and with them David Hume, Lord Elibank, the Master of Ross, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and others who figure in the strange incidents connected with the once famous scandal of clerical delinquency, when John Home produced his tragedy of "Douglas," and Blair, Robertson, and Carlyle abetted him in the indecorum, and attended its performance in the Old Play-house Close in the Canongate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Canongate Rebels.

A MONUMENTAL memorial of Oliver Cromwell which survived far on into the present century is worth recalling once more, in connection with the local history of the times. Oliver Cromwell paid his first visit to Edinburgh in 1648, and, as one of the "King's Pamphlets" in the British Museum records, he took up his residence in "the Earl of Murrie's house in the Cannigate, where a strong guard was appointed to keep constant watch at the gate." There he entered into communication with "the Earl of Loudon, the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected lords;" and before his departure the Earl of Leven invited him to a sumptuous banquet in the great hall of the Castle. Sir Arthur Hazlerig and the officers in his train were among the guests; the Marquis of Argyle and other Scottish nobles attended to do them honour; and so General Cromwell and the Scots parted on good terms.

But it was in the following year that Charles I. was tried and beheaded. The Scots disclaimed

all sympathy with the regicides, proclaimed his son at the Cross of Edinburgh, and did their best to make of Charles II. a covenanted king. The Marquis of Montrose strove to win the Scottish crown for him without its covenanting obligations, and paid the forfeit in his barbarous execution at the same Cross of Edinburgh. So the Covenant must needs be signed: and then Charles was banqueted in the Parliament House; lodged in the fine old mansion of the Lords Balmerinock, which still stands at the corner of Coatfield Lane, in the Kirkgate of Leith; and for a brief period could fancy himself king; till Cromwell once more took matters in hand, and brought that abortive Scottish kingship also to an end. Nicoll, the old diarist, tells us of the march of Cromwell to Edinburgh, and the disposition of his forces there. His cavalry he stationed at Restalrig, his infantry lay between them and Arthur Seat, at Jock's Lodge; while his cannon were mounted on Salisbury Crag, to the sore discomfiture of the Scottish leaguers, who had established their headquarters right below, on St. Leonard's Crag. Matters at length came to a final issue on Cromwell's fortunate day, at Dunbar; and so he once more took up his quarters in Moray House, or, as the old diarist more correctly calls it, "the Lady Home's lodging, in the Canongate." It was erected, soon after the accession of Charles I., by

Mary, Countess of Home, the eldest daughter of Edward, Lord Dudley. Her monogram and family memorials are prominent in its decorations, and over one of the windows are the arms of the Homes and Dudleys impaled on a lozenge.

Here there is reason to believe that Charles I. was entertained when he visited his ancient capital in 1633 ; and here, according to Guthrie, Cromwell, in his secret negotiations with the nobles and leaders of the covenanting party during his first visit to Edinburgh, "did communicate to them his design in reference to the king, and had their assent thereto." Cromwell was far too astute and wary a politician to indulge in needless confidences about immature designs. No doubt future measures for resisting any kingly aggressions must have come under review ; and the mode of dealing with Charles himself would, in some form or other, prove a prominent subject of discussion. But beyond this we have no more than the cavalier gossip of the period ; though Napier tells us in his *Life of Montrose*, that in consequence of such, "the Lady Home's house in the Canongate became an object of mysterious curiosity, from the general report at the time that the design to execute Charles I. was there first discussed and approved of." It is, indeed, a relic of the past, still stately in appearance and rich in historical associations. In the interval between Cromwell's

first and second lodging there the fine old mansion was the scene of a joyous bridal banqueting. Lord Lorn—better known in later days as the unfortunate Earl of Argyle,—was married to Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Moray. The friends of the noble pair were still engaged in their revelry, when, on Saturday, the 18th of May 1650, the doomed Marquis of Montrose was dragged up the Canongate lound on a tumbril, with the common hangman mounted on the horse before him. Montrose had defeated the Marquis of Argyle, the father of the bridegroom, and wasted the Campbells' country with fire and sword. As now, in his utter humiliation, he was borne beneath the windows of Moray House, the wedding-guests, including the Marquis of Argyle and the bride and bridegroom, stepped out on the fine stone balcony which overhangs the street, to look on their prostrate foe; and it is even said that the Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Haddington,—Argyle's niece,—in her revengeful triumph, spat on him as he passed. Fountainhall records the report that the bridegroom was seen playing and smiling with Lady Mary, as he feasted his eyes on the melancholy sight below. The Marquis of Argyle, the young bridegroom, and Lord Warriston,—another of that same bridal party,—each within a comparatively brief interval passed to their doom, on the same spot, at the Cross of Edinburgh,

where, with more than wonted barbarity, Montrose perished by the hands of the public executioner.

It was in the month of May 1650 that those strange scenes of revelry and death were jostling each other in the old thoroughfare of the Canon-gate. The Scots had had a foremost hand as beginners of the revolt against King Charles and his arch-adviser Laud; but when they took to such weak compromises as that of manufacturing a covenanted king out of Charles Stuart, all was pretty well up with them for good; and so Oliver Cromwell, as Captain-General, having settled Irish affairs in very uncompromising fashion, by the 3d of September was victor at Dunbar; and by the 9th was writing his letters to the English Parliament, and also to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, from his old quarters in Moray House, Canongate. For, as he writes to the Lord President of the Council of State on the 25th, here "we abide without disturbance, saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four guns at us, and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle;" so, within three or four days at most, Oliver's men were busy running a mine beneath the Castle rock, and getting their batteries ready; and by the 24th of December, Christmas Eve—if either party had any thought of such vigils,—Edinburgh Castle was surrendered.

Meanwhile, in the smaller matters of gossip, which better fit such local reminiscences as are here dealt with, we are once more indebted to Nicoll's Diary for some graphic details of those Cromwellian days: as on the 27th September 1650, when, "by orders of the General Cromwell, thair wes thrie of his awin sodgeris scurged by the provest marschellis men, from the Stone Chop to the Nèddir Bow, and bak agane, for plundering of houssis within the toun; and ane uther sodger maid to ryde the meir at the Croce of Edinburgh, with ane pynt stop about his neck, his handis bund behind his back, and musketis hung at his feet, the full space of twa hours, for being drunk." The wooden mare has already been referred to. It remained at the west end of the old Guard-house in the High Street, an object of terror to such delinquents, till 1785, when both disappeared from the street.

The preachers who had fled to the shelter of the Castle were invited by Cromwell to resume their pulpits; and on their declining to trust themselves in his hands, he found preachers enough—including some of the gifted among his own troopers,—who gave great satisfaction to the congregations: "many Scots expressing much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way, by groans!" According to Pinkerton, Cromwell himself preached in St. Giles's churchyard, while David, Lord

Cardross, held forth at the Tron. So, by and by, the General grew into favour; civic rulers were appointed who sympathised with the new order of things; and at length Cromwell's popularity reached such a height that the magistrates commissioned a large block of stone for the purpose of erecting a colossal effigy of his Highness in the Parliament Close. But the block was scarcely landed on the shore at Leith, when news arrived of the Lord Protector's death; and so, ere long, they erected instead, on the chosen site, the fine statue of "our most religious and gracious King, Charles II." Tradition affirms that it occupies the very site of John Knox's grave. Certain, at least, it stands in the ancient churchyard, where, in 1572, "the Apostle of the Scots," as Beza styles him, was laid to rest; and the Regent Morton pronounced over him the memorable requiem, "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

Great were the doings in the loyal Scottish capital to show its joy at the restoration of the old Holyrood line of kings; and a becoming detestation of that "traitor, tyrant, and usurper" whom the citizens had made so narrow an escape from doing honour to in stone. The town-clerk was despatched to Breda to let his Majesty know the delight they had been thrown into at the prospect of his restoration; and to humbly offer him "a

poor myte of £1000, which the king did graciously accept, as though it had been a greater business!" Next followed the day of thanksgiving, June 19th, of that ANNUS MIRABILIS 1660. First came the sermon, devoutly inculcating "the right-divine of kings to govern wrong." After sermon, tables were set forth at the cross, loaded with sweetmeats of every kind. Wine flowed in abundance, after a fashion sanctioned by many an ancient precedent. The spouts of the Cross, as Nicoll records, ran all the time with abundance of claret, and three hundred dozen glasses were broken and scattered through the streets in the new-born furor of loyalty. Bacchus, also, sat astride of a puncheon of wine, on the front of the Cross, and was not idle. Finally, "in the end of this solemnity, the effigy of that notable tyrant and traitor, Oliver, being set up on a pole, and the devil upon another, upon the Castle Hill, it was so ordered by means of fireworks that the devil did chase that traitor, and pursued him still till he blew him into the air." Altogether it was a fortunate thing that the block of stone so recently landed at Leith had not assumed its purposed form of a colossal effigies of his Highness in the Parliament Close.

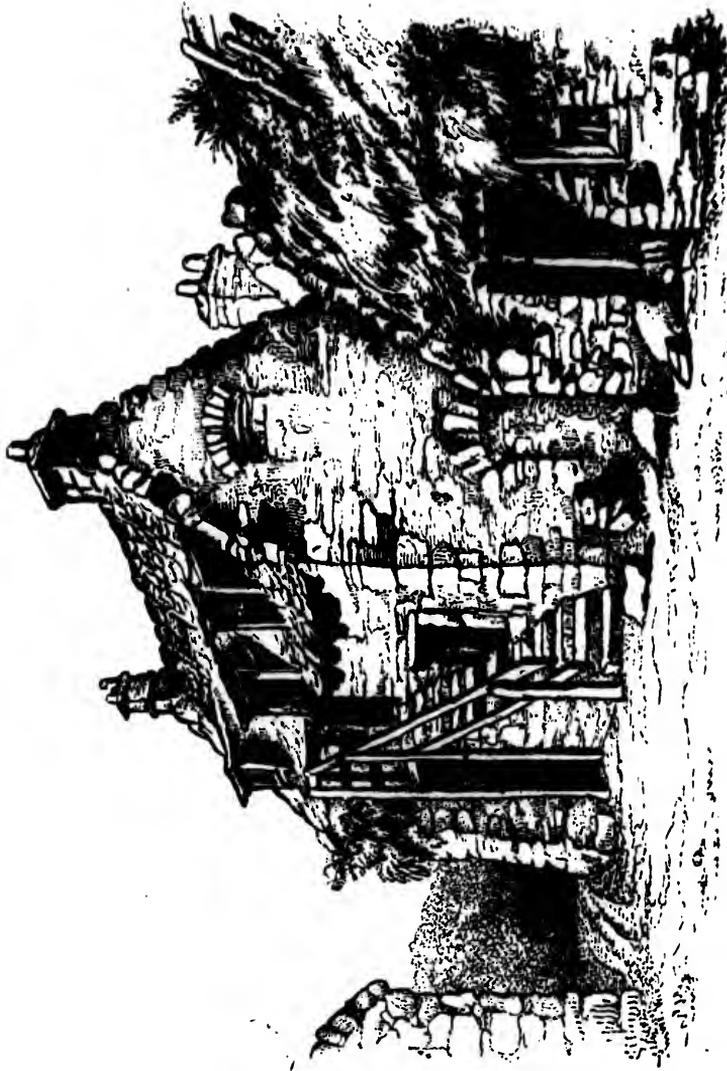
The rejected block was too cumbrous a thing to be easily put out of the way; so it lay neglected for upwards of a century and a quarter

on the sands of Leith, recognised by all as "Oliver Cromwell," till 1788, when Mr. Walter Ross, a well-known antiquary, had it transported to the rising ground within his own pleasure-grounds, nearly opposite St. Bernard's Well, where Ann Street now stands. The block was about eight feet high, intended apparently for the upper half of the figure. In a sketch of it drawn for me from recollection by Mr. Sharpe, it appears rather as a huge bust, to which he has been unable to resist the temptation of adding a pair of turned-up eyes, a Bardolphian nose, "with all its warts," and the tongue thrust out at the corner of a very grim and sanctimonious-looking mouth! As he described it, the workmen of the quarry had prepared it for the chisel of the statuary by roughly blocking it out with the hammer into the shape of a monstrous mummy; and thus prefigured the Protector looked forth from his later perch, across the Water of Leith, like a giant in his shroud frowning upon the city. On the death of Mr. Ross his estate was laid out in streets; the embryo mummy of the Protector was removed to the site at the end of Ann Street, immediately overhanging the Water of Leith, and—whether by accident or design,—it was shortly afterwards precipitated down the steep bank and broken to pieces.

Very strange and various were the doings wit-

nessed in old Edinburgh as the consequences of the glorious Restoration to which its citizens did such becoming honour. Perhaps the following little incident of 1661 will serve as well as any to give some idea of the manners and opinions of the times. In the City Records, after a gift of escheat granted by the council to the Baron Bailie of Canongate of all heritable and moveable goods belonging to the witches of the burgh, a report follows by the bailie concerning one Barbara Mylne. There was good reason for looking after a witch, especially if she was so unfortunate as to possess any goods worth escheating. So the bailie reports that Janet Allen, who herself had been burnt for witchcraft, did once see the said Barbara Mylne "come in at the Watergate in likenes of a cat, and did change her garment under her own stair, and went into her house." This was in the very year following that memorable one in which the devil did chase that notable traitor, Oliver Cromwell, on the Castle Hill, and never desisted till he had blown him into the air. But witches continued to haunt the Canongate quite into modern days, and indeed are not wholly unknown even now, under the more modest title of spaewives. An intelligent old lady, who resided there in her younger days, told me of one Christian Burns, who then had her dwelling in Strachie's Close, and was known throughout the

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VOL. II.

THE WITCHES' HOUFF, OLD BROUGHTON.

P. III.

Canongate as a witch. She well remembered her being *scored aboon the breath*—*i.e.* being cut across her forehead by a neighbouring maltster, whose brewing, as he believed, had been spoiled by her devilish cantrips. Mr. Sharpe, also, has made this note on the same subject: "My mother told me that she remembered an old woman coming to Lammerton, cut above the eyebrows with a penknife by a man who supposed she was a witch. My grandfather, a justice of the peace, ordered the man to be set in the stocks."

But the New Town also had its witches' haunts. The Burgh of Broughton, since swallowed up in its extension, specially figures in the seventeenth century as a resort of witches. The Earl of Mar had a bevey of them arraigned before the Privy Council in 1603, convicted, and burnt alive, under circumstances of peculiar horror, which appear to have left an enduring impression on the traditions of the locality. Prior to 1829, the Tolbooth of the old burgh of barony still stood, with the village stocks in front of it; and at a much more recent date, the site of Barony Street was occupied by a row of rude thatched cottages, including one of two stories, with an outside stone stair, known to the last as, The Witches' Houff.

As we follow out such local reminiscences of the seventeenth century, they serve as a moral

and political thermometer; and, above all, show the changes of feeling from the zero of Cromwellian rule to the fever heat of a happy Restoration, with its bonfires, banquets, and revels of all sorts; and then the relapse to the freezing point of the Revolution Settlement, with a "Dutch William," and by and by "a wee, wee German lairdie," for king. On the 7th of January 1661, the head of the Marquis of Montrose was reverently removed from the spike on the Tolbooth gable, where it had been bleaching in sun and rain for the past eleven years, and placed in the coffin in which his body was being borne back to St. Giles's Cathedral under a rich velvet canopy, from its ignominious grave on the Boroughmuir. By the 27th of May following the spike on the Tolbooth gable had resumed its ghastly office, and received the head of the Marquis of Argyle. Lord Warriston, who had stood with the Marquis on the Canongate balcony as Montrose passed to the scaffold, was by this time a refugee in France. But Louis XIV. delivered up the aged statesman to King Charles; and the Scottish maiden anticipated death to one already tottering on the brink of the grave. So the events of that memorable era follow one another, with more of shadow than of light: the prisoners of Bothwell Brig, exposed through long months to all the inclemency of the weather, penned like sheep in the inner Greyfriars Church-

yard ; or transferred to the Privy Council Chamber of the Parliament House, where Lauderdale, Dalzell, and others, rivalled the familiars of the Inquisition with their boots and thumbkins. But such memories are better left for the historian. Slighter incidents will suit our present purpose.

In 1680, James, Duke of York—or as he was styled in Edinburgh, Duke of Albany,—took up his residence at Holyrood, as Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament ; to be out of the way for a time, while the London 'prentice boys were burning the Pope in effigy ; and the handsome son of Lucy Waters was playing the rôle of Defender of the Faith. With him came his Duchess, Mary D'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, and his own daughter the Lady Anne, destined by and by to displace her brother from the throne. It is to this northern migration that Dryden, in a prologue written in his most courtly strain for some Oxford theatricals, refers, as to the banishment of Beauty's Court to Lapland or Nova Zembla :—

“ When faction's rage to cruel exile drove
The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
The Muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts ;
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wandered northward to the verge of day,
As if the sun and he had lost their way.”

To the hyperborean Scots, however, this was
VOL. II. I

a gain. The Duke was in such ill favour in the south that, as Bishop Burnet says, "it was visibly his interest to make one kingdom sure to him ; and to give them such an essay of his government as might dissipate all hard thoughts of him." He did his best for a time ; and Mr. William Tytler, who heard of the splendid court maintained by the Duke and Duchess from those who had enjoyed the entrée to its receptions, says, "Our fathers of the last age used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood House. The Princesses were easy and affable ; and the Duke then studied to make himself popular among all ranks of men." His pretty Duchess and the Lady Anne won golden opinions by their courtesy to the gentry of the north ; and laid the foundations of that revived loyalty to the House of Stuart which by and by involved in a common ruin with its unfortunate princes some of the noblest families of their ancient kingdom. But now old Holyrood once more enjoyed the splendours of a court ; and amongst other memorable novelties tea was introduced as a delicacy unheard of before in Scotland, and sipped by the Scottish ladies at the Duchess' receptions. Balls and masquerades were also attempted ; but John Knox himself could not have denounced more sternly such profane and vicious ongoingings, than did the Whigs of the Canongate the bruit of those later

revellings and maskerie. So masked balls were given up ; but in spite of popular prejudice, the Duke had brought a company of players with him, and the stage was patronised by all who could get the entrée. Dryden meanwhile had a prologue to write for another troop of players at Oxford, and he thus humorously apologises for diminished numbers ; though, as he hints, only the underlings have gone north :—

“ Discords and plots, which have undone our age,
 With the same ruin have o'erwhelmed the stage.
 Our house has suffered in the common woe,
 We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
 Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
 And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted
 To Edinburgh gone, or coached, or carted :
 With bonny blue-cap there they act all night
 For Scotch half-crown, in English threepence hight.”

The poet ironically describes how their underlings are farced out for the northern stage. An old woman makes there a very passable maiden ; and the doorkeeper, beplumed with a cap and tail, becomes an Indian emperor. But the barbarian is, after all, fit enough for the kilted Scot :—

“ For all his subjects, to express the care
 Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare ;
 Laced linen there would be a dangerous thing ;
 It might perhaps a new rebellion bring,
 The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.”

The times were ticklish, as one sees. Even in

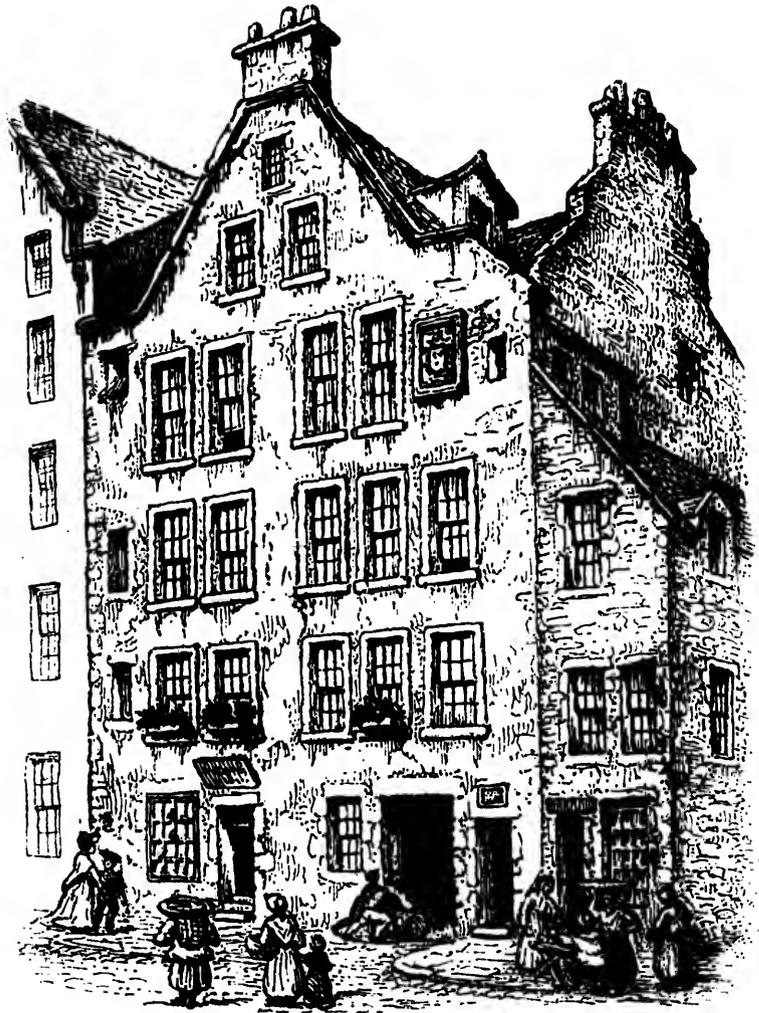
jesting, there was an uncomfortable sense of the dangers pent up, and ready at any moment to break out in ruinous revolt. The Tennis Court, outside the Watergate, was fitted up for the theatre; and the regular entertainments were varied on special occasions by masques and other amateur performances. Lord Fountainhall preserves a note of one of these, on the Queen's birth-day, the 15th of November 1681, when a comedy, called *Mithridates, King of Pontus*, was produced before their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess; and the whole characters were assumed by the Lady Anne and the Ladies of Honour, to the great scandal of the old judge, and other rigid presbyterians of that day. Others of the court masques were presented in the Long Gallery of Holyrood; where the same noble actresses, with the help of the younger nobility, played the parts of gods and goddesses, or other fanciful impersonations, such as had been in vogue in earlier times, when Ben Jonson was the Court laureate; and were still regarded as innocent pastimes when Milton employed his genius on the exquisite masque of *Comus*. Then, too, the Duke of York was much given to golf—"a stupid game" adds Mr. Sharpe, "suitable to a most stupid Duke!" Mr. William Tytler, in a communication read by him to the Society of Antiquaries, "on the fashionable amusements in Edinburgh in

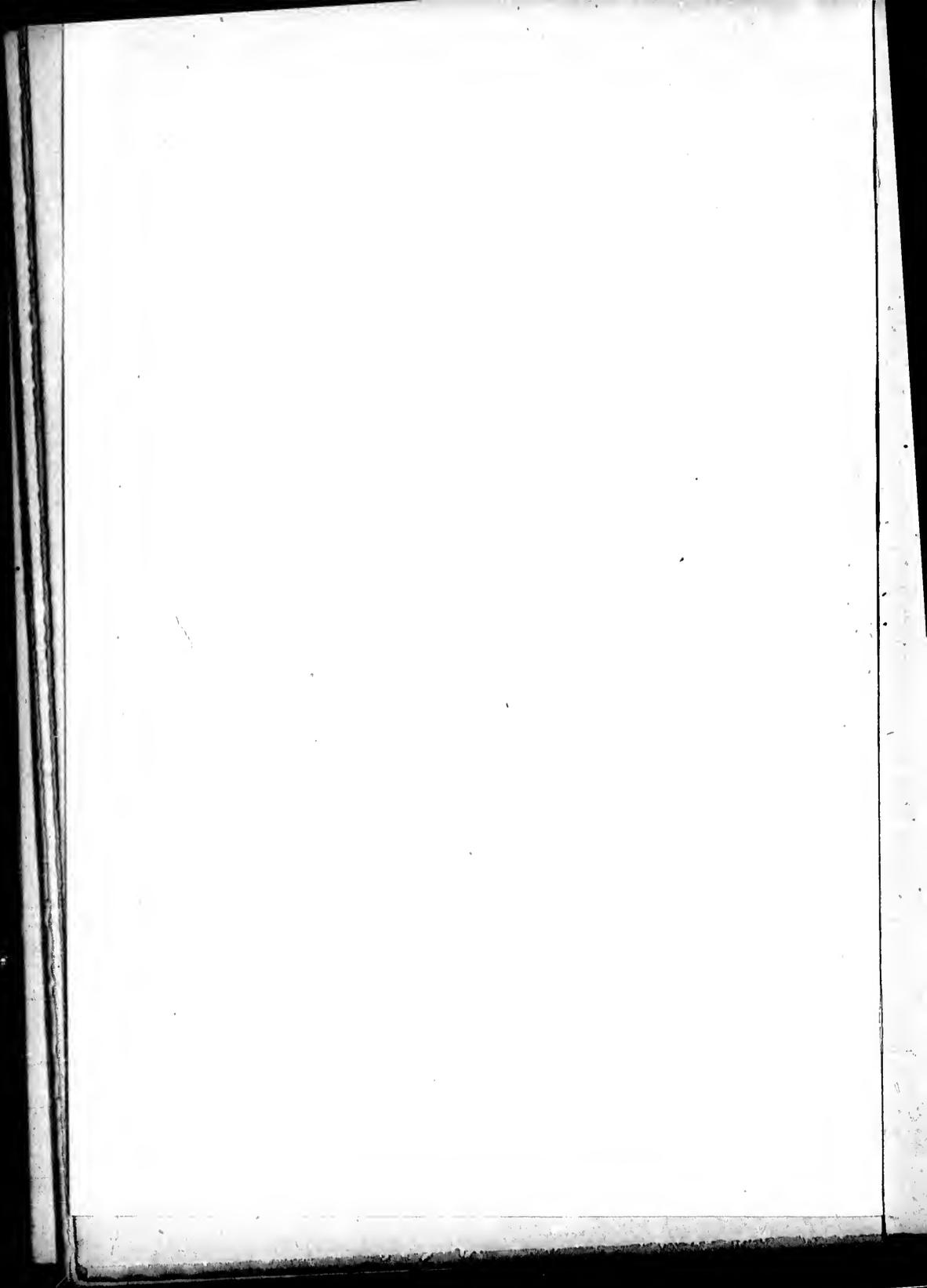
the last century," says: "The Duke of York was frequently seen in a party at golf on the Links of Leith, with some of the nobility and gentry. I remember in my youth to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf-club maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the Duke's golf-clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell."

A building on the north side of the Canongate, shown in the accompanying view of the Golfer's Land, is a memorial of the Duke's enthusiasm for the game. I HATE NO PERSON is the trite motto cut underneath a more elaborate inscription with which its front is adorned. This proves on analysis to be the anagram of JOHN PATERSONE the reputed hero of a famous match with the royal golfer. The game of golf is of ancient date in Scotland, as is proved by repeated notices in Acts of the Scottish Parliament. An Act of 1457, designed to encourage archery, decrees "that the futeball and golfe be utterly cryed downe, and that the bow-markes be maed at ilk parish kirk." A renewal of this enactment, prohibiting "futeball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitable sportes," only a few years before the battle of Flodden, shows how fatally the parish butts had been neglected for such pastimes. But, according to a story recorded in the *Historical Account of the Game of Golf*, printed by the Leith Club, two English noblemen

who were on a visit to the Viceregal Court laid claim to this game as of English origin ; and proclaimed their readiness to test its nationality by playing a match against the best golfers that Scotland could produce. The Duke, whose interest it then was to win popular favour, could find no easier passport to the goodwill of the Scots, than by assuming the championship in a question of national honour. He accordingly accepted the challenge, choosing for his partner John Paterson, reputed to be the best golfer of his day ; and, according to the tradition of the Leith Golfers' Club, a poor shoemaker of the Canongate. The match came off on the Links of Leith. Heavy stakes were laid ; and after a keen contest, the Duke and his humble squire won the day for Scotland ; and with his share of the stakes the latter built the Golfer's Land.

Within a sculptured panel, built into the front of the house, according to tradition by orders of the Duke, are the Paterson Arms—three pelicans feeding their young, with three mullets in chief ; surmounted by a knight's helmet, and a crest. The latter is much defaced by time ; but the device is preserved in a manuscript collection of heraldry of the late Alexander Deuchar, as a hand holding a golfer's club, with the motto SURE AND FARRE. As a special grant of arms, the heraldic entablature, with its knight's helmet and charges, including





the mullets in chief, is perfectly compatible with the traditional Canongate craftsman. But the Latin epigram, from the pen of the once celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, is scarcely reconcilable with the legend of the poor shoemaker. It reads as follows :—

“ Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprius esset,
Ter tres victores post redemitos avos,
Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum
Hanc, quæ victores tot tulit una domum.”

This at least commemorates hereditary golfing honours ; and seems to imply that the house was already begun. It may be rendered :—“ When he was victorious in the game which is peculiar to the Scots, after thrice three of his ancestors had been already crowned as victors, Paterson was then raising anew from the ground this house which had produced so many heroes.” There are traces of older Patersons of the Canongate of good repute. In Maitland’s time there stood in the cemetery outside the Chapel of Holyrood a monument erected by his widow, in memory of John Paterson, several times a bailie of the burgh, who died in 1663. Near by this another monument commemorated the virtues of Nichol Paterson, secretary to the Earl of Rothes, who died in 1665 ; and even now a flagstone on the floor of Holyrood Chapel, though nearly illegible, bears the I . P on either side of a shield impaling the Paterson arms

with those of Spence. Not improbably all three may have shared in the family honours which culminated when the last of their name won the chaplet in Scotland's national game in partnership with the royal Duke who was destined to be the last of the Stuart kings. For questions of graver import than the nationality of the game of golf were then seeking in vain for settlement. The affability of the Duchess and the Lady Anne left a lasting impression on some, at least, of those who shared in their courtly smiles; but all the catering for popularity of the heir-presumptive to the throne failed to reach the elements of bitterness which lay deep in the heart of the nation. When roused to action it gave stern utterance to popular feeling in such outbreaks as those of Bothwell Brig and Rullion Green; but it more frequently found vent in whimsical demonstrations of the mob.

The plays in the Tennis Court and the masques in the Long Gallery of Holyrood were all very well for the privileged few; but the people who had no share in them, and even regarded them with suspicion, had long been accustomed to choose their own pastimes. The free license of Robin Hood and the Abbot of Unreason continued, in spite of prohibitory Acts of Parliament, to be the favourite saturnalia of the Edinburgh populace far on into the sixteenth century; when they learned

to play the Abbot of Unreason, as the heralds would say, with a difference. A custom had long prevailed in Edinburgh of celebrating Christmas Day by burning the Pope in effigy; but with a royal Duke at Holyrood who was risking his chances of the crown by his allegiance to his Holiness, such a procedure was specially untimely, and the magistrates resolved accordingly to prevent it. But an Edinburgh mob of either the seventeenth or the eighteenth century gave little heed to civic enactments when bent on any favourite pastime. The students of the University took up the matter; the boys of the High School joined them; and a solemn vow was taken to have his Holiness burnt in spite both of Duke and bailies. The military were called out, and sundry of the ringleaders arrested. But, as Fountainhall narrates, a spurious effigy was produced on the Castlehill, with the professed design of carrying it in procession down the High Street and Canongate, and burning it in the Abbey Court, under the Duke's own windows. But while the magistrates, posted with a strong military force at the Bow Head, flattered themselves that they had effectually outwitted the rioters, the real effigy was carried from the High School Yards up the Blackfriars Wynd; and after his Holiness had been put on the pillory and satisfactorily "clodded with dirt," the bonfire was

kindled, and he was appropriately committed to the flames in front of John Knox's house. Great was the wrath of the authorities; but on their attempting to proceed to extremities, the populace rose in a mass, joined the students in the rescue of their ringleaders, and finished the day's work by burning the Provost's house to the ground.

With the withdrawal of the Duke of Albany, masquerading and theatricals came to an end. But the Tennis Court stage was occasionally called into requisition after the Revolution; as is indicated by one little incident in the history of the drama in the Canongate. In the year 1714, very shortly after the death of Queen Anne, the play of "Macbeth" was produced there, in presence of a select audience of the Scottish nobility and gentry, who had been brought together for a grand archery meeting. Party politics ran high. A call was made for the Jacobite song "May the king enjoy his ain again;" the Whig party in the assembly stoutly opposed it; the dramatic performance was superseded by a general *mêlée*, anticipatory of the more public rebellion which broke out ere long; and so, with a serio-comic interlude not mentioned in the play-bills, the Tennis Court theatricals came to an abrupt close.

Carrubber's Close, in the High Street, has its old associations of diverse kinds. Thither the ejected Bishop of Edinburgh withdrew, with his

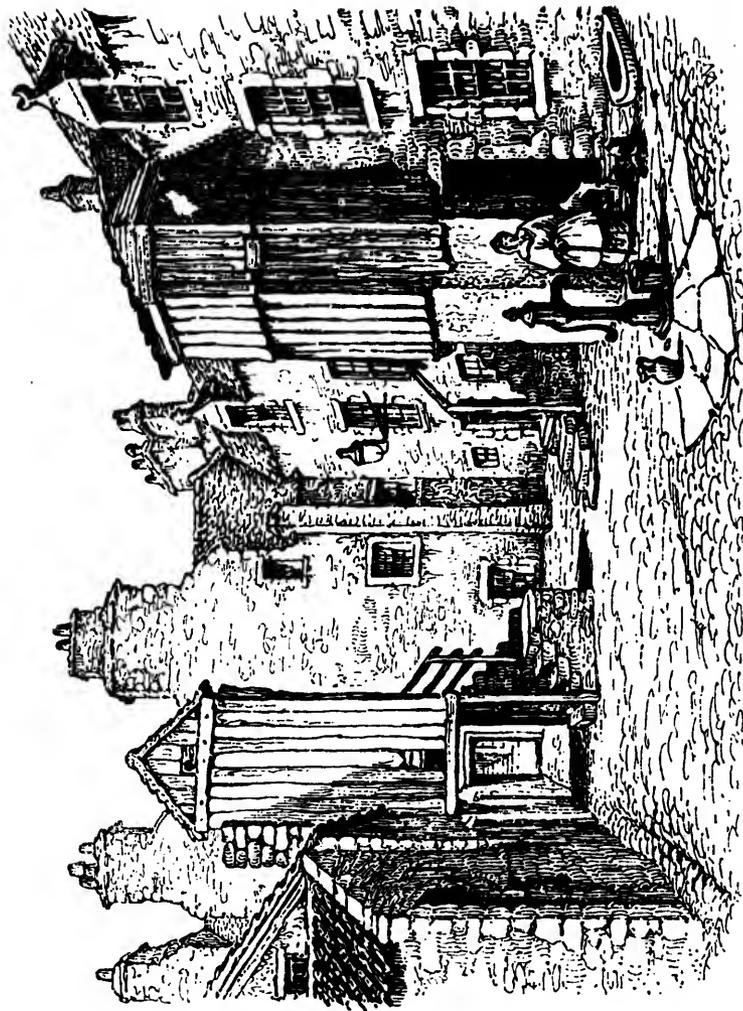
persecuted nonjurors, exchanging the ancient cathedral of St. Giles for the unpretending little chapel of St. Paul on the east side of the close. There also, along side of the sacred edifice, the Signora Violante, an Italian dancer and tumbler, secured a hall for the performances of a company of Italian mountebanks; and meeting with encouragement, "this virago," as Arnot styles her, took the legitimate drama under her patronage, and reintroduced theatricals to Edinburgh with a regular company of English comedians. To them succeeded a company of strolling players, for whose first performance, in 1726, Allan Ramsay furnished a prologue. Smitten with the love of theatricals, the poet followed up this step by building a regular theatre at the foot of the close; which was turned to many strange uses in later years, as a meeting-house for sects of very diverse creeds, a Jacobin club, and a Roman Catholic chapel. It survived, under the name of St. Andrew's Chapel, till 1872, a memorial of the only unsuccessful speculation which interfered with Allan Ramsay's profitable dalliance with the Muses. Driven from this quarter, the players next betook themselves to the Tailors' Hall in the Cowgate. There the poet continued to lend them his aid; and he has preserved part of an epilogue sung after the acting of his "Gentle Shepherd" by a set of gentlemen amateurs,

in 1729. So late as 1747, the once popular tragedy of "George Barnwell" was enacted there, "by desire of a lady of quality, for the benefit of a family in distress"—the performance to begin precisely at six o'clock. The old hall still stands, decorated with quaint rhyming mottoes, and interesting as the scene of deliberation of the Earls of Rothes and Loudoun with the Covenanting leaders of 1638; as well as of Cromwell's Scottish Commission of 1656.

The year before the tragedy of "George Barnwell" was acted in the Tailors' Hall by desire of a lady of quality, the foundation stone of the first regular theatre in Edinburgh was laid in the Play-house Close, Canongate, by Mr. John Ryan, to whom Mr. Digges succeeded before long. West Digges was a player of a type by no means rare. Dr. Carlyle describes him as "a very handsome young man, with a genteel address." He was a well-born spendthrift of considerable ability, who had held a commission in the army under the Duke of Cumberland, and seen much of the world; but Dr. Carlyle adds, "he was a great profligate, and a poltroon, I'm afraid, into the bargain." In the same year in which the foundation stone of the theatre in Play-house Close was laid, John Home, son of Mr. Alexander Home, Town-Clerk of Leith, was presented to the church and parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, rendered vacant

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by the death of another poet, Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." There Home wrote his first play of "Agis, King of Sparta," one of Plutarch's heroes, and had to endure the mortification of its rejection by Garrick as unsuitable for the stage. He next selected a national subject, founded on the beautiful old ballad of "Gil Morrice;" and produced a play which ere long created a sensation sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious dramatist. To his own personal friends the new tragedy of "Douglas" seemed a marvel of genius, and it continued in my own schoolboy days to be a favourite source of selections for public recitation.

The stories of the time affirmed that Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Blair, and others of the author's clerical friends, took part in a private rehearsal at the lodging of the actress, Mrs. Sarah Ward, in the Abbey Close. All, however, that Dr. Carlyle states in his Autobiography is, that he was present at two rehearsals at Digges's lodgings in the Canongate, in company with the author, Lord Elibank, Dr. Ferguson, and David Hume, after which they dined together at a tavern in the Abbey, where a favourite dish of pork griskins led to their assuming the name of the Griskin Club. On such genuine data scandal went to work, and circulated the rumour that Dr. Carlyle had played the part of young Douglas, while the minister of the High Church, Dr. Blair, had actually assumed female attire, and undertaken to represent

the gentle Anna! No wonder that it excited a sensation. It was bruit enough to bring back John Knox from his grave. After repeated rehearsals and rumours sufficient to bring any play into notoriety, the tragedy of "Douglas," was at length produced to an Edinburgh audience in the Canongate play-house, on the 14th of December 1756. Digges took the character of Douglas, Mrs. Ward that of Lady Randolph,—then with different name,—and Mrs. Hopkins assumed the part which Dr. Blair was credited with playing at the private rehearsal. The prologue thus appealed to the national sympathies of the audience :—

" This night our scenes no common tears demand,
 He comes, the hero of your native land !—
 Douglas, a name thro' all the world renown'd—
 A name that rouses like the trumpet sound.
 Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed through the bloody strife ;
 Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,
 And Douglas dead, his name hath won the field."

The novelty of a clerical dramatist, and the antagonism of the more rigid members of his order, combined to give to the new tragedy all the zest of a forbidden pleasure. Blair, Carlyle, and others of his clerical friends, had lent their critical aid in its revision, and openly identified themselves with the scandal of its production on the stage. Home accordingly became for the

time a popular hero and martyr, and the merits of his drama were proportionally exaggerated. The prologue thus craves on his behalf a favourable reception, with promise of a long succession of such dramatised Scottish heroes in return :—

“ Swayed by alternate hopes, alternate fears,
He waits the test of your congenial tears :
If they shall flow, back to the Muse he flies,
And bids your heroes in succession rise.”

The audience in the old Playhouse Close responded with ardour to the poet's appeal, fully persuaded that Shakspeare had at last found a rival ; and that new “ Macbeths ” of native growth would thenceforth issue “ in bright succession,” from a Scottish manse. Among the responsive audience of that first night were John and Lady Susan Renton, whose daughter Eleonora, then a very young girl, in later years recalled its reminiscences for the gratification of her son ; and so, through her bright eyes, pleasant glimpses of those elder times come down to a still younger generation. Dr. Carlyle tells us that the first idea of the “ Douglas ” was suggested to Home by hearing the old ballad of “ Gil Morrice ” sung by Mrs. Janet Denoon, the sister-in-law of Mr. Hepburn of Keith, “ a gentleman of pristine faith and romantic valour, who had been in both the Rebellions, in 1715 and 1745 ; and had there

been a third, as was projected at this time, would have joined it also." "Gil Morrice," or "Childe Maurice," as it is styled in the older version, was familiar to a Scottish audience as the ballad version of the Douglas tragedy, which explains the incident noted for me by Mr. Sharpe. "My mother," he writes, "told me that when 'Douglas' was first acted, the tune of Gil Morrice was played before the drawing up of the curtain, and most of the ladies began to weep at that, previous to the appearance of Mrs. Ward as *Lady Barnet*,—for such was the name of the heroine when the play was produced." It was in fact only another form of the Lord Bernard, or Barnard, of the older versions of the ballad.

The popularity of the clerical drama was undoubtedly due, in no slight degree, to the opposition excited by such authorship, but that was a fresh incitement to its censors. The wrath of the church blazed up in intensest furor at this unheard-of innovation on the conventionalities of clerical decorum. The presbyteries returned with fresh zeal to the assault of the drama; and although they were no longer able to chase the players from the stage, John Home, the author of the obnoxious tragedy, deemed it prudent to renounce his orders and withdraw from the church, while his presbytery were completing their arrangements for his prosecution. Some one, however, had to be made an

example of, and Dr. Carlyle was pounced upon as the clerical scarecrow. In commenting upon his own prosecution for being present at the performance, and "conversing in a familiar manner with West Digges and Miss Sarah Ward, an actress, persons who by their profession, and in the eye of the law, are of bad fame," he points out the great change that had taken place when Mrs. Siddons appeared in Edinburgh in 1784. The General Assembly was then sitting, and that high court of the church was compelled to fix its important business for the days she did not act, as all the younger members, clerical and lay, were at the theatre by three in the afternoon to secure their seats. But by that time the Edinburgh stage had forsaken its Old Town haunts in the Canongate and the Cowgate, associated with pecuniary losses and poetical successes of Allan Ramsay, and the dramatic troubles and triumphs of Home and his clerical friends. The Edinburgh theatre followed the fashionable world to the new town; and the scene of "The Douglas" and other early dramatic pastimes has long since been displaced by private dwellings. Yet its memory is not wholly effaced; for still the archway through a characteristic specimen of the street architecture of Charles I.'s days, which formed of old the approach to the Canongate theatre, bears over it the name of Playhouse Close.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Old Castlehill.

TO the Castlehill Allan Ramsay retired in his later years, and there, in the lodging built for himself on this novel Parnassus, he sported anew with the Muses to whom he had paid his devoirs in earlier years, sometimes in less prudent fashion. There in 1743 the "Poet's Nest" was built, which still stands surrounded by private garden and civic pleasure grounds, looking across the bed of the old Nor' Loch on as magnificent a landscape and civic foreground as poet could desire. According to the tale told to me by Mr. Alexander Smellie, —the son of Burns's old cronie, author of *The Philosophy of Natural History*,—the poet applied to the Crown for a grant of as much land on the Castlehill as would suffice him to build a cage for his *burd*, *i.e.* his wife. On the site apportioned to him he erected the octagonal structure, still forming the centre of Ramsay Lodge, which, before it received its later additions, looked not unlike a large parrot's cage. Thither Allan Ramsay retired in his sixtieth year, and passed the last twelve

years of his life in cheerful tranquillity, surrounded by his own family, and enjoying nothing so much as a share in the romps of their juvenile friends. One of his old tastes was anew brought into play in private theatricals; and to this Mr. Sharpe adds: "My mother was told by those who had enjoyed his plays, that he had a child's puppet stage, and a set of dressed dolls for actors, which were in great favour with old and young."

The poet was extremely proud of his new mansion, and appears to have been sensitive about the jests which its fantastic shape gave rise to. The wags of the town compared it to a goose-pie; and on the poet complaining of this one day to Lord Elibank, his lordship's reply was: "Indeed, Allan, when I see you in it, I think they are not far wrong!" But Ramsay knew how to play the philosopher as well as the poet. From this, his latest perch, he despatched in 1755 his Epistle to the Laird of Pennycuik, in which he says:—

"Tho' born to no ae inch of ground,
 I keep my conscience white and sound;
 And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,
 To make that up I live the cheaper.
 By this ae knack I've made a shift
 To drive ambitious care adrift;
 And now in years and sense grown auld,
 In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
 Debts I abhor, and plan to be
 From shackling trade and dangers free;

That I may, loosed frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life ;
And when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave."

He died there at the ripe age of seventy-three, and was succeeded by his only surviving son Allan, the eminent portrait-painter, who inherited some of his father's literary tastes and his attractive powers of conversation. He visited and corresponded with Voltaire and Rousseau, and won the commendation of Dr. Johnson as one whose society had charms for the rough old moralist. The painter added a new front and wing to the "Poet's Nest," but the original building still forms the prominent feature as seen from Princes Street or the gardens below.

But the Ramsays had older claims on the locality. Ramsay's Close preceded Ramsay Lane, and tradition assigned a picturesque old land at the corner of the lane as the ancient lodging of the Lairds of Cockpen, a branch of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and including, as we are bound to believe, the redoubted hero of Lady Nairne's famous song. The Laird o' Cockpen, according to older tradition, took the side of the king in the great civil war ; was at the battle of Worcester, and followed Charles II. to Holland, where, as one of the little exiled court, he contributed in various ways to the entertainment of his royal master, but chiefly

by his skill in Scottish music. One tune, especially, "Brose and Butter," became a favourite with Charles, and lulled him to sleep at times, when cares pressed hardly on the royal exile. But the Restoration came; and the landless Laird of Cockpen in vain petitioned for recovery of the inheritance which had been confiscated because of his fidelity to the royal cause. Like many similar suitors, he found access denied him at Court. He, accordingly, cultivated the acquaintance of the organist of the Chapel Royal, and, volunteering his services as his substitute, he contrived to officiate in the organ-loft when the king attended service. Faithful to his trust, he went through the service decorously to the close; then, as the king was about to leave the chapel, he struck up the old favourite tune of "Brose and Butter." The merry monarch hastened to the organ-loft, and, recognising his old favourite, he greeted him with the salutation, "Why, Cockpen, you almost made me dance!" "I could dance too," said Cockpen, "if I had my lands again;" and ere long the laird enjoyed his brose and butter once more on his ain land.

In 1650 the troublous times of that same revolutionary era are marked by an interruption in the succession of the Provosts of Edinburgh. "A commission of Englishmen" executed the functions of chief Magistrate, followed, after a

time, by the election as Provost of Archibald Tod, a civic ruler, as we may presume, suited to the temper of the times, seeing that he was displaced ere long, in the middle of his term of office, by Andrew Ramsay, who, as Sir Andrew Ramsay, reappears after the glorious Restoration as one whom the king delighted to honour. He held the office of chief magistrate during sixteen years; and in 1667 procured a special royal mandate, declaring that "the Provost of Edinburgh should have the same place and precedency within the town precincts that was due to the Mayors of London or Dublin, and that no other Provost should be called Lord Provost but he." Here, therefore, is a Ramsay of whom—whether he were actual Laird of Cockpen or not,—it might well have been said:

"He's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the state."

But though the lofty civic perch of the Ramsays—provost, poet, and painter, and indeed, by and by, in a later generation, of Major-General Ramsay, grandson of the bard who won his way back to rank and fortune from such humble beginnings,—has thus its own pleasant flavour of old times: they are very modern when compared with some recovered traces of the memories of this ancient civic centre of the Lothians. A full quarter of a century has added its tale of years to old and new

since it was my good fortune to witness the exhumation of one of the c'lest memorials of its prehistoric past. How time does steal away! It seems but yesterday since I watched the excavations in progress on the Castlehill, in that year 1850, for the construction of the new reservoir immediately to the south of the Poet's Lodge. As the excavators pursued their task I watched the results from day to day, in anticipation of some interesting disclosure. It was like turning over the leaves of an old chronicle. Some eighteenth-century buildings, and part of the poet's pleasure-grounds, were the first of the leaves, with their familiar chroniclings of recent times. Next coins of the Charleses and of James VI. carried us back through the seventeenth to the sixteenth century. Then a large mass of masonry showed part of the city wall erected in 1450, when the Scottish Parliament made special enactments for watching the Border fords, and for bale-fires to warn of the approach of the southern foe. In fancy the ancient telegram flashes along from Border peel and stronghold. The red glare rises from Eggershope Castle; Hume repeats the warning; Soutra Edge makes token in like manner; Edinburgh Castle responds with her four bale-fires; and so all Lothian is warned; and Stirling Castle and the Fifeshire Laws pass on the tidings to the Highland hills, that "all may see, and come to the defence of the realm."

When those old mural foundations were laid, which were brought to light in 1850, Constantinople was a Christian city; Granada was the capital of the Moorish kingdom of Spain; and the little son of the Woolcomber of Genoa, who was to give to Castile and Leon a new world, was only in his fifth year. Many other things, since world-memorable, were then in the cradle. Yet the masonry of the ancient city wall was but of yesterday, compared with what lay beneath it. Its foundations rested on a bed of clay, under which lay a mass of decayed animal and vegetable matter, another leaf of the old chronicle, duly dated, with that methodic accuracy in which Father Time frequently indulges. For here was found a coin of the Emperor Constantine, with its record of a thousand years earlier: a chronicle of the fourth century illuminated in imperial silver; and so closed the record of historic times.

But it was by no means the custom of mediæval chroniclers to confine themselves within any such limits. Their strict attention to minutiae in reference to matters concerning which ignorance might seem excusable, is worthy of admiration. Some of them write a whole series of books on the nine orders of angels and all their doings, before starting, like Wyntoun, with "ye begynning of ye warlde." Sprott's Chronicle, written towards the close of the thirteenth century, opens in this

accurate fashion: "Adam, the first man, having been formed from the dust of the earth in the land of Damascus, outside of Paradise, on the sixth day of the first century, and being placed in Paradise on the same day, committed sin on that day, and was ejected in the afternoon!" It must have been some little time after the occurrence of the latter event; and ages before Ebrawce, the contemporary of Rehoboam, "biggit Edynburg withal, and gert them call it Maydyn Castle, or the sorrowful hill;" that one of Adam's descendants wandered into the British Islands, and at length found a grave on that same sorrowful hill.

Among the rarest forms of primitive sepulture hitherto noted has been the depositing of the dead in a cist hollowed out of the trunk of an oak. The first example, found near Haderslev, in Denmark, in 1827, enclosed a sword, dagger, and brooch of bronze, along with other relics, of Baldr, the Norse demigod; who, according to local tradition, reposed under the Bolderup tumulus which covered this primitive sarcophagus. Seven years later, a similar cist was discovered under a barrow on the summit of a high cliff at Gristhorpe, Yorkshire, containing the skeleton of a man upwards of six feet high. His skull is figured in the *Crania Britannica*. Dr. Thurnam, struck by its unusual proportions, and good development, pronounced it "a magnificent skull;" and Professor

Retzius referred it to a Turanian race, supposed to have long preceded the Celtic tribes which the Romans found in the occupation of Britain. The tool-marks on the cist seemed to show that the oak had been laboriously felled with stone hatchets, and then hollowed out with chisels of flint. Within this the body had been laid on its right side, wrapped in the hairy skin of some animal, and secured with a bone bodkin. Beside it lay flint-flakes, a rude dagger-blade of bronze, and a shallow tray of wicker-work, stitched with the sinews of some animal, which seemed to have contained an offering of food for the dead.

This primitive cist was supposed to be nearly unique. But the ancient sepulchre disclosed in 1850 on the northern slope of the Castlehill of Edinburgh, furnishes another example of similar rites, though with some characteristic features of its own. In the soil under the thick layer already referred to, with its included coin of the Emperor Constantine, lay two cists, each formed out of a solid trunk of oak, about six feet long. They were rough and unshapen externally, as when hewn down in the neighbouring forest, and appeared to have been split open like the Gristhorpe cist: a circular space being formed for the head, and recesses for the arms. One of these coffins contained a male, and the other a female skeleton, but so greatly decayed that the skulls

went to pieces in the attempt to handle them. But in the space between the two cists lay the skull and antlers of a gigantic deer, and alongside of them a portion of another horn, which had been cut as though designed for a lance or spear, such as the buried hunter may have used when he won the spoils which decked his tomb. An unsuccessful effort was made to remove one of the cists. Even the enclosed skeletons crumbled in the attempt to handle them. But the deer's skull and horns were preserved, and are now in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries.

Dr. Thurnam conceives that the buried chief of the Gristhorpe barrow may possibly have been laid there upwards of two thousand years ago. Who shall determine the older century when the Caledonian hunter was buried on the hill-side, with all the pious care of obsolete rites; and alongside of him his favourite wife,—death not improbably anticipated for her, that she might be the companion of her barbarian lord in that new life on which he was then entering. It is a strange glimpse of Edinburgh's primeval beginnings. Already, as we may presume, the advantages of the isolated castle rock had pointed it out as a place of strength; and earthen or loose stone ramparts, surmounted with pallisades, after the fashion of a New Zealand pau, had even then made of it a native hill-fort.

On a bright day in the early summer of the year following the date of this interesting discovery, I set out, in company with my old friend Dr. Robert Chambers, on an exploratory expedition of a like nature. The levelling of a mound at the neighbouring village of Juniper Green, on the old Lanark Road, had unexpectedly revealed its character as a sepulchral barrow, and brought to light the enclosed sarcophagus, or rude stone cist, with its prized secrets of prehistoric times and races. We had fortunately learned of the discovery without delay, and were able to reach the spot in time to witness the undisturbed sepulchre of the buried patriarch.

It was such an archæological prize as one may wait and long for in vain for a lifetime, and it chanced to fit in most aptly with special researches then in hand. I had been busy with the supposed evidences of pre-Celtic races, as shown in certain strange types of head found in bog and barrow; and had experienced the utmost difficulty in obtaining the needful materials for any adequate test of the theory, set forth before the end of that year in one of the sections of the British Association as an "Inquiry into the evidence of the existence of Primitive Races in Scotland prior to the Celtæ." It is amusing now to recall the undisguised incredulity with which a theory was then received which has since met with uni-

versal acceptance as a mere truism necessarily involved in greatly more comprehensive assumptions. I had at that time accumulated a small collection of ancient crania, which were a grief and trouble to female members of the family: skulls of the elongated, or kumbecephalic type, from Linton and other mosses, brown as the peat in which they had lain for unnumbered centuries; a no less characteristic brachycephalic old Scot of prehistoric times, from the Carse of Falkirk; a Roman skull from Newstead under the Eildon Hills, etc. etc. A memorial of their fortunes after my departure from Scotland survives in the response from my brother to a request sent to him from Canada, to verify some certain cranial measurements. He replies: "There is well known to be a skeleton in every house which never occasions difficulty in the finding of it; but it seems to be otherwise with your skulls. I am happy, however, to be able to report the finding of another box, which I have no doubt is the right one. In truth, between the women-folks of the two houses,—as was natural enough in a matter lying so wholly out of their way as a selection of skulls,—the wrong box with the mouse-eaten New Zealander was confided to me, as the only precious one, and house room and bedroom given to it. The larger one, with its precious contents regarded as rubbish, has been lying in the wash-house from

which I disinterred it. A microcephalic skull in it was pronounced by the awe-struck feminines, whose aid I had called in in my work as resurrectionist, to be a baby's; but I fancy it is rather a baboon's. The old leopard's, which we got from Wombwell, I recognise by the bullet-hole in its head. A cat's also reminds me of some of our early labours in comparative anatomy; and the fine Roman skull which used to grace your study is safe and sound. But besides those, I fancy here are what you are in search of—two of them dark brown as if from peat-moss, and two white and very brittle from manifest loss of animal matter. The dark brown skulls don't seem to belong to your brachycephalic type at all. You can have your choice, however. More's the pity when a man can't be content with the skull Nature has given him, and any brains there may chance to be in it. You think the old Scots of Noah's time were a long-headed race. Like enough; they have that character still. Ores have been more in my way of late. But after all, sculls and oars are near akin;" and so the letter closes with the needful measurements, "made at my side by a very accurate young fellow, Geekie, a great pet and much-promising protégé of mine,"—who has since won his spurs, and now fills the Murchison Chair of Geology in the University of Edinburgh.

Such is a hint of one line of research occupying

my thoughts in those old Edinburgh days; and hence the welcome news of a barrow with its sepulchral disclosures. In seeking for collateral information I had turned to Morton's *Crania Americana*, little anticipating how soon such relics of the races of the New World were to be more accessible to me than those of British grave-mounds. But primitive British crania were in special request, and here was a disclosure which revealed undreamt-of affinities between those of the Old and the New World. At a slightly elevated spot, forming the remains of an ancient barrow under which the chief had been entombed, the Juniper Green cist was exposed to view. It was a shallow chamber of unhewn slabs of sandstone, enclosing a space nearly four feet long by two broad. The joints had been carefully cemented with wet loam or clay, and the large slab which covered the whole, projected over the sides, so as to protect the sepulchral chamber from any infiltration of earth. Within this lay a male skeleton, on its left side, with the arms folded over the breast, and the knees drawn up so as to touch the elbows. The head had originally rested on a flat water-worn stone, but it had rolled over to the bottom of the cist, on the decomposition of the fleshy ligatures, and part of the bone in contact with the ground had perished. A portion of the left side is thus wanting, but otherwise the skull was

not only nearly perfect when found, but the whole skeleton was in excellent preservation. Above the right shoulder stood a neatly-formed earthen vase, no doubt originally filled with a supply of food for the buried chief. It contained only a little black dust and sand, when removed uninjured from the spot where it had been deposited by affectionate hands long centuries before.

The old gardener, to whose operations this discovery was due, readily allowed us to possess ourselves of the skull, which now reposes on a shelf in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries. But he had ideas of his own about the vase. It was thirled to the place, he said, and so was uncanny to part with ; moreover, if whitewashed, his wife suggested that it would form a very becoming ornament over their eight-day clock. Altogether it was manifest that if our negotiations were not promptly concluded, the fate of the vase would be a counterpart to that of a fine iron spear-head recovered in unwonted preservation from a cist on the slope of the Pentlands, for which its discoverer showed his veneration by setting the village blacksmith to hammer and grind it, till it looked as perfect a piece of work as old St. Giles's when fresh from the hands of its restorers! A sufficiently tempting pecuniary solatium solved the scruples of the old gardener ; the vase was relieved from thirlage, and we started homeward with our new-found treasures.

No pleasanter companion could have been selected for such a walk than Robert Chambers. Genial, kindly, and full of sympathy with the favourite researches of his friends : we had a theme now in view which excited his keenest interest. I still recall with pleasure that homeward ramble, as the gloaming settled gradually into the starry night. I carried the recovered skull in my hand, and it naturally gave direction to our conversation. From time to time similar primitive cists and pottery had turned up in the course of Edinburgh's extending encroachments on the neighbouring fields. Stockbridge, the Dean, Bellevue Crescent, and other most modern parts of the New Town have disclosed the like tide-marks of times long before history had a beginning. Two urns of baked clay now in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries—samples of the potter's art far more rudely primitive than the oldest relic from the buried mounds of Nimroud, or the Catacombs of the Nile,—were discovered in a stone cist near St. Bernard's Chapel, Stockbridge, in 1823. More recently, another large cinerary urn in the same collection was found filled with the ashes and half-burnt bones of some primeval Briton, when digging the foundation for the north pier of the Dean Bridge.

Thus we see that here, as everywhere, the soil of Britain is rich with the memorials of an antique past, and is fashioned from the very ashes of our

sires. When, in 1852, Dr. Joseph Barnard Davis announced his projected *Crania Britannica* he took as his motto from the recently published *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, this apologia for its attempted recovery of primeval chronicles. "They are our ancestry, even though we may question our lineal descent ; our precursors, if not our progenitors. From them we derive our inheritance and birthright ; nor amid all the later mingling of races, can we assume that no drop of their blood mingles in our veins."

But the *Crania Britannica* had not yet been projected when Robert Chambers and myself walked back to Edinburgh on that summer evening, one carrying the urn, and the other the skull just recovered from the sarcophagus of primitive centuries. Only the year before there had been added to the English vocabulary the convenient term prehistoric, which has since won such universal acceptance ; and here was one of the world's grey fathers disentombed to tell us some of the buried secrets of that strange elder world. Nothing could be much more primitive than his sepulchre and the pottery which perpetuated the arts of his remote era. And yet pious hands had fashioned the urn with curious skill, and constructed the sepulchral chamber so fitly for its purpose, that the entombed skeleton was disclosed to us in undisturbed repose, as when laid to rest there, centuries before Britain's history began.

The Juniper Green skull has since been figured in the *Crania Britannica*, plate XV. It belongs to the type of short, square, or as they are styled brachycephalic crania, very characteristic of a large class of early British barrows; and much more familiar now to British archæologists than they were at even so comparatively recent a date. But it disclosed a special feature which had not attracted my attention before. The occiput was flattened, precisely as in some of the skulls figured in Morton's *Crania Americana*. What if it were traceable to the same cause?

Here was a theme pregnant with all the charms of a novel discovery; and our evening's talk led us through many a curious speculation on ethnical affinities, evolutionary development, perpetuated peculiarities, backward to the very origin of man. I still recall the startled interest with which I then listened to glimpses of Lamarckian and Darwinian views, now very familiar to all. Of the source of the peculiar flattening of the back of the skull which I then surmised, I now entertain no doubt. Twenty-four of the intervening years since that pleasant ramble of an old summer's eve have been passed on the American continent, associating at times with the wild Indians of the forest and prairie; and exploring, when opportunity offered, the ossuaries and grave-mounds of savage tribes that have long passed away. But

also in that interval the intercourse has been renewed with my old friend in my Canadian home. With the skull of a Huron Indian before us, taken from an ossuary on the Georgian Bay, we talked again over questions raised by the strange conformation of the Juniper Green skull ; and Dr. Chambers entered with all his kindly enthusiasm into disclosures of the condition and habits of Britain's prehistoric races, derived from the study of living tribes of the New World. He was charmed no less with the sight of tropical shells—the large *Pyrula perversa* of the Mexican Gulf,—found along with copper implements and other relics, in the grave-mounds of northern tribes on Lake Huron and Lake Erie. Those evidences of migration, or of traffic between widely severed regions in centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, and led in the light of history on the New World, had for him all their fascinating analogies with old Phœnician or Phocian intercourse with the Cassiterides, long ere Julius Cæsar dared the stormy sea beyond which Britain then lay, “as it were another world.” In a genial letter written shortly after his return to Scotland, Dr. Chambers writes: “I had been mourning over you as banished, cut off from all congenial pursuits, for you, of all men, seemed least fitted to make a home for yourself in a raw young American colony. But here I find you fit it in to your own

favourite tastes as aptly as though Grame's sheugh had marked out the line of your Toronto railway! *Cœlum non animum mutant*, etc. Your deductions regarding the status of the American races in past ages, and the analogies with our own British savage, charmed me. I was particularly struck with the proof of intercourse and traffic between the Antilles and your Canadian lakes, by the discovery of shells native to the Gulf of Mexico in Indian graves you have explored. How the past does chronicle itself for us, if we can but interpret it aright!"

Such are reminiscences of a pleasant, but all too brief, renewal of what also are olden times. Nor was this renewal of old times limited to dry archaic speculations. The flute was once again produced, in accompaniment to Mrs. Chambers's voice; and old Scottish favourites had a charm undreamt of till then, when thus sung under new skies. It sounded indeed too real when the charmer recalled the tender appeal:—

"O, why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep?
 O, why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shores,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie."

Such are among the rare hours of a lifetime

never to be forgotten. Dr. Robert Chambers presented a curious admixture of antiquarian and conservative instincts, and old nonjuring sympathies, with an extreme liberalism in thought on all educational or scientific questions of his own day, which often gave occasion for friendly banter in the lighter moods of social intercourse. But he was himself very tender in regard to the feelings of others; and had all the sensitiveness of a singularly gentle and loving nature, which made his friends careful not to push their banter to an extreme. With his keen Jacobite sentiment, and his no less ardent sympathy with all modern progress; his archaic veneration, and the bold scientific radicalism which won for him, rightly or not, the repute of author of the *Vestiges of Creation*: there was a rare compass in the genial sympathy of the man. Whatever interested his friends could not fail for the time being to command his interest. And now he lives only in memory! though with me as one of the kindest, most amiable, and loving of men; very sensitive, and tender towards others: as one who amid all the prosperity of maturer years, never forgot his early struggles, or allowed himself to grow callous to early strugglers.

Such was the friend with whom, while rambling in search of Indian remains, and still more of ancient lake-margins and travelled boulders, on

the shores of Ontario, the old discussions were renewed which had first been raised when returning together to Edinburgh on a summer evening in 1851, after rifling the grave of the Allophylian of Juniper Green. Old questions of the antiquity of man, and of the rites and customs of the primitive British savage, acquired a fresh interest when thus discussed in a New World, and on a spot rescued from the wilderness and the savage within the memory of living man. Nor was he less eager to review the whole bearings of the evidence which seemed to establish a close analogy between the nursing customs still in use among the Red Indians in the forests of Canada, and those of the British mother in the times of the Juniper Green chief, or the still older hunter of the Castlehill. Perchance in their day the whales were still sporting in the estuary of the Forth, which in recent times have been recovered, along with the deers-horn harpoons of the old Caledonian whaler, from underneath the moss at the base of Dunmyat Hill, over which in modern centuries the legions of Agricola marched to the battle of Mons Grampius, and so made a beginning of historic times for Scotland. Flint arrow-heads, stone celts, and a quern or hand-mill fashioned from the section of an oak tree—precisely like those in use by the Red Indians of the present day for pounding their maize,—recovered from the same moss, all furnish

fresh analogies, and help to light up anew for us that ancient past. We can picture to ourselves the Caledonian whaler in his kyack, or coracle, armed with his deer's-horn harpoon; the hunter tracking the deer, with a lance of similar fashion for his weapon; and the Allophylian or Turanian mother threading her way through the forest of Drumselch, with her little pappoose strapped in Indian fashion to the cradle-board slung at her back. For in just such fashion the old chief had been nursed, whose flattened skull, recovered from the Juniper Green barrow, disclosed the first traces of the cradle-board among Britain's pre-historic races.

Such dreams of a past older than history seem too venerable for these gossiping pages. But some of the chance analogies between the Old World and the New belong to historic times. The beaver, which is now the typical associate of the Canadian trapper, was familiar to the Caledonian hunter in centuries that seem but as yesterday compared to that olden time. So recently as the reign of David I., Queen Margaret's youngest son, a fixed rate of duties regulated the export of Scottish beaver-skins; and the royal poet, James I., in his *King's Quair*, introduces the lusty beaver among the "bestis of many dyvers kind," seen by him in his fancied wandering, "along a river pleasant to behold." Pleasant also was it

to wander once more up the stream of time, in such congenial company, and thus dally with fancied glimpses of the days of our fathers, and the old time before them. But many an undreamt-of relation has yet to be disclosed between the Old World and the New. Who indeed could fancy that it is among the novelties of the western hemisphere, in times before its Declaration of Independence, that the prototype of Jonathan Oldbuck has to be sought for? and, as will presently be seen, if the veritable "effigies" of Sandy Gordon—the Sandy Gordon of *The Antiquary*, and of the *Itinerarium Septentrionale*,—is ever to be recovered, it must be among forgotten heirlooms of a colonial family of South Carolina.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Jonathan Oldbuck.

A WONDROUS change has come over the antique world since, in the year of grace 1794, the Society of Antiquaries transferred its hall and museum from Gosford's Close to Brown's Court, Castlehill, because the old alley in the Lawnmarket was too narrow to admit of the members of that aristocratic fraternity making their way to their hall in their sedan chairs. It was a symptom of progress in the world of fashion; for only a few years before Lady Catherine and Lady Ann Hay, two daughters of the Marquis of Tweeddale, lived there in good style, on the third floor, and made their sedan chairs wait for them at the top of the close. But those were simple times, when the antiquarian and the aristocratic world went hand in hand. The Hays of Errol still pointed to their cognisance, in evidence of the deeds of their rustic progenitor against the pagan Danes at the battle of Loncarty, when Kenneth Grim was king; the Macdonalds of the Isles carried their lymphad on their shields in proof that, at the time of Noah's

spate, the old laird had a boat of his own ; and if a caviller turned up bold enough to indulge a doubt about Scottish antiquity, he had only to be shown King Fergus and his royal race, visibly set forth on the walls of Holyrood, to the confusion of all such unbelievers.

“ But Nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Nor we those times.”

Antiquaries and antiquarianism are as obsolete as Dr. Dryasdust's powdered pig-tail. Archæologists have taken the place of the old plodders and grubbers in Father Time's waste-basket ; mediæval matters have been handed over to the clergy ; the Romans belong to very modern times ; and whatever pertains to a genuine antiquity is dealt with on strictly scientific principles. The Earl of Buchan and his antiquarian brotherhood, who used to hold solemn conclave in Gosford's Close over any stray relic that turned up, would find themselves quite put out now. Their elf-bows and thunder-stones have become palæolithic, if not protolithic, implements ; their celts and purgatory-hammers are neolithic tools ; and the pointed bit of ox-bone or deer's horn is a specimen of palæotechnic art. In those primitive æons, undreamt of in their philosophy, there were Drift folk of a most unmistakably antediluvian character ; there were pleistocene men, a sort of British Esquimaux ; next came another hunting

and fishing race of Troglodytes; and then the Melanochroi, a very Pictish set of folk, of Iberian affinities: small, dark-haired, and probably with some relationship to Tubal Cain, as they seem to have been the first to learn anything about working in metals. Before the traces of these are entirely overlaid by those of their Celtic ~~and~~ planters, we find ourselves at the dawn of history.

It would be vain to look for footprints of some of those primitive folks in the Lothians. Wave after wave of ancient population has passed over their fertile fields since they emerged from the ocean; but the glacial period of this northern region was too cold even for the Drift folk. Yet it is difficult to guess what date can be considered old enough for the beginnings of its past history. In 1822 a large axe of pure copper was found, to the west of Corstorphine Hill, in the Ratho bog, at a depth of twenty-two feet. Sir David Brewster surmised it to have been deposited there with the blue clay in which it lay embedded under later diluvial deposits of sand and a growth of nine feet of moss. What definite idea of antiquity Sir David ascribed to his blue clay it would be hard to guess. But, according to such chronometry, the wild fig-tree, which was to flourish near the wolfe's cave on the Palatine Hill, had not yet been sown when the old Caledonian apprentice of Tubal Cain dropped his copper tool in the bog.

Like other rare specimens of primeval metallurgy, the Ratho bog axe is of pure copper. By and by, however, some neotechnic alchemist made his appearance in the Lothians and inaugurated their age of bronze. Copper and tin were both far to seek, nevertheless the art flourished, and the old bronze-workers left behind them curious records of the laboratory and workshop where the primitive Scottish Hermes first taught his alchymic art. A full century has now elapsed since Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield conceived the idea of fertilising the slope which lies between Arthur Seat and Craigmillar Castle, by dredging marl from Duddingston Loch. The ruined castle is rich in historic reminiscences, from the days of James II. to those when Queen Mary and Darnley found there a favourite resort. In our own younger days "Queen Mary's thorn," a large tree, undoubtedly of great age, stood by the roadside to the east of Duddingston village, and its annual blossoming was the villagers' harbinger of summer, till it was blown down in 1840. The picturesque parish church still crowns the little knoll at the side of the loch, with its Norman doorway and chancel arch, as in the days when the neighbouring Abbey of Holyrood was fresh from the mason's chisel, and the younger son of St. Margaret was wont to ride with horn and hound through the glades of the surrounding forest.

Here it was that, in 1775 and subsequent years, Sir Alexander Dick carried out a systematic process of dredging the bottom of the loch. His labours were rewarded with an abundant supply of rich marl, such as agriculturists then prized no less highly than are the fertilising treasures of the guano islands in our own day. But besides this, the lake yielded up treasures of more enduring value. As the marl-dredgers approached the north shore, large tynes, as well as wrought implements of deer's horn were found mingled with the marl; and at length an unusually weighty haul astonished them by disclosing a heap of beautiful leaf-shaped bronze swords, spear-heads of plain and ornamental patterns, rings and staples, and other relics of bronze. Many of them were half-melted by the action of fire; and along with them were human skulls, the remains, doubtless, of the old artificers who there wrought cunningly in brass, after the fashion of such primitive times.

Thomson of Duddingston, as the old incumbent of the parish is styled *par excellence*, owed his reputation to his skill as an artist. He was a personal friend of Turner, who more than once stayed at the manse; and his name ranks high among Scottish landscape-painters. His son, Dr. Thomson of Leamington, recalls to memory that when in youthful days he went out with his father to fish or to sketch on the lake, they were wont to secure

their boat to piles which have long since disappeared. There, however, we may assume stood in some old century of Scotland's bronze period a lake habitation constructed on piles, much after the fashion described by Herodotus as in use by a Thracian tribe that dwelt on a small mountain lake of Pœonia. Safe in their island home the occupants of the Duddingston pile-dwellings sojourned under the shadow of Arthur Seat, and buried their dead on the neighbouring slopes. But the day of doom came at last. Dr. Thomson speaks of the piles looking as if they had been charred. The effect of fire is still more manifest on the half-melted bronze weapons dredged up from the loch. Their condition suggests the idea of a pile-village of ample proportions and substantial structure, which yielded slowly to the fury of the flames, and so subjected its armoury to a protracted conflagration before the half-melted weapons sank hissing to the bottom of the lake.

Invaded, whether by neighbouring tribes or by foreign intruders, the lake-dwellers perished with their ingeniously constructed habitations, and when next the banks of the little lake attracted settlers, and a village arose where the old Norman church overhangs the lake, and the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, new arts and another race had supplanted those of the bronze-workers of Duddingston. It is not to be doubted, however, that

many curious relics still lie undisturbed among the roots of the piles, and it was one of the favourite projects of Sir James Y. Simpson to have the site of the pile-village explored, and so to determine by the recovered relics some ampler details of the arts and habits of the primitive lake-dwellers of Arthur Seat.

The Queen's Drive, and the later carriage-way to Duddingston, are works of recent date, and the completion of both led to interesting disclosures of stone cists with their buried dead, sepulchral pottery, stone axes, bronze swords and celts, with the like relics of that same olden time. Compared with those bronze-workers, and crannoge-builders, the Gael or Pict of Roman times appears but of yesterday. But the Roman came at last, the harbinger of change. Before the close of the first century of the Christian era, Agricola's legions were opening up a highway through the Caledonian forests, and the Maydin rock of Edinburgh became ere long a landmark within a populous Roman area. From its summit the eye rested, on the right, on one important Roman harbour at the mouth of the Fisk, and on the left on another, where the Almond enters the Forth. Beyond these lies Tranent, in East Lothian, where was recovered one of the most curious traces of Italian civilisation, the medicine stamp of a Roman oculist, the discovery of which in an unheeded drawer of the

Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries, furnished to my old friend Sir James Y. Simpson the theme for many a pleasant discussion ; and proved the germ of his ingenious monograph on Roman oculists, and the whole medical service of the Roman army. The small cube of pale green stone is graven on two sides, in reversed characters, with the name and prescriptions of the old Roman mediciner, Lucius Valatinus, whose fame doubtless extended to the neighbouring seaport of Inveresk, and to the winged heights of the Roman Castrum Alatum, as some astute antiquaries are assured the city was called, to which a later conqueror gave the name of Edwinsburg. Lucius Valatinus may have dispensed his mild saffron, or fragrant collyrium, among the colonists and Romanised Caledonians of the Lothians so late as the fourth century. When we pass on to the following century his place is occupied by St. Triduana, an oculist of a novel type, whose mode of practising the healing art will come under review on a later page.

Recovered traces of the old colonists of Inveresk furnish another *interesting link* with historical characters of later times. In the Scottish Treasurer's accounts for 1565 appears a charge of twelve pence paid to the boy sent in haste from H. yrood on a message from Queen Mary to the bailies of Musselburgh. A Roman altar had just been found

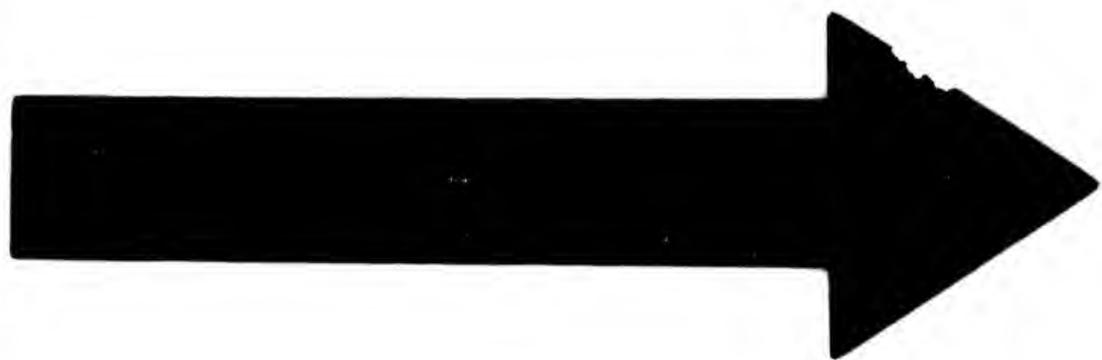
there, dedicated to the Celtic Apollo: APOLLINI GRANNO; and the bailies were charged to take diligent heed that the monument of great antiquity just found be not injured. The Queen's timely interference rescued "the idol of Pagan Rome" from neglect, if not from destruction. As appears from letters still preserved in the State Paper Office, secret notice of her procedure was forwarded by the English ambassador to his court; and doubtless Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh shook their wise heads over such a display of zeal for the preservation of a monument of Roman idolatry!

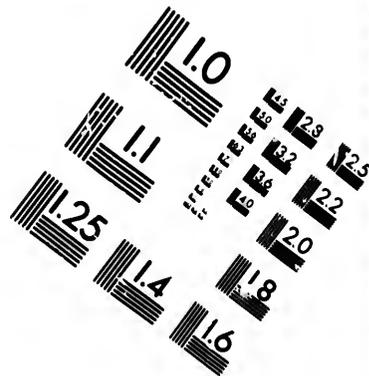
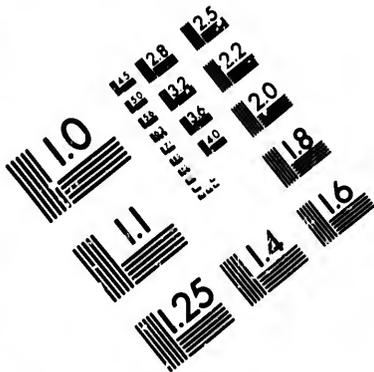
The altar which thus attracted the notice of the rival queens remained for the inspection of Sir Robert Sibbald in the early part of the eighteenth century. Soon after it must have fallen into neglect, and been buried anew in the soil; but ere long it came again to light. Mr. Adam de Cardouell, writing to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in 1783, says it was "dug up in the spot where the bowling-green is at present, several years ago," and then through the indifference of the gardener it was buried anew among the rubbish; and so awaits the curious eyes of some younger, and let us hope more appreciative, generation.

An enthusiastic local antiquary, the late Dr. Moir of Musselburgh—better known under his poetic *nom de plume* of Delta,—had a keen eye,

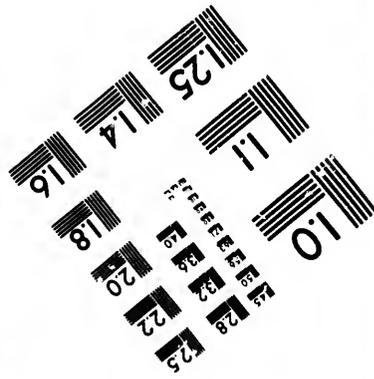
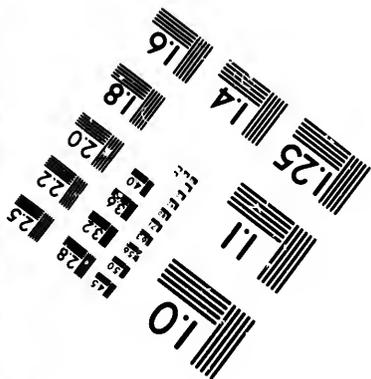
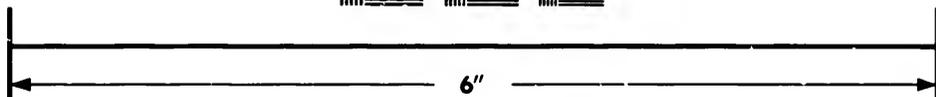
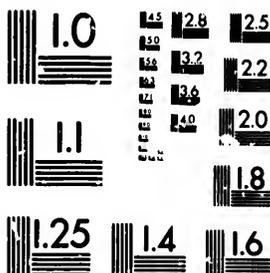
as became a poet, for the recovery of Apollo's vanished altar. Writing to me in 1851, he says: "Many Roman traces have turned up within the last three months in the alterations making within the grounds of Inveresk House; distinct outlines of part of the Roman outworks, portions of causeway, bricks, tiles, pipes, and flues of baths. Two curious bottles were also found in a subterranean structure, one of which has been presented to me by Mr. Colt. Regarding its comparative antiquity, or that of the subterranean passage, I will not at present speculate. It was explored for eighty or a hundred yards. It had been opened twenty years ago, and many coins found, which were distributed among the children in the nursery! A search is now making for some of them. But the chances of their recovery are even less than for Queen Mary's lost altar, which lies somewhere under our very feet, could we but hit on the right spot."

In the interval between the reburial and brief resurrection of Apollo's altar, Roman antiquities once more came into special vogue. Gordon—the world-famous Sandy Gordon,—published in 1726 that prized folio, the *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, which Jonathan Oldbuck undid from its brown-paper wrappage, in the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, on that memorable morning when we are first privileged to make his





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acquaintance at the head of Mrs. Macleuchar's stair, in the High Street of Edinburgh. Alexander Gordon was an enthusiast after the true Oldbuck model. He must have been something of a genius, though of the arid and genuinely Dryasdust type. He was a native of Deeside ; a graduate of the University of Aberdeen ; and possessed not only an intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin classics, but was familiar with the languages and literature of France and Italy. For a time at least after his University career was at an end he resided in Aberdeen ; and, as it would seem, as a teacher of music. For traditions about the old antiquary had been perpetuated at Pennycuik House ; and when I explored, for purposes of my own, the antique treasures preserved there from the time when he aided in their accumulation, I was informed by the late Sir George Clerk that such were his earliest professional engagements. There is no question, at any rate, that he was musical ; for one of his familiar designations was "Singing Sandie." He aspired also to the honours of poet and dramatist, and in 1731, published, and dedicated to His Grace, Cosmus, Duke of Gordon, his *Lupone, or the Inquisition ; a Comedy*, the scene of which is laid in Naples, with Lupone, a Dominican friar, as its hero. He was indeed a man of versatile tastes and accomplishments ; drew his own illus-

trations ; painted in oil ; and not only played skillfully on more than one instrument, but was reputed to be the composer of some favourite Scottish airs. A jack-of-all-trades, he could not fairly be said, according to the old proverb, to be master of none ; for he has left behind him good work for which he is still gratefully remembered. He must have presented traits of character such as Scott would have delighted to study ; for he led a roving life, changed his profession repeatedly, devoted himself with unbounded enthusiasm to one of the most unprofitable hobbies that can engross the energies of a student, sought fame and fortune in the Old World and the New in widely differing occupations and pursuits, and yet ended by giving the lie to the old proverb which says " A rolling stone gathers no moss ;" for, as will be seen, he bequeathed to his son and daughter a substantial estate in his New World home, along with the more characteristic inheritance of certain broad acres in Utopia !

In Gordon's day eulogistic dedications and flattering inscriptions to patrons were regarded as legitimate means for catering for pecuniary returns ; and he did his best to multiply such patrons by dedicating every plate and map in his volumes to some titled or wealthy friend. Two of these specially invite attention. His *Itinerarium* is dedicated, in the most extravagant

style then in vogue, to Charles Duke of Queensberry, who with his witty Duchess espoused the cause of Gay, when the Lord Chamberlain put his slight on the opera of "Polly;" and, as we have seen, they turned their back on the court, and carried the aggrieved poet to comfortable quarters in Queensberry House, Canongate. The Duke was an amiable man; and Gordon, who had been indebted to his Grace "for many favours received both at home and abroad," makes special reference to his condescending goodness and sweetness of temper.

But it was at Drumlanrig Castle, on the Nith, that the antiquary was most in request. The famous Roman works at Birrenswork are on a neighbouring estate, and the Duke gave liberal aid to his explorations there. Thus effectually abetted, his enthusiasm had ample room and verge enough. Here was the very citadel and stronghold of the theory on which his fame was to depend; the precise place where Agricola entered Caledonia; and the key to the Roman General's whole northern expedition. Near by was the most entire and best preserved Roman camp in Britain; and, only a few miles off, the ford on the Solway by which the legions entered this northern region. The district abounds in native as well as Roman earthworks, has yielded choice relics of art in stone and bronze, and among its disclosures

furnished valuable contributions to the Pennycuik collection, then in course of formation by Baron Clerk.

Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer in Scotland, was one of the most zealous Roman antiquaries of that age. He is described by Gordon as "not only a treasure of learning and good taste, but now one of its chief supports in that country;" and of the fruits of his labours as a collector, he says: "Among all the collections of Roman antiquities in Scotland, that of Baron Clerk claims the preference, both as to number and curiosity." From him Gordon derived hearty sympathy and substantial aid. He was a frequent guest at old Pennycuik House, and was accompanied by the Baron in his Northumbrian explorations, as well as in others nearer home. When describing his visit to Housesteads, —the old Roman Borcovicus, pronounced by Gordon to be "unquestionably the most remarkable and magnificent Roman station in the whole island of Britain," by Dr. Stukely denominated "the Tadmor," and by Dr. Bruce "the Pompeii of Britain,"—he says: "When I had the honour to traverse this ground for the first time, with Sir John Clerk, Baron of the Exchequer, we caused the place to be dug where we were then sitting amidst the ruinous streets of this famous oppidum, and found a small statue of a soldier, accoutred

in the Roman habit." This, with an altar and other trophies, was carried home in triumph to enrich the Pennycuik collection.

The prized treasures which thus engaged the study of the old antiquary, and were due in part to his own researches, are still preserved at Pennycuik ; but the old mansion itself, which furnished the arena for discussions akin to those which wrought such strife between the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkarns, has long since disappeared. The present house, built by the Baron's son and successor in 1761, in the classic style which Robert Adam was then bringing into general favour, is chiefly interesting for its great room, styled *Ossian's Hall*, elaborately decorated by the pencil of Runciman with frescoes illustrative of the popular Gaelic epic, and for its associations with the poet Allan Ramsay. The romantic locality of Habbie's How, the scene of his fine Scottish pastoral, lies only a few miles off among the Pentland Hills ; and his visits to the rustic linn were associated with many a hospitable welcome at Pennycuik House.

But Baron Clerk had also his Edinburgh mansion, in Riddle's Close, Lawnmarket ; where in later days David Hume first attained to the dignity of a householder ; and here there are good reasons for adding to other associations of the locality those of Sandie Gordon, the antiquary. An inner

court, picturesquely quaint in character, bore in the sixteenth century the name of Macmoran's Close, from the occupation of its chief lodging by Bailie Macmoran, a noted citizen and magistrate of the time. The bailie's initials, carved on the pediment of the old mansion, still indicate the abode of one whose tragic fate has given a certain enduring interest to his name. Here, as we learn from Birrel's Diary, on the 2d of May 1598, the Duke of Holstein was entertained at a banquet given at the expense of the town in Macmoran's lodging; and "the King's Majesty and the Queen being both there, there was great solemnity and merriness at the said banquet." The bailie, himself, doubtless, took a prominent part at this reception of their Majesties and the citizens' honoured guest under his own roof. He was called, very shortly after, to interfere, in his magisterial capacity, at a famous barring-out by the High School boys; and the young rebels carrying their resistance to extremities, the bailie was shot dead in the old High School Yards. Birrel tells us, "there was ane number of schollaris, being gentlemen's bairns, made a muitinie." The youth who fired the fatal shot was William Sinclair, a son of the Chancellor of Caithness, and so a "gentleman's bairn." On learning of the bailie's death, "presently the hail townsmen ran to the school, and tuik the said bairns, and put yame in

the Toibuith ; bot the hail bairns were letten frie without hurte done to yame for ye same, within ane short tyme yairafter." Doubtless, the incarceration of "the hail gentlemen's bairns" raised an effectual hue and cry on their behalf ; and as the father of the chief culprit was a man of power and influence, he was allowed to escape with the rest of the young rebels. Until the demolition of the old High School the special scene of this daring act was traditionally pointed out as the *Bailie's Window*.

Baron Clerk succeeded to the Bailie's lodging, and from thence he writes to his brother antiquary, Roger Gale, in the very year when the *Itinerarium Septentrionale* issued from the press : "Mr. Gordon is expected here, with his head full of a project to make a communication between Clyde and Forth by a canal." The Baron shrewdly concludes that "the profits would not answer the charge." But if it proved profitless in its direct aim, it led the explorer over the very site of the Roman forts and military way of Agricola, and the vallum of Antonine, before canals or railways had effaced the Roman footprints ; and so it furnished an abundant harvest for the antiquary.

According to traditions of the Pennycuik family, the author of the *Itinerarium* was a grave man, of formal habits, tall, lean, and usually taciturn. But his silence was probably only in uncongenial

society. He must have had his voluble fits at times ; and was not to be moved from his position, even by the Baron, "treasure of learning" as he was. He quotes with great gusto the speech of Galgacus, in which he tells his Caledonian array that they are the bravest and most noble inhabitants of all Britain ; and that liberty and fame, which have deserted all the rest of the world, still remain their heritage ! " I once endeavoured to persuade him," writes Sir John to his friend Roger Gale, "that this speech was only a fiction of Tacitus conformable to a liberty among historians ;" but Gordon had too high respect for his country to listen to such a heresy. So completely, indeed, did the Caledonian hero occupy his mind, that he was known in the Pennycuik circle by the name of *Galgacus*. His thoughts at this time, we may presume, revolved so persistently around Mons Grampius, that when they shaped themselves into words they were apt to make the enthusiastic antiquary the butt of unsympathising juveniles. Of the pranks of the latter under such promptings some characteristic reminiscences are preserved ; and especially that of the manufacture of a Roman altar, which was in due time brought to light on the Pennycuik estate, and furnished the basis for speculations not less learned and ingenious than those of the ever-memorable sculptured tablet, with its sacrificial ladle and inscription, dug up by the

Antiquary on his third day's trenching of the Kaim of Kinprunes.

Gordon followed up his *Itinerary* with a supplement in which, not altogether to the satisfaction of Sir John Clerk and Mr. Gale, he embodied the fruits of their correspondence with him. But also we owe to his visit to Edinburgh in 1726 the earliest notice of a Roman work of art of rare value, which he then saw for the first time. In the front of an ancient house in the Nether Bow, immediately to the east of John Knox's House, there stood at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and probably for centuries before, two finely sculptured heads in profile, with the mediæval inscription between them, corresponding in reading and characters to the Mentz Bible of 1455.

In sudore vultus tui hederis, panis tuus. §. 3.

This Latin transcript of the curse pronounced on our first parents after the fall led to an idea, gravely combated by our oldest civic historian, Maitland, that the heads were designed to represent Adam and Eve. From the style of art, and the close resemblance they bear to the heads on certain Roman coins, there need be little hesitation in pronouncing them to be representations of the Emperor Septimius Severus and his Empress Julia. When Maitland wrote, they had been transferred to a house on the opposite side of the street: interesting as that from which the old

Scottish typographer, Thomas Bassendyne, issued his beautiful folio Bible in 1574; but this also has been demolished in recent years, and the displaced sculptures are now deposited in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries.

It would be well, if a favourable opportunity offered, to restore the ancient sculptures to the Netherbow, where they so long formed a feature of striking interest. There, it is not improbable, was their original site from the time when they were executed in commemoration of the presence of Severus and his Empress on this remote frontier of the Roman Empire. In 1742, the very year in which Sandie Gordon was busy setting up his household gods under new skies, Sir John Clerk writes to Mr. Gale of the destruction at Edinburgh of "an old arch that nobody ever imagined to be Roman; and yet it seems it was, by an urn discovered in it, with a good many silver coins, all of them common, except one of Faustina Minor." Unfortunately Sir John gives no clue to the site of this old arch: possibly the very structure once adorned with the heads of the Emperor and Empress.

From this point, Gordon followed the traces of the old Roman military way; and other footprints have since been brought to light. In 1856 two silver denarii of Septimius Severus were found, when laying water-pipes in the Netherbow. Be-

yond this, in the Pleasance, a coin of the Emperor Vespasian was dug up in 1782. To the north of those, on the same route, the traces of a Roman causeway were discovered underneath the foundations of the Collegiate Church of Mary of Gueldres ; and beyond this, the erection of the Regent Bridge, in 1815, brought to light fine specimens of Samian ware. Thus by unmistakable evidence we seem to follow the Roman trail by the Pleasance, St. Mary's Wynd, Leith Wynd, and St. Ninian's Row, towards the neighbouring sea-coast and old Roman harbour ; and here Gordon comes anew to our aid. Cramond and its relics were very familiar to him ; for Sir John Inglis of Cramond was the Baron's father-in-law, and the Pennycuik collection is rich in tablets, coins, and other relics brought from the ancient Roman seaport. "From this same station of Cramond," he writes, "runs a noble military way towards *Castrum Alatum*, or Edinburgh ; but as it comes near that city it is wholly levelled and lost among the ploughed fields."

There is no room for doubt that Scott had Gordon and his experiences in view ; and even bore in remembrance certain familiar incidents connected with the formation and later history of the Pennycuik collection, when he drew the inimitable portraiture of Jonathan Oldbuck. He does indeed tell us, in the introduction to *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, that the character of the Antiquary

was partly founded on that of an old friend of his youth, George Constable, of Wallace Craigie, to whom, he says, "I am indebted for introducing me to Shakespeare, and other invaluable favours." But he adds at a later date that the only incident in *The Antiquary* borrowed from the real circumstances of his friend, excepting the fact that he resided in an old house near a flourishing seaport, is a scene which Scott himself witnessed, in which he played the part of the Laird in his conflict with Mrs. Macleuchar, at the head of her trap stair in the High Street of Edinburgh.

In truth the creator of that inimitable piece of portraiture, the Laird of Monkbarns, was not wholly unconscious of personal traits of the Laird of Abbotsford himself, wrought into the ideal Jonathan Oldbuck. But we have the authority of Lockhart for the fact that John Clerk of Eldin, a younger son of the Baron of Pennycuik—author of a once famous essay on dividing the line in sea-fights, to which was ascribed some of the victories of Lord Rodney and a general revolution in naval tactics,—supplied not a few of the most graphic touches. Above all, that crowning achievement involved in the trenching of the Kaim of K. prunes is a genuine legend of the Pennycuik family, derived from William Clerk of Eldin, the grandson of the Baron. On one occasion, as he told, when visiting his grandfather at Dumcrieff, in

Dumfriesshire, the old Baronet carried some virtuosos to see a supposed Roman camp, and on his exclaiming at a particular spot, "This I take to have been the Prætorium," a herdsman who stood by responded: "Prætorium here, Prætorium there; I made it wi' a flaughter spade." Another scion of the Pennycuik House, better known by his judicial title of Lord Eldin, developed the hereditary tastes of the family in a diverse way. Being skilled as an artist, he employed his ingenuity in the manufacture of specimens of antique statuary, which, mutilated into a becoming aspect of genuineness, were in due time dug up, to the great delight of the laird and the enrichment of his museum.

Of the influence of Gordon's *Itinerarium* on the evolution of the Oldbuck romance there is no room for doubt. It is very much in the actual words of Gordon's learned argument, though in a more condensed form than suited the ample page of his folio, that the Antiquary holds forth to Lovel on the disputed site of Agricola's victory. "As for our Scottish antiquaries," says Gordon, "they are so divided that some will have it to be in the shire of Angus, or in the Mearns; some at the Blair of Athol in Perthshire, or Ardoch in Strathallan; and others at Innerpeffery;" and so the solemn old folio, formal, tall, and lean, as its learned author, proceeds as it were in stately

amplification of the very words listened to by Lovel. And "now, after all this discussion," continued the Laird of Monkbarns with one of his sliest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr. Lovel,—I say what would you think,—if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on the very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes?"—or as his genuine prototype, Sandie Gordon, would have it, at Galdachan in Strathern. He has combated his opponents in detail; and now he proceeds: "From all which I am of opinion that the real place where the battle was fought, at the Mons Grampius, is, as I have already asserted, in Strathern, the famous *Glacialis Ierne* of which Claudius the poet afterwards makes so much mention." For is there not Agricola's camp visible there to all men, with distinct Aggerand Fossa, Porta Decumana, Prætorium, and all else? 'Tis true a part of the square is washed away by the Ruchel, a torrent that there joins the river Ern. But what of that, when the identification can be clinched in this unanswerable fashion? "The situation of the ground," says Gordon, "is so very exact with the description given by Tacitus, that in all my travels through Britain I never beheld anything with more pleasure, it being directly at the foot of the Grampian Hills; besides there are the *colles*, or small rising-grounds on which the Caledonians were placed before the

battle ; and also the high hill on which the body of the Caledonian army lay, and from which they came down upon the Romans. Nor is it difficult, on viewing this ground, to guess at the place where the *Covinarii*, or charioteers, stood. In fine, to an antiquary this is a ravishing scene !”—and so he reaches the climax of his argument ; for according to his interpretation, “Galgacus’s name still remains on this ground ; for the moor is called to this day *Galdachan*, or *Galgachan Rossmore* !”

But there was another object of antiquity, supposed also to be a memorial of the victor of Mons Grampius, on which Gordon expended much learned enthusiasm. There still stood in his day, on the river Carron, a curious beehive structure of squared masonry, known from the days of Nennius as “Arthur’s Oon.” It was probably the oldest building then in Scotland ; but it exists now only in facsimile, in the grounds of Pennycuik House. For the Laird of Stonehouse, the very name of which was a memorial of the unique value of the monument, pulled it to pieces in 1743, to make use of its materials for building a mill-dam ! But ere that deed of vandalism was perpetrated, Gordon had bade a final farewell to the only world the Romans ever knew. The origin, and still more the reputed inscription of this famous structure, had been matter for grave discussion between him and the

Baron ; but in Dr. Stukeley—to whom he succeeded as Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London,—he found an enthusiast ready to follow him in his boldest flights of fancy. Dr. Stukeley had made Arthur's Oon the subject of one of his learned treatises ; but, as a recent critic says of his theses, "never before or since, were such broad, continuous webs of speculation woven out of little more than moonshine !" But a man is known by his friends ; and of "the valuable erudition, and the labours and industry of my worthy friend Dr. Stukeley," Gordon launches forth in unqualified terms of admiration. With him he agrees in believing the Oon to have been a Roman temple erected to Agricola. Whether it was a sacellum or a mausoleum, a templum Termini, or what else, was uncertain ; but in this at least the pair of enthusiasts agreed, that it was "not unlike the famous Pantheon at Rome, before the noble portico was added to it by Marcus Aurelius;" only Gordon must needs note that the Pantheon is of mere brick, "whereas Arthur's Oon is made of regular courses of hewn stone." Dr. J. Hill Burton supplements this history with one further characteristic incident. The infamy of the destruction of this curious national relic so rankled in the Scottish mind, that, upwards of a century after its perpetration, the charge was brought against a candidate for the representation of a Scottish

county, that he was a descendant of the destroyer of Arthur's Oon!

There was much to be pondered over between Gordon and his learned brother antiquaries. The Oon still stood entire, except for the decaying touch of time. Over its archway was then visible a basso-relievo, as like to an eagle with expanded wings as was that over Monkbarne's own doorway to the Abbot of Trocosey's mitre: only, as Gordon feels bound to confess, "age and time, and perhaps the same barbarous hand that erased the letters, may have defaced it; but even now part of the body and one of the wings may be faintly discerned." Here again was subject-matter for many a solemn conclave. Gordon sums up a grand array of exhaustive arguments thus: "But besides all this, Dr. Stukeley has well observed that time has left Julius Agricola's very name on the place, as entire as the building, seeing it goes frequently under the appellation of Julius Hoff, or house; and if ever these initial letters I. A. M. P. M. P. T., mentioned by Sir Robert Sibbald, were engraved on a stone in this building, it may not be reckoned altogether absurd that they should bear this reading: *Julius Agricola magnæ pietatis monumentum posuit templum.* But this the reader may either accept or reject as he pleases. However, I think it may as probably be received as that inscription on Caligula's Pharos in Holland,

which having these following letters, C. C. P. F., is read, *Caius Caligula Pharum fecit.*" Here, it can scarcely be needful to remind the reader, is the undoubted original of Aiken Drum's lang ladle. The antiquary has demonstrated to Lovel beyond all possibility of cavil that the Kaim of Kinprunes, the *Castra pruinis* of Claudian—in *conspectu classis*, in sight of the Roman fleet, as Tacitus has it,—corresponds in all respects to the scene of Agricola's final conflict; and now is produced the grand climax, held in reserve for a crowning triumph: the sculptured stone trenched up on the very spot, with its "sacrificing vessel, and the letters, A. D. L. L., which may stand without much violence for *Agricola dicavit libens libens.*" "Certainly, sir," responds the complaisant Lovel, "for the Dutch antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a lighthouse, on the sole authority of the letters, C. C. P. F.," and so on to Mr. Oldbuck's "trivial Essay upon Castrametation, with some particular remarks upon the vestiges of ancient fortifications, lately discovered by the author at the Kaim of Kinprunes;" in which he flatters himself he has pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. It is interesting thus to trace the hand of the Great Master, with his Midas touch transmuting such arid controversies into the sparkling humour of his choicest romance.

Gordon was able to contribute to the Penny-cuik discussions somewhat besides the learning he had picked up in his northern Alma Mater ; for, like Dugald Dalgetty, he was a traveller to boot, though on more peaceful errands ; and could compare Julius Hoff with his own observations of Roman Temples in Italy and elsewhere. But his circumstances were narrow ; and fortune was not likely to favour so erratic an enthusiast. He went to London, and joined in partnership with Mr. John Wilcox, a bookseller in the Strand ; but he was not suited for trade. Next he found more congenial duties in the secretaryship of the Society of Antiquaries : and ere long of the Egyptian Club, of which Dr. Stukeley was one of the founders. Here he was introduced to ampler fields of speculation than Roman antiquities could supply. He published two learned essays in solution of the mystery of Egyptian hieroglyphics ; and undertook before the Rosetta Stone was heard of, to illustrate "all the Egyptian mummies in England!" His "Two Essays towards explaining the hieroglyphical figures on the Coffin belonging to Captain W. Lethieullier, and on the Egyptian Mummy in the museum of Dr. Mead ;" were followed by another folio of twenty-five plates of Egyptian mummies, engraved by Vander Gucht ; and, indeed, by endless hieroglyphic elucidations and mystifications, carried on to the

close of a life terminated under circumstances well calculated to have wearied any one but such an enthusiastic devotee, from the unprofitable toil

“Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.”

Alexander Gordon, it may be surmised, was somewhat of a fossil mummy himself. Had his northern Alma Mater been able to furnish it, his fittest niche would have been some snug College Fellowship, with a Bodleian Library to browse in at his will. But it has rather been the fashion in the North to let such Fellows cultivate their learning on a little oatmeal. I confess to a kindly feeling for the old antiquary. His fate, though no rare one in the history of the Scot, was scarcely what he deserved. He must have had one more point of resemblance to Jonathan Oldbuck, characteristic enough of many a pilgrim from Deeside. “Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or *rei suæ prodigus*,” said the old attorney who had undertaken to become Jonathan’s instructor in the profession of the law, “I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad’s half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of an Act of Parliament for days rather than go to the golf or the change-house.” The author

of the *Itinerarium* was of the same frugal type ; and having no paternal acres on which to retire, after labouring so zealously to elucidate the antiquities of the Old World, he undertook an ampler *Itinerarium Septentrionale* beyond the farthest limit marked by column or temple of the god Terminus.

In 1741 Gordon was succeeded in the office of Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London by Mr. Joseph Ames, best known by his labours on typographical antiquities. He had married, and no doubt found the rewards of archæological learning and research somewhat insubstantial resources on which to sustain his household gods. So he accepted an invitation to accompany Governor Glen to South Carolina, where he obtained an official appointment, acquired a valuable grant of land, and died in the year 1754, leaving to his family gifts of fortune far beyond what could have been hoped for from the career of the antiquarian enthusiast. In his New World home he still cherished the memories of the old land of his birth ; and, as appears from the roll of the St. Andrew's Society of Charleston, he joined the national society shortly after his settlement there. In its original constitution it bears the name of the St. Andrew's Club, and only adopted the later name after the Revolution. In the address of the president on its centennial celebration of St.

Andrew's Day, in 1829, he reviews the history of the society as embodied in early records, which have since perished in the ravages of the great Southern War. Then, as now, the society devoted itself to aiding the unfortunate, with a special eye to those of Scottish birth. But the nature of some of the early petitions it had to deal with throws a curious light on primitive colonial life.

If a poor man had been oppressed by a rich neighbour, if he had lost his little crop, or stood in need of necessaries for his family, he applied to the St. Andrew's Society. One tells that his neighbours have trespassed on his land, and that he has been harassed and ruined by lawsuits. Another says that after he had made a good crop a part of it was destroyed by the bears, and the rest stolen by negroes. In 1747 the sister of a Scottish baronet, on her third application for further relief, informs them that she believes the recent troubles in Scotland (*i.e.* the rebellion of 1745) had prevented her brother from sending her assistance, and so the narrative proceeds. But for the ravages of more recent troubles we might have recovered some characteristic illustrations of Gordon's own share in such good work.

But though the ravages of war have, in very recent years, destroyed such records, I have been fortunate in recovering various documents throwing interesting light on the New World career of

Sandie Gordon, chiefly through the kind aid of General de Saussure, recently president of the society. One of these documents is a deed whereby one Hamerton, Registrar of the province, farms out his office to Alexander Gordon, and appoints him his attorney to transact all the business and receive all the fees of the office. The book in which the deed is recorded is stated to be so rotted away as to be scarcely legible, and the leaves fall in pieces as they are turned. Nevertheless, it had been recovered ere too late; and here we find the old Aberdeen Master of Arts, music-teacher, author, bookseller, dramatist, painter, land-surveyor, Secretary of the London Antiquaries, of the Egyptian Club, etc., in an entirely novel character as Attorney-at-Law and Registrar of the Province of South Carolina. Among other recorded conveyances, General de Saussure traced one of a large lot of land in Charleston, in 1746, to Alexander Gordon, and its sale in 1755, very soon after his death, by his son and daughter, Alexander and Frances Charlotte, to Sir Egerton Leigh. The son is elsewhere designated as an attorney-at-law, and possibly succeeded to the vacant registrarship.

But the most interesting evidence relative to the old antiquary's later tastes and fortunes is furnished by his last will and testament. It is dated the 22d August 1754, the testator being

then "sick and weak of body, but of sound mind, memory, and understanding, thanks be given to Almighty God for the same." It proceeds thus: "As to the worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me with, I give the same and dispose thereof in manner following,"—and then follows, very characteristically, this somewhat apocryphal "worldly estate:" "I give, devise, and bequeath unto the Honourable Hector Berenger De Beauvain, Esq., his picture, portrait, or effigies, by me, the said testator, painted, drawn, and represented." In like manner he bequeaths to the Reverend John Heywood a similar portrait of himself; while to his son, Alexander Gordon, he leaves "my own picture, together with all and singular the paintings, views, and representations by me, the said testator, painted, drawn, and represented." He next apportions to his daughter, Frances Charlotte, his silver watch, and to his son his gold ring; and then follows the more substantial bequest to his son and daughter of a lot of land in Ansonborough, with the houses thereon, "with all and singular other my pictures hereinbefore and not particularly given," with the plate and household furniture, to be equally divided between them; and those all disposed of, the dying antiquary thus crowns his grateful bequests: "Item, It is my express will and desire, and I do hereby order and direct, that my said son shall, as conveniently as may be,

cause to be printed and published, my book now remaining in manuscript and titled, 'A Critical Essay towards the Elustrating the History and Chronology of the Egyptians and other most ancient nations, from the earliest ages on record till the time of Alexander the Great, etc. etc. etc.;" and then the testator bequeaths to his said son two-thirds of all the profits to accrue from this invaluable publication, and to his foresaid daughter the remaining third! It is to be feared that the heirs had no adequate faith in the marketable value of hieroglyphic elucidations, and the world still awaits the publication of this Critical Essay.

From an old diary kept by a South Carolinian gentleman, about a century ago, it appears that Frances Gordon married, on the 30th May 1763, John Troup, whose name occurs as one of the witnesses of the antiquary's will. It is the same also, it may be presumed, who figures along with her brother, as John Troup, Attorney-at-Law, among the Freemasons of the Union Kilwinning Lodge of Charleston. At this point all traces of the Gordons are lost; for till I instituted inquiries, nobody in South Carolina dreamt that the world-famous Sandie Gordon of Sir Walter's *Antiquary* had closed his life in the city of Charleston. When he settled in South Carolina, the Catawbas, Yamassees, Cherokees, and other aboriginal tribes, still clung to their old hunting-grounds, much as

the tribes of ancient Caledonia hovered round the settlements of its Roman colonists when Inveresk and Cramond were the Roman seaports of the Forth. But such analogies were little heeded in that eighteenth century. The Roman antiquary had exchanged the favourite researches of his Scottish Itinerary for more obscure Egyptian mysteries; and it may be doubted if, amid the novel duties of Provincial Registrar, it ever occurred to him that he stood in a relation to those native tribes, analagous to that of a prefect of the old Roman proprætor among the Gadeni and Otadeni of the Lothians.

The author of the *Itinerarium Septentrionale* was already in his New World home when the antiquaries of North Britain found a strange yet most efficient ally in the rebellion of 1745. The explorations and road-makings of General Wade and Major-General Roy lay through the heart of Roman Caledonia and Northumbria; and General Roy's *Military Antiquities of the Romans of North Britain* was the immediate result. But before his accurate observations were prepared for the press, the antiquarian world had been set agog, and beguiled into a maze of error, by a professed discovery of marvellous character. In that same year 1747, in which Sandie Gordon and his brother Scots of the St. Andrew's Club of Charleston, S.C., were relieving the privations

of a poor countrywoman impoverished by the share of the Scottish Baronet, her brother, in the affair of the '45, Dr. Stukeley received a letter from Charles Julius Bertram, of Copenhagen, conveying the first hint of the discovery that, four centuries before Gordon and Stukeley entered on their enthusiastic explorations, Richard of Cirencester, a poor brother of the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter, Westminster, had been taken to task by his abbot, for wasting the precious hours of monastic life on an antiquarian Itinerary of Roman Britain!

Great was the delight of the learned world when an authenticated report of the discovery reached them. Dr. Stukeley pronounced the work to be "most invaluable," and excused the shortcomings of all historians and antiquaries prior to that date, from their ignorance of its existence. Doubtless he wrote to Gordon to tell him of his cloistered prototype, with the inestimable advantages of an Itinerary made in the freshness of that olden time. Neither of them survived to learn the wonderful confirmation resulting from Chatterton's researches among the parchments of St. Mary Redcliffe; from which it appeared that the good priest Rowley had not only found "the papers of Fryar Rycharde," but also "his celle most lovelie depycted on the whyte walles wythe black cole, displaieynge the Iters of the Weste."

But if Stukeley was credulous, he was in good company. Not only Whitaker, and others of the like class, welcomed and so promoted the fabrication; but Ritson, the most incredulous of antiquaries, with Gibbon, Suhm, Lappenberg, and Lingard, bowed to it as a reliable historical authority; and a whole century of European scholars yielded unquestioning faith in the imposture. Among those General Roy occupies a foremost place. He was following in the track of Gordon, and tracing anew the footprints of Agricola, and the site of his victory over the Caledonian chief, with the enthusiasm of a military antiquary, and the strict accuracy of a surveyor. Great therefore was his satisfaction in being able to set forth his work on the military antiquities of the Romans in North Britain as illustrated by his own surveys and plans of the camps of Agricola, and the traces of his route, in "a treatise wherein," as he says, "the ancient geography of that part of the island is rectified, chiefly from the lights furnished by Richard of Cirencester." So far as the work is the fruit of General Roy's own labours it is an accurate and valuable compendium of his surveys and measurements of roads, camps, earthworks, and other remains, both of Roman and native origin; but its alliance with that of the spurious Richard, furnished the masquerading monk with credentials sufficient to

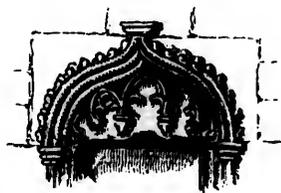
carry him unchallenged into the nineteenth century.

The Author of *Waverley* had his own share in the literary maskings of his time. Not only did he assume his part as the Great Unkown, wearing his domino as loosely as the coy flirt who "would be wooed;" but in his *Minstrelsy* he had played sundry parts, in more purposed disguise. This only the better fitted him to do justice to the Wardours and Oldbucks of an elder generation. I had remarked in the *Memorials*, that, on the demolition of the Tolbooth in 1817, the carved Gothic doorway was removed by Scott to Abbotsford, "and there converted to the humble office of giving access to his kitchen court."—"and a very good office for it," is Mr. Sharpe's comment. "Queen Mary's door, it used to be called I believe; though nobody knew better than Sir Walter that that was a lie. But there were plenty of such at Abbotsford. I remember it right well. There was no niche, and the doorway was younger than the rest of the building, as was evident from the fresh complexion of the stones. This I remarked to Sir Walter, and had small thanks for my pains, as the article was already in his possession." The reminiscences and traditions of Pennycuik House were familiar to Scott, with the hoaxes practised by profane youngsters on the zealous trackers of the Romans' footprints. The manufacture of a

Roman altar has already been alluded to. The spurious antique, like more serious impostures, was doubtless adapted by his fabricators to some hypothesis of one or other of the antiquaries; and deposited where its discovery fitted in with all aptitude to the favoured theory. We may fancy the prototype of Monkbarns informing Roger Gale, or other sympathising friend, in Jonathan's own words: "I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone which I have transported to Pennycuik House, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris." Mr. Sharpe had his own version of what followed. According to him the spurious altar was ultimately palmed off on David Stuart, Earl of Buchan; was produced by that credulous dilettante at one of the conversaciones for which his house in St. Andrew Square was famed; and thence passed to the collection of the Society of Antiquaries. So said Mr. Sharpe, who regarded the Society's collection with even less reverence than that of Abbotsford. But if the spurious altar ever found shelter there, it had disappeared before my day.

An incident of one of the Earl's conversaciones Mr. Sharpe delighted to recall. When he invited Burns to assist at the inauguration of a temple to the poet of *The Seasons*, it was in the character of successor to the Abbots of Dryburgh; and so

the Earl promised him that he should be found sitting on the Abbey ruins prepared to "light his lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue!" But in his Edinburgh drawing-room he appeared as Apollo—the Apollo Granus of the Inveresk altar, as we may presume. Nine fair ladies were enlisted to personate the Muses, and pour out the tea; but when Cupid arrived with the tea-kettle, there was such a severe classical simplicity in the costume of the little archer that the Muses fled in a titter, and Apollo and the learned quidnuncs were left to their own devices.



CHAPTER XIX.

King Arthur and the Picts.

"THERE was once a people called the Piks," said Jonathan Oldbuck, as the starting proposition needful to arouse Mr. Lovel from his reverie, and invoke his aid as arbiter between the two famous controversialists in the dining-room at Monkbarns. And when the referee somewhat profanely hinted at the poverty, in dialect at least, if not in other matters, of the aforesaid Piks or Picts, he was put right by Sir Arthur Wardour: "They were a great and powerful people; built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum*." Nor, we presume, does anybody doubt that there was once a people called the Picts, who dwelt in the Lothians, and claimed its Castle rock as their own, though Oldbuck pronounced Sir Arthur's story to be "a childish legend invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind."

"The common denomination among the people," says Pinkerton, "from the Pehts' wall in Northum-

berland, to the Pehts' houses in Ross-shire, and up to the Orkneys, is Pehts." The Norse and Icelandic Sagas only know them as such ; and their northern boundary, the Pentland Firth, received as such its Norse name of Petlandsfjorthr. The Lothian hills which bound the southern horizon, as seen from the Castle rock, were appropriated by them as another landmark to which they attached their name. From these Pentland Hills, northward to the Pentland Firth, the mysterious race of Picts long lived and reigned. According to vulgar folk-lore they partook of some of the characteristics of the Norse Dverger, or Dwarfs, the children of Ivaldr, who dwelt in the hearts of the hills, and were skilled in working their ores. But the art in which the Picts pre-eminently excelled was that of masonry. They were the Cyclops of the north, small of stature, but distinguished for their strength and manual dexterity. To them accordingly pertained all unappropriated architectural remains, from the Roman wall in Northumberland to the Broughs and Weems of the Highlands and the Isles. But they have their genuine masonic memorials, including not only the famous Round Towers of Abernethy and Brechin, but also a remarkable class of sculptured stones, elaborate in device and symbolic hieroglyph, which are met with nowhere else, either in or out of Scotland, but within the ancient Pictish area. They are

inscribed in known and unknown characters, at Newton and St. Vigeans; and many a learned controversy over their hidden meaning has helped to make darker what was dark before.

My old friend, and brother antiquary, Sir James Y. Simpson, delighted in such riddles as a relaxation from the engrossing duties and the vexatious rivalries of professional life. The St. Vigeans inscription he rendered, as Forfarshire Pictish: DROSTEN, SON OF VORET, OF THE RACE OF FERGUS; and, tempted by his success, he next betook himself to the interpretation of the ring, cup, and other archaic sculptures, on Scottish rocks and stones, and produced a little volume—very attractive to antiquaries of the archaic type,—full of ingenious imports, meanings, and surmises, on all the lapidary cuttings and scratchings that had escaped other eyes. With strange surprise I read in recent years, in a leading literary journal, an article headed “A Physician’s Quarrels;” in which Sir James figured as a man “of small spite,” who could not “govern his temper,” a “rancorous rival, and an insolent victor,” who had “no sooner escaped from one quarrel than he was provoking or aggravating another;”—in fact, “the Lewins row almost caused a duel with pistols!” I was far away from Edinburgh in those later days of strife, and, unprepared for such utterances, I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was awake. Of all men I have ever

known, Sir James Simpson was among the last to whom I could have imagined "small spite" being ascribed. I wonder what amiable professional brother dipped his pen in gall to fill in this silhouette. It reads strange indeed as a trick of elfin glamour, to find the friend of a lifetime, whom one knew only as genial, kindly, and generous, thus transmogrified into a sort of medico-Donibrook scarecrow.

I wish I had been at the reviewer's ear. I could have told him worse than that. It was not to rivals only that he was "rough as nutmeg-grater." He made repeated attempts at poisoning his friends; had his cook "pushioned" in his own kitchen, and narrowly escaped self-murder! I knew him intimately from student days, and should have then said of him that it would be hard to find one who had more ready sympathy for all the interests, the troubles, and the hobbies of his friends. But he had troubles and sorrows of his own in later years, when he and I were far apart. The medical profession, moreover, is notoriously pugnacious when the craft is in danger. They should certainly be forbidden the carrying about of probes, lancets, scalpels, or other lethal weapons; for the mildest practitioner of the healing art is apt to play the Turk with "a brother near the throne." But in those days of dreadful note above hinted at, Sir James—or Dr. Simpson rather,—was busy with experiments in anæsthetics, re-

sulting in discoveries to which thousands have owed untold blessings. He had already repeatedly reduced his assistants to insensibility, and thrown himself into a state of asphyxia from which he narrowly escaped with his life, when one evening I joined a circle of friends at his dinner table. He was full of the newly-discovered virtues of chloroform, and produced a sparkling concoction, served up in champagne glasses, embodying virtues as of a new elixir of life. His friends who best knew of his own experiences were mostly inclined to take its virtues on trust. The inexperienced toppers who gave it a fair trial proved but dull company during the remainder of the evening. The butler—a Bathgate school-fellow of his master in other years, and a bit of a character,—left the room with the bottle of chloroform-champagne, and returning abruptly, he announced to the host in an audible whisper: “Doctor! I’ve pushioned the cook!” As it turned out, he had carried off the despised beverage to regale his friends below stairs; and when the doctor hurried off, he found the cook all her length on the kitchen floor, in a state of coma. Such murderous attempts were familiar to his household; but as his reviewer demonstrates, there are two ways of telling a story. But the Picts, the Jutes, the Roman oculists and mediciners of the Lothians, their leper hospitals in the Middle Ages, with much else that seemed

to lie far out of the way of a busy physician and medical professor, occupied leisure snatched in odd moments from professional life, the fruits of which survive as monuments of his ingenious toil.

Among the Pictish memorials so admirably illustrated in Dr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland* is one with the mystic symbols of the crescent and sceptre, found in the garden under the Castle rock of Edinburgh, just beyond St. Cuthbert's churchyard. Its half-obliterated traces only sufficed to establish its character as the most southerly Pictish monument, and, with one stray exception of rock-sculpture, the most southerly site of any genuine memorial of the ancient race. The name of Edwin's burg has supplanted some earlier name of the locality, and the Saxon St. Cuthbert was long the favourite saint of the district; but here we see that that Northumbrian bishop—who manifested little love for the Lothians in later years,—was an intruder into Pictland, and, in all probability, the supplanter of some long-forgotten Pictish saint. Doubtless the neighbouring cliff of basalt was a Pictish stronghold before the Teuton invaded *Bryneich*, or “the country of the braes,” as the region between the Tyne and the Forth was then called; nor is it probable that St. Cuthbert got installed in the old shrine, till, in fierce struggle, the Anglian or Jutish invaders had settled with the Pictish garri-

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son the final ownership of the Maydin Castle overhead, and disposed of any Pictish maidens of the blood-royal found there.

As to who those Picts were, and still more what came of them, the Oldbucks and the Wardours are still at issue on the point. The Vecturiones and Dicaledones of elder Roman times, with the ancient Gadeni of the Lothians, all vanish together about the beginning of the fifth century; and in their place these Pehts or Picts are found, being, as one may well believe, only the old tribes under a new name. The Roman Claudian puns on it: *nec falso nomine Picti*. King Alfred, when he translated Bede, rendered his Picti *Peahte*, without any recognition of the Roman poet's conceit.

The name vanishes again as mysteriously as it came; and the Picts hold their place in later folklore mainly as the builders of the "Pehts' Wall" between the Solway and the Tyne, about which Roman antiquaries are still divided, in ascribing its construction to Hadrian or Severus. But an old pensioner of Trinity Hospital, in the days when the collegiate buildings still gave shelter to Queen Mary's bedesmen, solved the knotty question about the evanishment of the race, in this simple fashion, in a gossip with the old chaplain, the Rev. John Sime. "The Pechts!—they're just awa' wi' King Arthur. They biggit Samson's Ribs; and the pillar-rocks on which St. Anthony's



Chapel stands ; and when their wark was dune, they just gaed awa under the hill." "What hill?" responded the chaplain. "Why, Arthur's Seat, to be sure ; and whan Arthur comes back again he'll hae a' the lave o' the Pechs at his tail."

Whatever actually came of the Picts, the indubitable traces of their Teutonic supplanters are not far to seek. Only seven miles off, in Kirkliston parish, near the banks of the river Almond, stands the most northerly monument of the intruding race, by whom Pict and Gael have been superseded in their island home. It is a monolith of dark whinstone, measuring above ground about four and a half feet, and known from time immemorial as the CAT STANE. Who or what it commemorates has been the subject of learned disputation from the days of Edward Lhwyd to our own, though his reading of the inscription agrees with that of its latest interpreter :—

IN OC TVMVLO IACIT VETTA F. VICTI .

and however fanciful it may sound, when we remember that that latest interpreter was Sir James Y. Simpson, the question on the title-page of his tempting little quarto claims respectful consideration. "With the most affectionate regards" of the loved friend by whom it was penned, is the dedication on my own presentation copy ; and therefore may I, with more than respect,

repeat the question of its title-page: "The Cat-Stane, Edinburghshire: is it not the tombstone of the grandfather of Hengist and Horsa?" But the two brothers wander so indefinitely on the vague borderland of myth and fable, that, though their expedition may have some historical foundation, it is so mixed up with the romance of the fair Rowena's wiles, with the spells of Merlin, and the prowess of Arthur, that we have been apt to treat them as Oldbuck did the bead-roll of Pictish kings "from Crenthemnachcryme (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drusterstone," or to Eachan Macfungus—"all of the tribe of Macfungus—mushroom monarchs every one of them." But the genealogy of Hengist and Horsa is reiterated, with varying orthography but uniform descent, through Victi and Vetta, back to Woden, the Saxon all-father, whose name Grimm connects with the Latin *vadere*, and so resolves him into the life-giving breath or air of heaven.

It is like hunting for the descent of a moonbeam, or going in search of the pot of gold which everybody knows is to be found at the foot of a rainbow, just where its arch touches the earth, if you can but light on the exact spot. Yet it is not to be gainsaid that the most ancient chroniclers are agreed on the point thus stated by Bede when describing the Teutonic invasion of Britain; their "leaders were two brothers, Hengist and Horsa,

who were the sons of Victgils, whose father was Vitta, whose father was Vecta, whose father was Woden." There is the ancient genealogy; and here, beyond all dispute, is the memorial stone of a Vetta, son of Victus, of that olden time when English and Saxon colonists were borrowing the Latin of the Romanised Britons, and dropping their h's like their Cockney Englekin of the nineteenth century.

Nennius tells us that Hengist invited his son and nephew, Octa and Ebissa, to follow him; and they "came and occupied many regions beyond the *Mare Frisicum*, as far as the confines of the Picts." This Frisian Sea, we have the trustworthy authority of Mr. W. F. Skene for saying, is none other than the Firth of Forth. The early Teutonic colonists of the Lothians were, it seems, Frisians. As they extended their new acquisitions northward they came in contact with the Pictlanders, determined the marches of their domain by the Forth, and appropriated the Pentland Hills as their own.

Here, then, is the meeting point of the races of Albanich, or North Britain. On the near horizon the Scottish metropolis is hemmed in with the fine range of hills which the Pehts still have pretty much to themselves, or share their rugged slopes and heathery braes with any fairies that may still linger there; with the sheep, and with the bees, "which murmur by the hour in foxglove bells." It

is the frontier of the Gwyddyl Ffichti, or Gaelic Picts. Midway stands the burg or citadel of the Saxon Edwin, crowning the long sloping ridge on which the town is built. At its base spreads out the Croft-an-righ, or King's field, of the Red Gael; and from this rises abruptly out of the low valley of Holyrood, like a lion couchant, guarding the adjacent palace and city, the hill dedicated to the mythic Arthur of the Britons; if not indeed the actual mount under which he slumbers, with his good sword Excalibur by his side, tarrying the coming time.

The lion of Arthur's Seat one might fancy is an indisputable antique, "old as the hills," whatever else be new. To modern eyes the outline of the couchant lion, lifting its head calmly in the picturesque contour of the hill, is so manifest, that it is hard to be persuaded that the idea is of modern origin. The Scottish lion, too, was so familiar to poet and herald in the olden time, that it seems marvellous to think that so obvious a likeness could escape them. From the old Bore Stane on the Boroughmuir the ruddy lion ramped in gold. The laureate of King James IV., in his beautiful allegory of "The Thrissil and the Rois," quaintly describes the same heraldic lion, as he:

"Before Dame Nature came, and did incline
 With visage bold and courage leonine.
 This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
 Piercing of look, and stout of countenance ;

Right strong of corpse, of fashion fair, but fear ;
 Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
 Red of his colour as is the ruby glance ;
 On field of gold he stood full mightily,
 With fleur-de-lycis circuitit lustily."

The poet of the new reign, Sir David Lindesay, himself Lord Lion Herald, might be supposed to have a still keener eye for the royal beast thus appropriately reposing as the guardian of the Scottish metropolis and the abbey which the successors of St. David had so long made their abode. But such resemblances are like the cloud of Polonius: "backed like a weasel," "very like a whale," yet after all, fashioned as insubstantially as "yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel." Either the hill or our eyes have changed ; for Maitland, writing about 1750, describes it as rising into three tops, "the uppermost part of which, at a north-west view, seems to represent the head and back of a camel."

But whether it be camel or lion, or Arthur's Chair : in times when it still loomed up dubiously in the cloudland of Pictish and Saxon myth ; while the sons of Woden were in conflict with the encroaching Petlanders ; the British Arthur somehow stepped in, and appropriated the finest hill in all the Lothians as his own. Though as to King Arthur and his royal seat, thus overtopping the Holyrood of later sovereigns, Gordon, Maitland,

Dalrymple, and the other antiquaries of the eighteenth century had no faith in the intruder. The Gaelic—which some of them were ready to swear had been the language of Paradise,—was the only admissible key to topographical nomenclature. Gordon had the highest Gaelic authority for affirming that Arthur's Oon, on the river Carron, was a mere Saxon corruption of the old Erse *ardhè-nan-suainhè*, "which word *ardhè* signifies *locus excelsus*, and *suainhè*, *insignia*:" an interpretation altogether confirmatory of his theory that the said Oon was a *sacellum*, or little chapel, erected by Julius Agricola, in which the *vexilla*, or ensigns of the legions, were kept. Arthur being thus summarily ejected from his Oon, it was not difficult to show that Arthur's Seat is no more than "a corruption of *ardhè-nan-saidhè*, signifying a convenient high ground to shoot from with bows and arrows!" Maitland gets a step nearer in his rendering of "*Ard-na-said*, the height of arrows: than which nothing could be more probable," he says. Antiquaries of the eighteenth century revelled in such philological legerdemain; but, in spite of their learned labours, King Arthur flourishes, and holds his own.

Whatever be the origin of the Arthurian memorials, they are scattered far and wide, with many a quaint tradition of the "blameless king," and his frail consort Guineverè. To the Welshman,

the constellation Lyra is still King Arthur's Harp. Upon a cairn in Bocuilt was a stone with the impression of the paws of Arthur's dog, which, in the time of Nennius, was one of the wonders of the island of Britain; for "though it should be carried away to any part of the world, it would be found in the same cairn again." Perhaps the faithful stone returned at last to find the cairn in Bocuilt gone. But to this day there are, in Cornwall, Arthur's Castle and Arthur's Table; at Cacrleon, in South Wales, another Arthur's Table; in Merionethshire, Arthur's Quoit; both in Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, King Arthur's Cave; and in Northumberland, King Arthur's Chair. Kirkcudbright has its Loch Arthur. In Forfarshire are the memorial stones marking the spot where, according to popular tradition, Arthur's Queen Guanora—as she is there called,—fell a captive into the hands of the Picts; and the tomb where she was buried; when, as the good wives of Meigle told the poet Gray, she "was raven to dethe by staned horses for nae gude that she did." Another Arthur's Chair lies away in the far north of Ross-shire; and the Lothians retain their Arthur's Seat to this day. And a worthy throne for the mythic king of legend and romance is this miniature mountain, with its basaltic cliff of overhanging columns, the "Samson's Ribs" of popular nomenclature; its echoing

rock, its Hunter's Bog, its lochs, and wells, and ruined shrine. The Royal Park which it adorns is without an equal in the fairest of the world's cities; though serener skies o'ercanopy the heights which look forth on the Bay of Naples, and light up the gardens of St. Sophia and the Golden Horn.

Maitland gravely says "that Arthur's Seat should be so called from Arthur, a British or Cumbrian king I cannot give in to; for the Right Reverend Geoffry of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph's account of him is stuffed with such monstrous fables and absurdities, that it has given reason to men of great eminence and learning to think there never was such a person in Britain as King Arthur." Gordon at any rate is satisfied to depose him from his northern seat, with the help of his Gaelic etymologies, "seeing," as he says, "in all our history we do not find any famous Scotchman called Arthur." But of such history as Arthur figures in, Scotland has its full share. Aneurin describes the bloody battle of Cath Bregion, which all day long raged around the Castle of Edinburgh, in :

"The war

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts
Of Celidon the forest; and again
By Castle Gurnion, where the glorious king
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's head,
Carved of one emerald, center'd in a sun

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed ;
 And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
 When the strong neighings of the wild white horse
 Set every gilded parapet shuddering ;
 And up in Agned Cat Bregonion too,
 And down the waste sand shores."

The learned author of *The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons* not only realises King Arthur as an actual historical entity, but he determines—to his own satisfaction at least,—the localities of many of his mighty deeds, and amongst them the one specially interesting to us. After the death of Hueil, the son of Nan, King of the Picts, and Arthur's special adversary, the historian goes on to say that "Arthur returned to the north, carried the war into Scotland against the Picts and the remnant of the Saxons, and gained his eleventh victory, Cat Bregon, on the hill of Agned, that is Edinburgh." If then the war of Arthur and his knights thundered in and out the gloomy skirts of the Drumselch forest, from the Castle-cliff to the slopes of Arthur Seat ; and from one or other of its heights the mythic king looked forth on the flying remnant of the defeated Picts, there may have been reason enough for transforming their Pictish "Height of Arrows" into Arthur Seat.

"The Right Reverend Bishop of St. Asaph's," as Maitland styles old Geoffrey of Monmouth, is about as safe a guide through the haze of those

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VOL. II.

THE SHEPHERD'S TRYST, ARTHUR'S SEAT, 1844

mythic times as Gaelic etymologies or Pictish genealogies; and when rendered into an Arthurian idyll, his gossip is charming as fancy can desire. But for history, local or general, it is not to be denied that less fanciful chroniclers are to be preferred. Let the good bishop have all due honour. There is no reason why Will-o'-the-wisp should not retain his quarters and play his liveliest pranks in the Hunter's Bog. He could nowhere be more at home. But it would be unwise for us to follow him, especially in those modern days when her Majesty's faithful Volunteers have set up their targets in that same bog, and made it uncomfortable for any wanderers more substantial than those of the Will-o'-the-wisp kind.



CHAPTER XX.

Rival Saints of the Lothians.

THE natural features of Edinburgh are so marked and indelible that it requires no great effort of the imagination to realise the scene which the landscape presented when the legionaries of Agricola or of Lollius Urbicus were stationed in its neighbourhood, and the Roman forts and vallum were in progress between the Forth and Clyde. Even in that unchronicled dawn, when the hunter of prehistoric times hewed down the oak in the neighbouring forest, and hollowed out as a sarcophagus for the buried chief disinterred in recent years on the northern slope of the Castlehill ; as at the comparatively modern date when Arthur and his Britons contended there through a long summer's day : the main features of the landscape did not greatly differ from the aspect which they still present. The savage of that antique past followed the chase in the forest of Drumselch or among the oak-glades of the Borough Muir, and raised the tumulus or constructed the cist of unhewn slabs of sandstone, where at length, after

the lapse of unnumbered centuries, the ashes of his dead have been disturbed, in laying the foundations of the modern city.

The landscape on which the poet of *Marmion* dwelt with so loving an eye can never be robbed of its grand picturesqueness and beauty. Hemmed in with the strength of its hills ; with Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags, Corstorphine and the Pentland Hills, marshalled around the Calton heights and the Castle rock, it is a scene on which the coldest eye cannot look unmoved. And now the heroism and the tragedy of more than a thousand years have added their associations to the scene. Centuries of historical renown animate the landscape, and link the long avenue of masonry from the Castle to the old palace of Holyrood with the romance of a nation's story. But the civic centre, the true "Heart of Midlothian," is the Castle rock, that huge mass of trap so strangely upheaved from beneath the sandstone strata on which the neighbouring town is reared. The broad esplanade is a work of very modern times, and has in so far effaced the insulation of the castellated height, which must have added so much to its unique character when crowned with the Celtic towers and Saxon chapel of Malcolm and Margaret's times, or with the lofty Norman keep built by their youngest son.

In the strife between Celtic and Saxon institu-

tions on the death of Malcolm Canmore, the great king of the race of the Gael, in 1093, Edinburgh lost its best chance of having a special saint, a sacred shrine, and a place of pilgrimage of its own. In earlier centuries the Lothians pertained to the kingdom of Northumbria; and Symeon of Durham, when reckoning the churches and towns belonging to the bishopric of Lindisfarne, under the year 854, includes Edinburgh among them. St. Cuthbert had, accordingly, his church sheltered under the Castle rock, where its successor still guards the site in huge, ungainly, modern ugliness. In times when Saint Cuthbert extended his favours to the Lothians, it was the chief church of the district around Edinburgh, and was enriched by valuable gifts. Early in the reign of David I., Macbeth of Liberton bestowed on it the tithes and oblations of Legbernard, a church of which all traces are now lost. The chapels of Corstorphine and Liberton, the Virgin Mary's Chapel in Portsburgh, and St. Roque's and St. John's Chapels on the Borough Muir, all pertained to it. The crown lands surrounding the Castle were bestowed on it by David I., and it claimed tithes of the fisheries on the neighbouring coast. It was, in fact, the wealthiest church in Scotland, with the one exception of that of Dunbar. But when David I. resolved on founding an abbey in honour of his mother's famous relic of the Holy Rood, it fell

from its old rank as the chief foundation and mother church of Mid-Lothian, and became a mere vicarage of the new abbey, which thenceforth drew the great tithes.

In 1647, when Gordon of Rothiemay executed his Bird's-eye View of Edinburgh, St. Cuthbert's is shown as a long cross church, though with the north transept omitted. An octagonal belfry rises from the west gable, and a large square tower stands at the south-west angle of the nave.

The south transept is long, and the omission of the corresponding one to the north is probably due to the 'rendering in bird's-eye perspective a sketch taken from the south-east, in which the north transept would necessarily be out of sight; for, curiously enough, the earliest notice of the purchase of a family burial-ground dates only two years before that in which Gordon's drawing was made, and helps us indirectly to fix the exact site of the north transept.

Among local magnates whose names once occupied a prominent place, the Nisbets of the Dean take eminent rank in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Henry Nisbet was provost of Edinburgh in 1597, when James VI. was engaged in fierce contention with the reformers and the Edinburgh mob; and the town was proclaimed at its own market-cross as "ane unfit place for the ministration of justice." Again we find Sir

William Nisbet of the Dean, provost of the city in 1616 and following years, when the poet Drummond of Hawthornden placed his muse at the service of the civic corporation, and furnished "the Muse's Welcome to the high and mighty Prince James, King, Defender of the Faith, etc. etc., at his Majesty's happie returne to his old and native kingdome of Scotland." In the following year Drummond entertained a far worthier guest ; and Edinburgh repaid the muse's services by rendering fitting honours to his friend and brother-poet. It needs not now that either artist or poet rival the promise of Collins' ode, to

" Dress once more the faded bower
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.

The natural beauties of Hawthornden make it a fit scene where fancy may sport at will with the poets' memories ; and the associations of a later minstrel have added fresh charms to the romantic dell, fragrant in olden times with the scent of the hawthorn bloom, through which the North Esk still wends its way past Roslin Castle, Drummond's tower, and Melville Grove, mid scenes of ancient song and story, to the meeting of the waters under Dalkeith palace.

" Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden ?"

The meeting of the poets "in Drummond's classic shade" has received its full meed of notice in recent times; for any fresh glimpse of the inner life of the poets of the Elizabethan age—the companions of Shakespeare,—is full of interest for us. But Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has one of his characteristic comments on the Hawthornden gossip, in his margina' notes. "Jonson's real name," he writes, "was Johnstone, if his own story be true that he sprang from Annandale, the nest of the Johnstones—all thieves. No Jonson was ever heard of there. I examined, long ago, many papers in my power, to find a Benjamin among those worthies, but without success. He got his Hebrew name by his mother, no doubt—the same who next married the bricklayer; threatened to poison herself when his *Eastward-ho!* put Benjamin's ears in danger; and was a prick-eared Puritan herself, I warrant you. Somehow Ben had had more to do with the Puritans than he relished. He owed them a grudge, and paid it. I think he amused himself at Hawthornden by telling as many lies to Drummond as he could invent. See their conversation—printed, but some things suppressed."

There is little doubt about Jonson's name having been the old Border one, whatever may have led to its change. In the first folios it is printed Ben: Iohnson; but a recent discovery places it be-

yond question that, in Edinburgh at least, the poet got his true Annandale surname in full. It is only within the last few years that the fact has been recalled, that, before his return to England, a banquet was given by the magistrates of Edinburgh to Benjamin Jonson, the English dramatist, Shakespeare's rival and eulogist, and Drummond's friend. An order in the Council Register of 25th September 1618 "ordains the Deyne of Gild to mak Benjamyne Jonsoun, inglisman, burges and Gild brother;" and a charge of thirteen pounds six and eightpence subsequently appears "for wrytting and gelting of Benjamine Johnestounes burges ticket." For the banquet itself the charge of the treasurer amounts to two hundred and twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence. Sir William Nisbet of the Dean presided as provost, with the author of *Every Man in his Humour*, of *The Fox*, and *The Alchymist*, on his right hand; and, doubtless, the poet of Hawthornden occupying a place of special distinction at the feast so honourable to all.

But associations of a very different character now recall to us the old knights of Deanhaugh. In March 1645, famous as the year of the plague, Sir William Nisbet of Dean made application to the Presbytery for a piece of ground within St. Cuthbert's cemetery; and in accordance therewith "they grantit him ane place at the north church

door, eastward, five elnes of length, and thrie elnes of bredth." The vault which he erected there, seemingly in the angle formed by the north transept and choir of the ancient church, still remains, surmounted by his arms: a memorial alike of the demolished fane and the extinct race. For, as the author of Nisbet's *Heraldry* relates, by the failure of the Nisbets of that Ilk, the Nisbets of the Dean were on the eve of becoming head of their house. The herald was himself sole representative of the proud old race; but, as he tells with touching pathos, in the immediate prospect of the failure of the elder line in his own person, the Nisbets of Dean had "laid aside the cheveron, a mark of cadency used formerly by the House of Dean, in regard that the family of Dean is the only family of that name in Scotland that has right, by consent, to represent the original family of the name of Nisbet, since the only lineal male representer, the author of this systèm, is like to go soon off the world, being an old man, and without issue male or female."

The death of Alexander Nisbet, Gent., to whom we owe the two curious folios of Scottish heraldry, took place in 1723. Another century witnessed the extinction of the old barons of the Dean. Their fine, antique mansion, overlooking the Deanhaugh, through which the Water of Leith finds its busy way among the mills and cottages

of the village of Dean—now hemmed in, and well-nigh swallowed up by the extending city,—was demolished in 1845; and when last I saw their old burial vault in St. Cuthbert's churchyard, the oak door was broken in, and the rank nettles and hemlock choked up the stair which led to the chamber of death. "The knights are dust;" the last of the old barons of Dean has been gathered to his fathers; and the Deanhaugh itself has superseded old St. Cuthbert's, as a cemetery for younger generations.

In the absence of any drawing of what was, doubtless, an edifice of characteristic picturesqueness, even in its latest stages of decay, the birds-eye view of St. Cuthbert's Church preserved by Gordon of Rothiemay, is full of interest. The ancient church was reduced nearly to a heap of ruins by the Duke of Gordon about forty years later, during the siege of the Castle, in 1689; and after repeated patchings and repairs, in the attempt to adapt it anew to the requirements of the parish, it was at length demolished to make way for the monstrous deformity which now occupies its site. One last incident connected with the old church is worthy of remembrance. The venerable walls, however greatly deformed by modern patchings and renovations, still occupied the ancient site, when Prince Charles returned in triumph to Edinburgh, and took up his residence at Holyrood,

after the defeat of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans. The Prince forthwith issued a proclamation that on the following Sunday no restrictions would be placed on the ministers of the city in the full exercise of their religious functions, excepting only that, in praying for the royal family, King George's name should not be mentioned. Only one minister within the city limits—the incumbent of Christ's Church at the Tron,—ventured to avail himself of this guarded license. But beyond the walls, the church of St. Cuthbert had a pastor worthy of the Northumbrian saint who guarded his own halidom with such jealous care. The Rev. Neil M'Vicar, a divine of the old covenanting metal, was not to be intimidated by the near neighbourhood of the Jacobite forces. He sent word to the commander of the Castle of his intention to continue the usual services of the day, and proceeded to his pulpit at the appointed hour. The church was crowded with an unusually numerous congregation, attracted by the report of his intentions, and his known intrepidity of character. As the clergyman scanned them, he could recognise many Jacobites from the neighbouring city, as well as members of the Highland force; but, wholly undaunted by their presence, he prayed, as usual, for King George by name, and then added, "And as for this young man who has come amongst us seeking an earthly crown,

we beseech Thee that he may obtain what is far better, a heavenly one!" The mantle of St. Cuthbert had descended on a worthy successor: and Prince Charles had to accept the charity of King George's bedesman with the best grace he could muster.

But St. Cuthbert was no reliable patron saint of the Lothians. His sympathies lay in another direction, and became more and more alienated from Scotland; though there is little doubt that his birthplace was in the vale of Tweed. He was in truth, a veritable Northumbrian of the old Anglian stock of the Heptarchy, at a time when King Oswald ruled from the Humber to the Forth; and was born close by the monastery of old Melrose. As a boy he tended sheep on the Eildon Hills; and there, when eight years of age, he was cured of lameness by an angel. The Venerable Bede, who wrote the life of St. Cuthbert some fifty years afterwards, was fourteen years old when he died. To Bede we owe the narrative of the event that led him to become a monk. One night, as he was tending his flock on the Tweed-side hills, he saw on a sudden, a stream of light break through the darkness, in the midst of which a company of angels descended to the earth, and having received among them a spirit of surpassing brightness, they bore it back with them to their heavenly home. When the morning came he

learned that Aidan, the good bishop of Lindisfarne, had died at the very moment of his vision; whereupon Cuthbert returned his sheep to their owner, and, proceeding to Melrose, entered on the monastic life. There in due time the novice became a brother of the order, succeeded Boisil as prior; and from thence passed to Holy Island, to become prior, anchorite, and bishop of Lindisfarne.

Soon after his consecration, Bishop Cuthbert had occasion to counsel King Egfrid not to wage war with the Picts; but he would not be advised; and leading his army northward to ravish Pictland, the holy bishop, as Bede tells us, saw in vision the death of the king, and told it to his queen, at her sister's nunnery at Carlyle. Aldfrid, the illegitimate brother of King Egfrid, had devoted himself to literature, and exiled himself "in Scotland to gratify his love of science." From this land of the studious Scots of that seventh century—which was no doubt Ireland,—the noble scholar now returned to the throne of Northumbria; and under him Bishop Cuthbert learned to look upon Picts, Scots, and other northern tribes with alien feelings, especially as they would persist in a tradition of their own as to the time of Easter, and wore the tonsure after a fashion which no Roman monk could endure.

It was unfortunate that when the Lothians

were in want of a saint and shrine of their own, to compete in pious rivalry with those of Galloway and Strathclyde, St. Cuthbert should have been so alienated from old home affections. Perhaps the humbleness of his northern parentage had something to do with this. The *sangre azul* would appear to have been as indispensable to the saints of early centuries as to any Spanish grandee of Charles V. St. Cuthbert's first biographer says as little as possible about his parentage; but, rather than allow of his being a whit behind the noblest of his rivals, the hagiologists of a later date discovered an identity between Cuddy, the shepherd boy of the vale of Melrose, and one Mulluce, the son of Muriadach, an Irish king of Meath. The old monks of Durham made the most of this royal genealogy; but his modern biographers renounce the fable. It answered its purpose, however, when such mundane honours were deemed indispensable for genuine saintship.

The famous promontory of Whithern in Galloway—the *Leucophibia* of the apocryphal Richard,—had its “Candida Casa” or white-walled cathedral overcanopying the shrine of the sainted Cumbrian prince and Scottish apostle St. Ninian. It occupied the site where, according to Bede, in the fifth century the Saint himself built the first church of stone, after a fashion strange to the Britons. To the following century belongs St. Kentigern,

who, like St. David of Wales, was a reputed nephew of King Arthur. Over his shrine rose the later beautiful crypt and cathedral of St. Mungo, on the green slope of the ravine through which the Molendinar burn finds its way to the Clyde. Kilrymont, beyond the Forth, had its Saint Rule, whose quaint little church and lofty tower have survived all but a ruined fragment of the later magnificent cathedral of St. Andrew the Apostle. But Edinburgh remained for centuries thereafter an exposed military station, on the frontier debateable land between Celtic Scotland and Saxon England. When the Northumbrian Thor the Long, received—as he tells us in his old charter of the eleventh century, still preserved with the interesting portraiture of its seal, in the treasury at Durham,—the gift of Edenham, on the north bank of the Tweed, from Edgar, his lord, King of Scots, it was then a desert; as much else of the exposed Lothians was apt to be. But there, he says, “with his help and my own money, I peopled it, and have built a church in honour of St. Cuthbert; which church, with a ploughgate of land, I have given to God and to St. Cuthbert and his monks, to be possessed by them for ever.” Thus was the Northumbrian saint recognised as the fitting mediator, under whose protection the Lothians were to be won back to civilisation. But for centuries thereafter Edinburgh remained a

fitter site for the fortress on its Maydyn rock than for any shrine for the resort of Christian pilgrims. It was in those olden times but an outlying appendage to "the holy land of St. Cuthbert," whose magnificent shrine occupied a site not unlike its own, overlooking the windings of the Wear, while underneath Edwin's castellated steep stood the most northerly church dedicated to the Northumbrian saint.

The good St. Cuthbert has had an uneasy time of it in his grave. Dying in his cell on one of the Farne Islands, off the stormy coast of Northumberland, in A.D. 688, his body was carried to Holy Island, and buried in his own cathedral church of Lindisfarne, in a coffin of stone. Eleven years thereafter, as Bede records, the monks disturbed his rest, to place the sainted remains in a tomb or shrine above ground, which the heathen Danes spoiled and defaced before the close of the eighth century. Scotland then missed a grand chance, for the monks of Lindisfarne fled thither, bearing on their shoulders the *feretrum* containing the relics of St. Cuthbert. They reached Whitherne, on the remote Galwegian coast; but St. Ringan had no room for a rival saint. They tried Melrose, near to which the saint had tended his sheep before he entered the neighbouring abbey. But the scene of his novitiate in the lovely valley of the Tweed had no attractions for the dead saint.

Possibly its pastoral associations conflicted with the royal pedigree which the monks of Lindisfarne had in special favour. So, after a brief sojourn, he embarked on the Scottish river in his coffin of stone, and never tarried till he landed at Tilmouth in Northumberland. We need not follow the fastidious saint through his English wanderings, to Chester-le-Street, Ripon, Dunholm, and so at last to Durham, where the *feretrum* became immovable. The saint had at length found a locality suited to his taste ; and a more magnificent site could scarcely be found than that where

“ After many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.”

Thither the old pilgrim from the north beheld from the cross of Mountjoy, where first the city comes into view, the lovely vale of the Wear, and high above, crowning the river-cliff, the cathedral, the conventual buildings, and the Norman keep of the prince-bishop of the Palatine.

This was for Northumbria what the shrine of St. Thomas was for the pilgrims of the south ; and had it had a Chaucer of its own, he would have found noteworthy among its memorable features the Galilee built by Bishop Hugh de Pudsey outside the cathedral, at its west end, on the very edge of the river-cliff, that there females might enjoy some

scant liberty of worship. For of womankind the saint had an undisguised aversion ; and "if any woman chanced to come within the abbey gates, or within any precinct of the house, she was taken and set fast, and punished, to give example to all others." The outlook from the cross of Mountjoy had therefore no charm to attract female pilgrims, till Bishop Pudsey bethought him of the unwisdom of utterly excluding the better half of the world from St. Cuthbert's shrine ; and so, after a vain attempt to build his Lady's Chapel at the east end of the cathedral, he stuck it outside the porch. It no doubt added a certain piquancy to pilgrimage to make one's way to a forbidden shrine. To the modern pilgrim this curious architectural excrescence is the most interesting spot of all. Whether St. Cuthbert's bones do, or do not, still rest in the choir has been the subject of an amount of learned and acrimonious controversy amazingly disproportioned to any rational significance involved in the result. But here, at any rate, in the second aisle of the Galilee, the bones of the venerable historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church repose in peace, in a tomb of massive simplicity, with its leonine couplet saying all that could be desired:—

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA
BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.

Well would it have been for Scotland could

she have shown in Melrose Abbey such another inscribed feretory bearing the name of Cuthbert. Great indeed was the loss that Scotland sustained when the Tweed bore off that strange ship of stone, freighted with St. Cuthbert's body. Had it but had a chance of trying the air on Edinburgh's castled steep, or reposing on the neighbouring ridge which St. Giles's crowns with such grace, what a different story the chroniclers might have had to tell. When the holy territory of St. Cuthbert was threatened by the approach of the Norman Conqueror, the saint raised such a mist that his beglamoured host could not find its way across the Tees; and when the Conqueror, on his way back from Scotland, bethought him of uncovering the shrine, that he might look on the incorruptible body, he was smitten with fever that very hour, and fled precipitately beyond the hallowed bounds. At the famous battle of Neville's Cross, fought A.D. 1346, David, King of Scots, invaded the halidom, and so "violated the peace of St. Cuthbert." Thereupon, the night before the battle, John Fossour, prior of Durham, was warned in vision to take the holy corporax cloth wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to display this on the point of a spear, from the red hills outside the city. The result abundantly proved how great was the loss to Scotland when St. Cuthbert failed

to find a resting-place on her soil. The Scots were utterly defeated; the king himself was taken prisoner, and with him four earls and two lords, besides many others slain on the field. The captors also included among their prizes the Archbishop of St. Andrews and another Scottish bishop. But worse than all, and infinitely more precious to the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the Black Rood, the famous national palladium which Scotland owed to her sainted Queen Margaret, had fallen into the enemy's hands. It had been ravished before, and got back by treaty, after its removal by Edward I.; but this was the last of it, so far as Scotland was concerned. The monks of Holyrood had to find another rood; and to furbish up legends to garnish the history of their foundation, and account for its miraculous acquisition by their royal founder, if they would not have their abbey deserted as a despoiled and empty shrine.

The ancient kingdom of Northumbria extended from the Humber to the Forth, when Edwin the Angle was king. His queen, Edelberga, had as her confessor St. Augustine of Canterbury; and to him is ascribed the conversion of the pagan king, by whom the grey old rock above St. Cuthbert's church was fortified anew, sometime after his baptism in 627. Of old the Maydyn Castle of its Pictish lords, it now received the name which has ever since adhered to it, of

Dun Edin, or Edwinsburg. King Edwin himself bears the title of saint and martyr in the old English kalendar. But the royal saint's relics are said to have been removed to Rochester, where Queen Edelberga's confessor became bishop; and where he, St. Paulinus, St. Ithamar, and other primitive saints were all cast into the shade by the sanctity of St. William of Rochester. This famous saint was a Scottish baker, who, after proving his piety in his native city of Perth, by giving away every tenth loaf to the poor, undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but falling among thieves on the old Watlinga Street, his murdered body was enshrined in Rochester cathedral, and himself canonised in A.D. 1256.

But some two centuries before that, in A.D. 1067, there came to Scotland Edgar, the son of Edward the Atheling, and with him his mother Agatha, and his sisters Margaret and Christina, fugitives from Saxon England, where the victor of Hastings had done his worst. Thus was cast, like a wrecked waif on the shores of the Forth, the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside; or, as hagiologists prefer to reckon, the grandniece of Edward, the sainted Confessor: "the Glorious King and Confessor," as he is styled in the genuine Richard of Cirencester's *Speculum Historiale*, "whose life, from boyhood to age, shining brightly with countless miracles, will

supply to every one who attentively regards it, a grateful incentive to the practice of virtues." The grandniece of this saintly king had resolved to devote herself to a religious life, which in that age was assumed to be wholly irreconcilable with the social and domestic virtues. But Malcolm Canmore, at whose court the exiles were entertained, was then a widower, by the recent death of his first queen, Ingibiorg, surnamed Earlamodir, the widow of Earl Thorfinn. Edgar seconded the royal suitor's advances, and so, says the Saxon Chronicle, "the marriage was fulfilled, as God, without whom not a sparrow falls, had ordained, though against her will." Then, in the homely simplicity of the ancient chronicle, it is added, the good Queen Margaret, "led the king out of the wrong path into the right; brought him and his people to a better way, and abolished all the evil customs which the nation had followed aforetime; for, as St. Paul says, 'full oft the unbelieving husband is sanctified and healed through the believing wife.'"

Thus the sister of Edgar, the heir of Alfred's throne, became queen of Malcolm Canmore, and in due time the mother of kings. She made a faithful and loving wife and mother; yet never, probably, wholly abjured her maiden longings for the life of the cloister. She was deeply tinged with the asceticism which then claimed a foremost

rank among Christian virtues ; and the Roman Breviary records the graces of the sainted queen in the lessons of her festival. There is no doubt that she was a pious queen and a good woman, bringing with her the refinements of civilisation to a barbarous court ; exercising a wonderful influence on the king and his rude chiefs ; and stamping a novel character on the ecclesiastical system of her adopted country.

Malcolm Canmore could not read. Such an accomplishment was in light esteem among laymen in his day. But his own younger years had been passed in exile at the court of the Confessor ; and hence he was familiar with the Saxon, as well as the Pictish or Gaelic tongue. With him accordingly for her interpreter, the queen was able to exhort the Scottish clergy to Lenten fasts prolonged through a period undreamt of by them before. She would seem indeed to have assumed the office of an evangelist and ecclesiastical reformer of the old Culdee church.

The manners of the court were no less reformed under the benign influences of the good queen. She softened the barbarous ferocity of its rude soldiers, and encouraged a magnificence of attire, and a numerous royal retinue, unknown before at the primitive Celtic court. Oddly enough, indeed, Lord Hailes infers from the description of the novel vestments which made new men of Malcolm's

retainers, that the Scottish tartan may have then originated with the Saxon queen, in lieu of the more primitive furs and dressed skins of the mountaineers. She also encouraged no less a costliness of display at the royal table; dishes and flagons of gold and silver—or, at the least, gilded and silvered over, as the good Father Turgot honestly says, in amendment of his somewhat too florid tale.

But if Queen Margaret encouraged magnificence in dress, and at the table, as an antidote to the barbarism of a rude age, her own favourite displays were of another kind: cooking daily the food for nine orphans; feeding them as she knelt before them; washing the feet of six beggars every evening; and indulging in like unpractical charities, such as constituted the highest type of virtue in that age. For the rest, her biography is a very disappointing piece of contemporary narrative, coming professedly from one who dwelt at the court of Malcolm Canmore, and tarried with her in Edinburgh Castle while the king and his eldest son went forth on their last foray. We are told, indeed, that the rough soldier was fond of handling her books of devotion, though he could not read them; and at times affectionately kissed her favourite volumes. No doubt she introduced a higher civilisation, and a devout, if superstitious veneration for sacred things, such as had prevailed

at the court of the Confessor. But what would one not give for a little Boswellian gossip, telling us of Malcolm and Margaret's ordinary life and procedure, and of the actual royal furnishings and guests in the old Castle hall, instead of such mere stereotyped rhapsodies of the hagiologist!

But the closing scenes, on which the biographer dwells with special unction, are, at any rate, definitely located in the Castle of Edinburgh. There, in the gloomy days of November, in that old year 1093, Queen Margaret lay a-dying, in what is designated long after, in a charter of Alexander III. of 1278, "the king's chamber, called the chamber of St. Margaret the Queen." The legends of the royal saint perpetuate themselves to our own day. Her biographer tells that for half a year and more she had hardly been able to rise from bed. In the Roman Breviary, indeed, her marvellous patience through the most bitter sufferings assumes the rank of martyrdom. During this protracted illness, as Boece narrates, the queen, in her meditations on the holy sisterhood of martyred saints, bethought her of the special virtues of St. Katherine, and prayed that she would bring her some of the sacred oil from Mount Sinai. St. Katherine is a very mythical personage, though honoured above most virgin saints. She was a daughter of Costis, king of Egypt; and famed among the maidens of Alexandria no less

for learning than for piety. Martyred, after many miraculous interventions, in the persecution of the Emperor Maximian II., her body was borne by angels over the Red Sea to the top of Mount Sinai. There the famous old traveller, Sir John Mandeville, saw her relics in 1324, and, as he tells us, the abbot of the convent "with a silver instrument rubbeth the bones, and there forthwith issueth a little oil, as though they were sweating, which is neither like to oil, nor to balm, but it is full sweet to the smell; and of that a little is given to the pilgrims." But, at the supplication of the dying queen, St. Katherine herself undertook to be the bearer of the precious balm. Speeding her way from Mount Sinai, she tarried to rest herself on the very last height before that of Liberton, where the Castle would have come into view, and there she spilled the holy oil on which the queen's recovery depended. But the errand had not been in vain. A fountain forthwith issued from the spot, endowed with healing virtue for all times; and there accordingly may be seen to this day the Balm Well of St. Katherine, on the surface of which there constantly floats a black bituminous substance, still esteemed for its healing effects in cutaneous diseases. To the merely secular mind its origin is traceable to the underlying coal seams. But the old Scottish historian ascribed to it the like

miraculous characteristic of the manna of the wilderness whence it had been brought; and still the peasant will point you to the fact that when not in demand there is no increase of the precious unguent; and, however much may be removed, none the less remains.

While Queen Margaret lay a-dying in her chamber in the Castle of Edinburgh, Malcolm, and their eldest son Edward, then a youth of about twenty years of age, were laying siege to Alnwick Castle, the old Northumbrian keep of the Percies, which still shows among its diversified architecture the rich Norman gateway which stood there in Malcolm's time. Near by, also, is Malcolm's Cross, restored on the site of an older memorial stone, to mark the spot where, as we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, Malcolm and his son Edward were treacherously slain by their own godsib, Moræl of Banborough.

The miraculous attributes of saintship predominate in the biographical incidents of the good queen. On the fourth day before her decease she became suddenly overpowered with sadness, and said to those in waiting, "Perchance this day there hath happened an evil to this kingdom so great as hath not visited it for long time." Four days thereafter she rose from her sick-bed, repaired to the chapel of the Holy Rood, within the Castle, and there partook for the last time of the holy

sacrament. She then returned to her couch, and desired the prized relic of the Black Rood to be produced. It is described by Ailred, the biographer and panegyrist of David I., as a reliquary about an ell long, of most wonderful workmanship, wrought of pure gold, and shutting and opening like a chest. Within this lay a portion of the true cross, the verity of which had been demonstrated by most convincing miracles ; and on the wood was a figure of the Redeemer, carved in ebony, and marvellously inlaid with gold. The grandniece of the Confessor had brought it with her on her flight to Scotland, as her most precious inheritance. For it her youngest son, David, founded the monastery of Holyrood ; and with its aid his luckless namesake, David II., tried in vain to outwit the saintly wiles of St. Cuthbert at Neville's Cross. Thenceforth it was lost to Scotland, and so long as its existence is recorded, it remained a trophy in Durham Cathedral, attached to the right hand pillar beside St. Cuthbert's shrine.

The good brother Turgot, or whoever is the actual eye-witness and narrator of this royal death-bed scene, tells us that the reliquary in which lay the Black Rood could not be instantly opened ; and this the queen, greatly sorrowing, interpreted as an evil omen. But at length the relic was produced, and holding it in both hands, she chanted the fiftieth Psalm : " Give us help from trouble, for

vain is the help of man." Thus faintly murmured the dying queen, when her son Edgar entered the chamber, and approached her couch. He had just returned from the Scottish army, and she demanded of him, "How fares it with the king and my son Edward?" His look, we may imagine, revealed the truth, and she forthwith adjured him by the holy relic she held in her hands to tell her the worst. Devoutly accepting the bitter disclosure as one last anguish for the purifying of her soul in the furnace of affliction, the widowed queen exclaimed, in the language of her breviary: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast given new light to the world by thy death, deliver me!" and as she uttered the last words, *libera me*, she expired.

This death-bed scene of the Scottish Queen, the representative of the royal race of Cerdic and Alfred, gleams with a picturesque vividness out of that old century. Place and time are equally distinct. The time was the 16th of November 1093; the place, the summit of the Castle rock; and, as I fancy, on the site now occupied by the northern side of the great quadrangle, where a church, erected in later times, stood till near the close of the eighteenth century. Edgar, Alexander, David, then a mere boy, and little Maud, the future Queen of Henry Beauclerc, and mother of Matilda the Plantagenet, were all there, and with them the good brother to whose narrative we owe this

glimpse of that olden time. He tells us, indeed, of St. Margaret anticipating the tidings at the very moment of the King's fall, and much else of the like kind ; but it is pleasanter to dwell on the one vivid scene of the sorrowing queen and mother expiring there surrounded by that loving circle.

The festival of St. Margaret has changed with the exigencies of her royal race. When she was canonised by Pope Innocent IV. in 1251, the 16th of November was retained as the day of her commemoration. But in 1693—exactly six centuries after her death,—the Holy College adjudged the 10th of June as her high day in the kalendar. On that day the poor child who grew up to inherit the unenviable title of Pretender, was born ; and the interests of the church were supposed to require such a politico-religious alliance between the Stuart heir and the sainted queen ; so Pope Innocent XII. authorised a new translation of her relics. But not even the canonised bones of St. Margaret of Scotland could avert the ruin of that fated line.

The death of the Queen could not be unattended with miracles. She desired to be buried in the church of her own founding at Dunfermline, where she had been wedded twenty-three years before. But Donald Bane, Canmore's younger brother, laid siege to the Castle, bent on claiming the succession, according to Celtic usage, as the eldest

male of the royal line ; and so it seemed that the queen's last wish could not be carried out. But relying on the virtues of the dead saint, the monks arrayed her body honourably as became a queen, and bore it forth by a postern on the west side of the Castle ; a miraculous mist hid them from the besiegers, and they got safely with their precious freight to Dunfermline. There it was her desire to be buried before the altar of the Holy Rood ; for she had provided for her own church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline another prized fragment of the true cross, splendidly inlaid in gold and silver, and adorned with precious stones, though in no degree comparable to the famous national palladium of the Black Rood. That it should require a miracle to raise a Scotch mist in the month of November on the coast of the Forth ; or an English one, like that with which St. Cuthbert outwitted the Norman invader of his halidom, would imply a wondrous change of climate in the intervening centuries. Possibly, however, the mists, as well as the tartans, which have been so plentiful since, are equally due to the saintly queen. Certain it is, according to the chroniclers of the times, once the royal remains reached Dunfermline, they wrought miracles enough.

Brother Turgot, whom the queen had loved above all others for his simplicity and purity, no

doubt helped to bear her remains across the Forth. That done, he fled to Durham, assumed the habit of a monk at the shrine of St. Cuthbert ; and at the translation and grand identification of that saint's remains in 1104, Turgot, now' Abbot of Durham, took the lead. But not even the abbot's favour for the sainted queen could have found shelter for her remains in his Abbey church. St. Cuthbert had an invincible repugnance to woman-kind ; would not tolerate their approach to his shrine ; and being thus prone to unreasonable prejudices, he unfortunately included Scotland among his antipathies. He had perhaps a special reason for bearing St. Margaret no good will. Before she made her appearance he was evidently the favourite saint of the Lothians. But this proved all the worse for them when he was known only as ancient friend turned foe. As to his corporax cloth, after it had been approved by the capture of King David and the Black Rood of Scotland, it was let into a banner of white velvet, on which was wrought a red cross. This was the famous "banner of St. Cuthbert," of evil omen to the Scots. It was borne across the border in the invasions of Richard II., when Edinburgh was laid in ashes, and the old Norman church of St. Giles was ruined. Again it was the harbinger of fire and blood when Henry IV. inaugurated his new dynasty by a grand invasion of Scotland ; and with

worse omen, it floated over the men of the halidom under Flodden Hill. When next the burghers of Edinburgh met the English invaders at Pinkey Cleuch, the saint's corporax cloth had fallen into discredit, his monastery had been dissolved and—worse than all,—in open contempt of St. Cuthbert's most cherished antipathies, the Dean of Durham had taken to himself a wife. Now was the time for reprisals. It was not, perhaps, without an eye to the slights to which her sex had so long been subjected, that Dean Whittingham's wife thrust the ill-omened banner into the fire: "to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient reliques." As to the Black Rood and its golden reliquary, the fate of it is not difficult to surmise. Times had indeed changed since the Saxon princess brought with her to Scotland the prized relic—the gift, as we may fancy, of the sainted confessor.



CHAPTER XXI.

St. Margaret and her Relics.

WELLNIGH eight hundred years divide us from that day when the sons of St. Margaret, with their little sister Maud, gathered round their mother's death-bed in the Castle of Edinburgh. Many a rough handling the old rock has withstood since its towers were besieged by Donald Bane, and his western kernes and gallow-glasses. In the interval Queen Victoria has succeeded both to Canmore and the Red King. Yet through all the storms of eight centuries, there still survives on the old Castle-rock a fitting memorial of the sainted Queen.

The Saxonising of the Lothians was accomplished by curious processes. When Malcolm Canmore swept like a destroying fury through Northumberland, and in revenge for the defection of Earl Cospatrick, laid Cumberland waste, the invaders drove back such crowds of English slaves, that Symeon of Durham tells of such captives being settled in every hamlet beyond the border. In the Conqueror's Domesday Book,

a vast territory in Northumbria, nearly as far south as York, is described as a desert. Many starving fugitives followed their captive kin northward in search of an asylum, and so colonised the lowlands with such refugees. When the sister of the Atheling became the Scottish queen, they had a powerful advocate to appeal to; and the court of Malcolm became the natural resort of the aggrieved Saxon thanes. In this way an Anglo-Saxon element soon gained a permanent footing to the south of the Forth.

Of all the six sons of Margaret, not one received a name derived from the royal lines of Pict or Gael. Edward, Edmund, Ethelred, and Edgar, are all Saxon names derived from her own royal kin; Alexander, it is supposed, was named in honour of his Holiness Pope Alexander II., and so that name got introduced into Scotland, which has since been specially appropriated to it, and its Sandys and Sawneys. As to David, if his name has any relation to the Celtic race, it is to the Britons of Wales, among whom St. David was pre-eminent. The cathedral in which his shrine was placed bore the name of "Ty Ddewi," or the House of David; and the cathedral city was regarded as the most sacred spot in the principality. If then she was to go outside of her own royal race, who so fit to furnish a name for the youngest of the sons of St. Margaret, as the British St.

David. The Queen evidently had a will of her own, for all her saintly ways; and had a knack of getting her own way, both with clergy and laity.

Donald Bane, or King Donald VII., reigned a few months, during which the native race doubtless resumed some of their old ways, and the Culdee clergy relapsed into the practices of the native church. Then came the son of Ingibjorg, the widow of Earl Thorfinn, and mother of the Earls, Paul and Erlender. Ingibjorg, the fair widow, is celebrated in the runes of the great Orkney tumulus of Maeshow; and to her, according to the Orkneyinga Saga, Malcolm was wedded after the death of the Earl, in 1064. To him she bore Duncan, and as his marriage to the Saxon princess took place in 1067, Ingibjorg cannot have long survived the birth of her son. As for Duncan—mistakenly spoken of by most Scottish historians as illegitimate,—he was doubtless in little favour with the new Queen. But he grew up a rough soldier, under his father's eye; was left by him as a hostage in England while still a youth; and when he learned of the accession of his uncle Donald, William Rufus, who had already knighted him, was easily induced to favour and aid his pretensions to the Scottish throne, on promise of fealty and allegiance. At the head of a band of Norman and English invaders, he drove

his uncle from the throne, and reigned for a couple of years, leaving a very hazy and undefined image on that old historical background, whereon his youngest half-brother plays so prominent a part.

As to Queen Margaret's sons, they had been educated under her own eye with conscientious austerity. Their preceptors were enjoined to an unsparing use of the rod. As to poor little Maud, she was entrusted to the care of her mother's sister, then Abbess of Romsey; and when, on her becoming the Queen of Henry Beauclerc, Archbishop Anslem was blamed for sanctioning the marriage of a nun, she revealed somewhat of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected. "I never took the veil;" she said, "but when I was quite a young girl, trembling under the rod of my Aunt Christina, she used to place a little black hood on my head, to protect me from the lawless insolence of the Normans; and when I tore it off she would beat me cruelly, scolding me during the punishment in the harshest language. So in her presence I wore it in tears and trembling." But, as Bishop Eadmer further adds, "whenever her father saw it, he would pluck it off in extreme rage." He was doubtless fortunate in his choice between the two sisters; but even the saintly Margaret was probably more admirable than lovable. Her training, however, fully realised her aims. Her youngest son, especially, lived to

rival her in saintly devotion to the church ; and above all, to her favourite relic the Black Rood. But somehow, neither the saints nor their relics seem to have stood Scotland in good stead ; and the country never throve so well as when it had seen the last of them. As for the Black Rood of Scotland, it came in with the Saxon fugitives, and seems to have had an English heart. It ever failed her in her hour of need ; and it was a good riddance when St. Cuthbert got it for good and all.

A church was ere long reared in honour of St. Margaret in the Castle of Edinburgh ; and but for her own preference for Dunfermline, the shrine of the sainted Queen and patroness of Scotland might have made of Edinburgh the metropolitan see, and the special resort of the pilgrims of the Lothians. But uneasy lies the head that wears the aureol of saintship. What with the embalmments of royalty, and the enshrinements of saints, they are little to be envied by humble folks who go quietly to dust in their unheeded graves. St. Dennis and Holyrood kept their honoured dead only for dishonour at last ; and as for St. Cuthbert's and St. Margaret's shrines, their shiftings and changings had a flavour of miracle and glory about them for a time ; but they ended ignominiously enough at last. St. Cuthbert's uneasy wanderings, and repeated disinterments, down to the last in

1827, are enough to make any ordinary mortal well content that he is a sinner. When his vault was opened, and the covering-slab turned over, it was seen to bear on its under side, in fifteenth-century characters, this inscription :—

RICHARDUS HESWELL MONACHUS.

Somehow whenever a bit of monkish mystification is in hand, a monk Richard seems to turn up for the occasion ; till the perplexed antiquary—who has already had dealings with Prior Richard of Croyland Abbey, and Richard of Westminster, and Ricardus Corinensis, and Fryar Rycharde, whose iters of the west were studied by the good priest Rowley, in his cell at Cirencester, and now with this Richardus Monachus in the very shrine of St. Cuthbert,—is ready to exclaim :—

“ I think there be six Richards in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.”

The genuine claimant of this sepulchral slab, was bursar of Durham in 1405, prior of Lytham in 1411, and died at Durham about the middle of the century. If the chapless skull which greeted with its broad grin the sacrilegious heretics who in recent years profaned the tomb of Durham's patron saint, was indeed that of Monk Richard the old bursar, then it would appear that he who kept the purse was no saint ; for the indispensable proof of genuine saintship seems to be the

undecaying survival of the body through all vicissitudes of time and change. The latest biographer of St. Cuthbert details the successive disinterments, and assures us "the body of the saint was always found incorrupt, even in the middle of the sixteenth century," as when Prior Turgot and the brethren in 1104, inhaled the odour of sweetest fragrance, on raising the coffin lid, and looking upon the saint lying within, "more like one asleep than dead." Reginald mentions that a fillet, or thin gold plate then lay on the forehead. The unsentimental explorers of 1827 tell us that on examining the forehead of the skull which then occupied the same place, a yellow tint was observed on the forehead where the fillet of gold had been, and which "could never have been so imprinted if flesh and blood had ever intervened between its cause and the bone."

It is the comforting belief of those who would still venerate "the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert," that in anticipation of the evil days that were at hand, his remains were secretly removed to another grave, and the bones of the old bursar put in his place. The last known reinterment of olden times is that of 1542, of which the bill of expenses is preserved in minute detail, including "6d. per day, given to Cuthbert Jonson, for himself and his servant, for three days' work at the tomb of St. Cuthbert, and at the marble slab:"

when it is most probable that Richard Haswell's borrowed slab was appropriated, and dressed anew in its later presentable form. The old bursar had enjoyed its use for little short of a century, and could afford to dispense with it. But it would be a melancholy reflection to think of the Catholic pilgrims of modern centuries, not only kneeling on Richard's reversed slab, but actually above the bones of him who "kept the bag," when as the very Rev. Monsignor Eyre, chamberlain of honour to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., says in his biography of the saint, they still love to frequent the church, and visit this hallowed spot, to beg of God all blessings, for the sake of his servant, that holy man, St. Cuthbert. Had the monks to whom Mary Tudor for a brief space restored the custody of the church and shrine, indeed, taken timely forethought to carry off the body, it seems far from likely that they would have troubled themselves to supply its place, and invest poor Richard's bones with thread of gold, wrought with figures of prophets and evangelists in fine tapestry work on a silken ground, two maniples of like beautiful workmanship, with figures of St. Gregory, St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Sixtus, etc., two bracelets of gold tissue, a jewelled pectoral cross of gold, and a silver portable altar. There was, indeed, also a *bourse*, or small bag of fine linen, but fitted rather to hold the saint's portable *dunderino* cap.

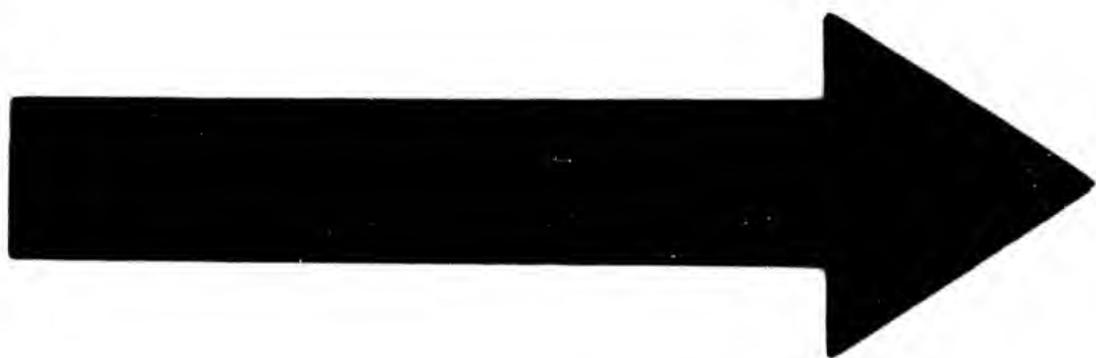
of St. John's Gospel, found buried with him in 1104; than to have served for any practical uses of the Abbey bursar. "Was this then the body of St. Cuthbert?" asks the very reverend hagiologist who chooses as the motto for his life of the saint, those scarcely appropriate words from the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus: "Their bodies are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation." Surely of no man could it less truly be said than of St. Cuthbert that his body is buried in peace; for the one consolation remaining to his devout worshippers is that another translation is still in store for the sainted bones.

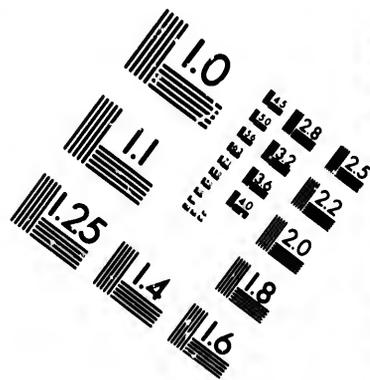
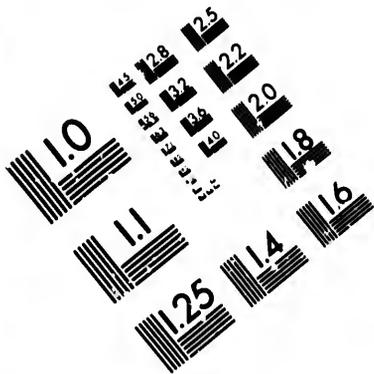
The reader of *Marmion* will remember that when the nuns of Lindisfarne vied with their sisters of St. Hilda in counting the virtues and the miraculous wanderings of their patron saint, until his fastidious taste was satisfied with the picturesque height overlooking the Wear, they added this crowning mystery:—

" There deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace."

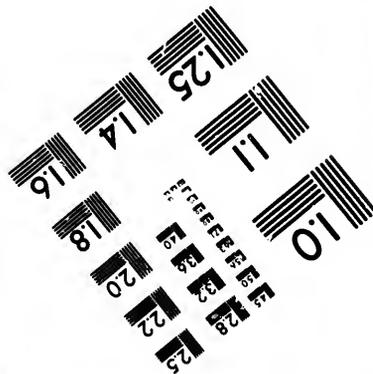
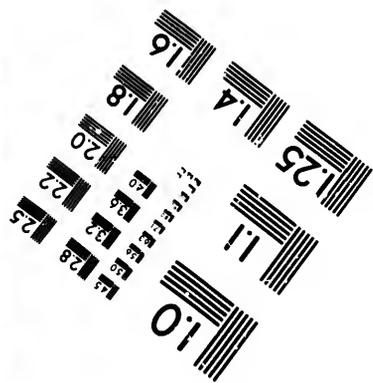
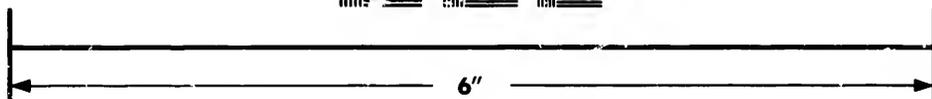
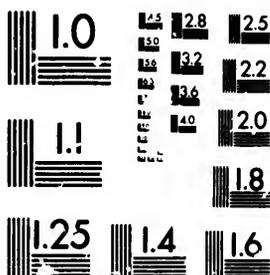
That certain English Benedictine monks do still profess to know where the body of St. Cuthbert

lies, and have among them a plan of the cathedral marked with the spot to which it was secretly removed in 1558, is confidently affirmed. The chief result of such proceeding, so far, would seem to be the beguiling of devout pilgrims into expending misplaced devotions at a ravished shrine. In its secret hiding-place, however, according to devout belief, the still uncorrupted body of the saint lies, while the bones of monk Richard play the part of *locum tenens* in his old vault. But Monsignor Eyre evidently feels a little dubious. Could it be possible that the pious monks of Mary Tudor would leave to the profanation of heretics the jewelled pectoral cross of the saint, and the actual stole and maniple made by Queen Alflaed for Bishop Frithestan, as still recorded on the stole under the figures of St. John the Evangelist, and St. Thomas the Apostle: "Ælflæd fieri precepit pio Episcopo Fridestano?" Even less likely does it seem that the portable altar of inlaid silver-work should have been left behind. So the prudent hagiologist adds, in anticipation of all possible contingencies: "Whether the remains found were or were not the relics of St. Cuthbert, the question of the incorruption of the body down to 1837 is not thereby at all affected. If they were his remains, and the fact ever comes to be fully substantiated, we should then venerate them no less than they were venerated when the body was whole,





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and we should come to the conclusion that God, who never worked a miracle to confirm any religious belief but that of the Holy Catholic Church, was unwilling that a miracle already worked should subsist, when the remains had fallen into the hands of schismatics." In other words, the instant the Rev. James Raine, the heretical librarian of Durham Cathedral, in company with two prebendaries, and three officials of the chapter, approached the vault with a view to look in on its mysteries, the hitherto incorruptible body vanished away, leaving only the bare bones to greet their profane eyes. This, therefore, is the last of St. Cuthbert's miracles: in which comfortable belief one would fancy the most gracious task the good Benedictines could perform would be to inscribe over the tomb their *REQUIESCAT IN PACE*, and let the saint have peace at last.

As to St. Margaret, she too had her full share of the unrest which pertains to the honours of a fertory and saintly shrine. One famous removal specially attracts our notice by its miraculous evidence of the virtues of the loving wife strangely surviving those of the ascetic martyr. The royal husband's remains, which had been originally buried at Tynemouth, were afterwards brought to Dunfermline; and when, in 1250, St. Margaret's canonised bones were translated to a shrine decorated with gold and jewels, in the newly

built choir of the abbey, in presence of the king, Alexander III., and a brilliant array of ecclesiastics and courtiers, it was seen that even in her ashes lived their wonted fire. The Breviary of Aberdeen, following in the main the metrical narrative of Wyntown, records the memorable event. As the shrine was being carried by bishops, earls, and barons, to its place of honour in the choir, the bearers were suddenly oppressed with its increasing weight. In vain additional help was given; the shrine could in no way be moved farther. Much amazed, the bearers betook themselves to prayer, imputing the impediment to their own unworthiness, when a voice warned them that the relics of the sainted queen could in no wise be carried farther until they took up the body of her husband which lay thereby. Malcolm's remains were accordingly taken out of their tomb on the north side of the nave; and then husband and wife were borne together with ease to their common resting-place within the choir. So, as Wyntown says, this miracle

Notis gret reverens dwne til hyr Lord,
As she oysid in hyr lyf,
Quhen she was hys spowsyd wyf;

and so the chronicler, who had previously noted the translation of St. Margaret's relics, returns to the subject, in order to record this miracle:—

That suld noucht have bene foryhet
For the honoure of Saynt Margret.

There is a genuine touch of kindly domestic affection in this tradition of the loving relations between Malcolm Canmore and his queen, thus outliving the memory of her ascetic mortifications, and assuming a miraculous guise so little in harmony with the prized saintly virtues of the hagiologist.

But if Malcolm shared the honours, he must needs partake also of the vicissitudes of saintship. The royal pair had by no means found a final resting-place. St. Margaret is an altogether exceptional saint in the church's kalendar; neither virgin nor martyr; but one whose greater excellence was that she was a good woman. In her lifetime there was little pretence of miracles. She was celebrated rather for genuine queenly and domestic virtues tintured by a piety modelled after the highest standards of her age. All the miracles associated with her name are an aftergrowth; yet even they perpetuate the domestic virtues long after she might be supposed to have discarded such mundane impulses. She stands alone among mediæval saints, as the mother of a large family, who reared sons and daughters to do her credit; and died surrounded by her own weeping children. So good mothers bethought themselves of her in all their difficulties and troubles; and she specially took the place in mediæval hagiology of the classic Eileithya,

the guardian goddess and helper in child-birth. Hence Lindsay in his denunciation of superstitious pilgrimages dedicates this couplet to St. Margaret :

“Some wyfes Sanct Margaret doith exhort
Into thair birth thame to support.”

The faith in such special virtues had lost none of its force in the sixteenth century ; and so we learn from Papebroch's later additions to the life of St. Margaret, that her head was brought back from Dunfermline to the Castle of Edinburgh, at the desire of Queen Mary—no doubt on the eve of her confinement in 1566. Great was the faith which the queen reposed in the virtues of her saintly ancestress. Nevertheless it was a very questionable mode of doing her honour. The head and body of St. Margaret thenceforth wandered apart on devious courses, until both vanished from the eyes of the faithful amid political convulsions of later times. On the flight of Queen Mary to England, the head of St. Margaret was removed to the Laird of Dalry's house ; and after being guarded there for years by a Benedictine monk, it was conveyed to Antwerp by John Robie, a Jesuit Father. In 1620 the Bishop of Antwerp issued letters of authentication of the sacred relic, and granted leave for its being exposed to public veneration. It was next translated in 1627 to the Scots College at Douay ; and there Pope Innocent

X., by special brief, granted plenary indulgence to all who should make pilgrimage to the saintly shrine, on the annual festival of St. Margaret. The final resting-place of the saint's head can only be disclosed by miracle now; for it passed beyond reach of further veneration or indignity in the furor of the French Revolution.

The headless body of the queen—thus treated with even worse indignity by the veneration of her royal descendant,—wandered in other directions in company with the bones of her husband. Rescued from heretical custodiers, they were at length deposited by Philip II. in the church of St. Lawrence, in the Escorial, where that faithful son of the church had gathered such a museum of holy relics as, we may presume, is without a parallel in the history of such tangible memorials of saintship. According to Mrs. Mary Howitt's enumeration: "In the church of the Escorial, in Spain, there are one hundred and seven heads, one hundred and seventy-seven arms and legs, three hundred and forty-six phials of holy blood, and one thousand nine hundred saintly bones, greater or less. In the palace, spared by the last fire, is a bar of the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was roasted, and a thigh of the same saint, on which are the marks of the hook stuck into it to turn him over; also a rib of St. Albinus; some bodies of the children murdered by Herod; the heads of some

of the virgins of St. Ursula ; the veil of the Virgin Mary, and a print of the footsteps of Christ from Calvary." Need we wonder that—merged in this wondrous Golgotha of saintly bones,—when the late Bishop Gillies invoked the aid of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX. with a view to the restoration of Queen Margaret's remains to a Scottish shrine in the convent of St. Margaret, on the old Borough Muir of Edinburgh, they could nowhere be found. The faithful may still comfort themselves with the belief that, though no longer recognisable, the bones of the sainted queen repose among the multifarious relics of the Escorial. They had no special claim on the veneration of Spain, and would scarcely be missed from such a well-stocked treasury ; so that had it pleased her to manifest any inclination for another removal, it is to be presumed there would have been little opposition to their translation. But the neglect into which saintly relics have long fallen has won for her the happy oblivion which a devout veneration denied. The period was not a propitious one for miraculous manifestations ; and so Malcolm and Margaret have found repose at last among strangers in that land of Spain, from which according to our national epos, Simon Breck, a descendant of Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, brought the stone of destiny on which their descendants are still crowned in Westminster Abbey. It is a strange romance, full of

tender, and even tragic incidents ; yet also with its quaint touches of comedy at which it is hard to avoid a smile.

St. Margaret was held in all reverence down to the sixteenth century, when saints fell into general disrepute. When Henry VII. was bringing mediævalism to a close in such magnificent fashion in the chapel at Westminster, where he and the heiress of the house of York lie interred,—and alongside of them the first Stuart king,—he gave special prominence to royal saints, among the angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins, to whose mediations and prayers he commended his soul. Their statues enrich that marvellous piece of architecture appended to the choir of Westminster Abbey, which constitutes the monumental memorial of the first Tudor king ; and prominent among them are the four royal saints of Britain, St. Edward, St. Edmund, St. Oswald, and St. Margaret of Scotland.

With the modern revival of mediævalism the long-forgotten virtues of St. Margaret have been recalled to mind. But this is a work of very recent date. When the New Town of Edinburgh was planned and laid out in 1768, while St. Andrew had all due honour as Scotland's patron saint, the sainted queen who is so intimately associated with its early history appears to have passed wholly out

of remembrance. St. George and St. David received due recognition ; St. Patrick got a niche in the southern extension ; but when the name of the patron saint of England was appropriated by the rival projectors of another square, laid out on the slope of the southern meadows, no fitter substitute was thought of than that of Queen Charlotte.

A tale in connection with one of those Edinburgh saints of the eighteenth century, as narrated to me by Sir Walter Scott's old friend, the late Colonel Ferguson, may not be inappropriate as an appendage to such reminiscences of the saints of olden times. It chanced that, when David Hume deserted his old lodging in St. James's Court, for more fashionable quarters in the New Town, his house occupied the south-west corner of the street dedicated to the Welsh saint. Here he established his household, at a time when a few detached buildings alone represented the modern city. But ere long its avenues began to assume form ; and one morning, as his old housekeeper passed down the street, she was startled to see the name of St. David painted on the corner of her master's house. This she interpreted as a premeditated insult on the sceptical philosopher, and bursting into his room in high indignation, she exclaimed : " What do you think the ne'er-do-weels hae gane and painted on our housefront ? " When at length

Mr. Hume comprehended the nature of the provocation which so excited the wrath of the good dame, he comforted her with the philosophical reply: "Tut, Jenny! is that all? many a better man than me has been called a saint!"



CHAPTER XXII.

The Well and Shrine.

IN historical associations, and even in prehistoric reminiscences, Edinburgh is rich ; but of actual remains of the olden times of history, has anything of genuine antique worth survived into this nineteenth century ? The sack of Edinburgh by the Earl of Hertford in 1544 forms an important era in the history of the city. Henry VIII. had conceived the idea of securing the hand of the infant Queen Mary for his son ; and so effecting the long coveted addition of Scotland to the English crown. But the mode of wooing resorted to was even less successful than his own personal ventures in the matter of matrimony. His general made his appearance before Edinburgh, commissioned to burn and lay waste the country till it yielded to his wishes. The city was assaulted ; and on the second day, the Nether Bow port was carried, with a terrible slaughter of the citizens. Thereupon the Earl attempted to lay siege to the Castle, "They hauled their cannons up the High Street, to the Butter-Trone, and above, and hazarded a

shot against the fore entrie of the Castle. But the wheel and axle-tree of one of the English cannons was broken, and some of their men slaine, by a shot of ordnance out of the Castle ;" so they gave up the attempt, and set the city in flames. The work of destruction was persisted in for three successive days, under a cannonading from the Castle, which, while it inflicted some injury on the invaders, must have helped to complete their ruinous work.

If we except portions of the Castle, St. Giles's Church, the Abbey, and the north-west wing of the Palace of Holyrood, scarcely a single building of an earlier date than this exists in Edinburgh. One ancient building in Sandillan's Close, described in the *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, attracted attention by many unmistakable indications of antiquity. A groundfloor of vaulted stone, doorways with pointed arches, splayed windows with Gothic mouldings, and curious remains of internal decoration, including a piece of sculpture apparently representing the offering of the Magi, all combined to point out this as one of the few relics of civic architecture, such as may have survived the sack of 1544. It bore the Kennedy Arms ; and was possibly the mansion of the good Bishop Kennedy. If it has still escaped the revolutionary sweep of the civic reformers' besom of destruction, it is a choice relic of the olden time.

The adjoining mansion of John de Hope, the founder of the Hopetoun family, who came from France in the retinue of the Princess Magdalene, Queen of James V., is of a later date.

Doubtless a large portion of the ancient city consisted of timber dwellings, which utterly perished in the flames. But more substantial structures, such as the Kennedy Lodging, would come out of such a conflagration like Holyrood, or Craigmillar and Roslin Castles, which were also subjected to the invaders' torch. The instructions to the Earl of Hertford would have equally well sufficed for a raid of Red Indian savages: "put all to sack, fire, and sword, burn Edinburgh Town, and raze and deface it, when you have sacked it, and gotten what you can of it: putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword, without exception, when any resistance shall be made against you." Such was the kindly way of wooing practised by "our auld enemies of England," when they set their heart on getting a Scottish princess for a bride. No wonder that the Earl of Huntly, when pressed at a later date to use his influence in favour of a marriage of Queen Mary and Edward VI., should have replied that however he might like the match, he liked not the manner of the wooing. But Mr. Sharpe adds this pencilled note: "Biting and scratching is Scots folks' wooing. So says the old proverb. King Henry must have been aware of it. But,"

he adds, "it appears to me that many burnings mentioned in our chronicles were only singeing. The walls of many castles must have been strong indeed to stand till now almost entire, after all the burnings imputed to them."

But whatever else perished in this rough wooing for a Scottish bride, we know that the Castle escaped. "Do what you can out of hand, and without long tarrying, to beat down and overthrow the Castle:" such were the orders of King Harry. But without long tarrying it could not be done; and though in a later siege, much of the ancient fortress did vanish, some precious waifs of the historic past survive to our day. The massive walls of many a fortress throughout Europe still perpetuate the memory of olden times and obsolete institutions; and curious is it to see the grim keep of feudal centuries looking out of the past, as though no change had transpired, while the busy haunts of modern life are crowding into the very Castle moat. Picturesque as Edinburgh Castle is, the sieges of the sixteenth century wrought sad havoc with its antique remains; though, happily, the masonry which crowns its rocky summit still includes one of the most interesting memorials of those remote times when the race of Kenneth MacAlpin ruled the land. The residence, and still more, the death of Queen Margaret of pious memory, in the Castle, could not fail to confer a

special sanctity on its ancient palace in the estimation of her descendants; and her name survived in association with the original buildings so long as they endured. In a charter of Alexander III. of A.D. 1278, he grants to "the monastery of St. Margaret of Dunfermline the lands of Beth Waldef, in Fife, which John of Stratechin had resigned into the king's hands, at the Maiden Castle of Edinburgh, in the king's chamber, called the Chamber of St. Margaret the Queen;" and so late as 1547, among various items of expenditure referred to in the "Inventory of Royal Wardrobe," etc., is "ane irne yet for Sanct Margaret's tour." There is no doubt, therefore, that the memory of the good queen remained for centuries associated there with tower and hall; and that the chamber in which she expired was kept in special remembrance while St. Margaret's Tower endured.

Of a little later date was the lofty quadrangular keep, built by the queen's youngest son in the sombre massive style of the earliest Norman fortresses, and named from its builder "Davyes Tower." This massive keep continued to form the grand feature of the Castle till its fall in the siege of 1572. Immediately before its destruction the Castle is thus described by Sir William Drury:—"On the fore parte estwarde next the towne stands like iiij^{xx} foote of the haule, and next unto the same stands Davyes Towre, and from it a courten

with vj. canons in loopes of stone, lookinge in the streatwarde; and behynd the same standes another teare of ordinance, lyke xvj. foote clym above the other; and at the northe ende stands the Constable's Towre, and in the bottom of the same is the way into the Castle, with xliⁱⁱ steppes." The fortress thus described is shown in a bird's-eye view on a map engraved in 1575. David's Tower, no doubt, occupied the site where the half-moon battery now faces the town. Within it was a hall styled the Lord's Hall, for reflooring which a charge appears in the treasurer's account for 1516. But the great hall and chamber of dais of the palace, which figures in the same accounts, still occupies the summit of the rock where it rises in bold ruggedness out of the hollow in which the Grass-market lies. Its old grandeur has, indeed, all vanished, for it is converted into a garrison hospital, and subdivided into floors and wards. But the sculptured corbels are still visible on which the ancient oaken roof rested; and the same grand landscape stretches away to the Pentland Hills as when the feudal levies mustered for southern warfare, and the ruddy lion ramped in gold from the Bore-stane on the Borough Moor. In this hall, according to Balfour, the Earl of Douglas and his brothers were entertained by James II. in 1440, when the symbolic bull's head was set before them at the close of the banquet. By the failure of the

elder line the claims of the Red Comyn to the royal inheritance of Baliol centered in the house of Douglas, to the disparagement of that of the Stewarts; and the princely haughtiness of the young earl roused suspicion of disloyalty to the king. Possibly there was some form of trial, for the judicial records of the age have perished. All that we do know is that the feast was exchanged for the block and the axe. In the year 1753 the golden handles and plates of an antique coffin, found when digging for the foundation of a new store-house within the Castle, were supposed to reveal the traces of the Douglas's grave. In the same old hall kings and nobles feasted through all the reigns of the Scottish Jameses and their successors, on to the time when in 1648 Cromwell was entertained there by the Earl of Leven.

The Constable's Tower must have stood considerably to the north of the modern drawbridge, approached by an oblique access and flight of steps, calculated to present every impediment to an assailant. Outside of the main fortress—even now enclosed within its own gates and walls,—were twelve distinct buildings, of which eight were fortified towers, including the Barbican, over the main gateway, the Armourer's Tower, the Postern Tower, and the Falconer's Tower. The last of those apparently stood on the west, where the unsightly modern barracks now rear their huge deformity.

There, as we are told, during the siege of 1689, the Governor appointed a sentinel on the Hawk Hill to warn them of the firing of a mortar-piece, which was held in special dread: and the same height was, no doubt, occupied by the royal falconry, when the Jameses and Mary Stuart had their palace within the Castle. The lower plateau immediately below was styled the Butts, a name that carries the fancy back to times before mortar pieces had superseded the yew-bow and the ashen spear. But even in Paul Sanby's view of 1750, the outworks may be seen extending down the slope of the Castle bank towards the North Loch.

The "Member of the Holy Gild of St. Joseph," who in 1845 published his *Lectures on the Parochial and Collegiate Antiquities of Edinburgh* remarks of the Castle: "It is hardly necessary to say that the present buildings are not older than the year 1566. This date, with Queen Mary's cypher, is marked on the doorway leading from the quadrangle into the room where James VI. was born." The gild brother, James Augustin Stothert, missionary apostolic in the eastern district of Scotland, was lecturing on Saint Margaret, "celebrated in the Roman martyrology, once the holy Queen of Scotland, and now its blessed patroness." His veneration for all that pertained to Scottish saintship was unbounded. In a panegyric pronounced on the holy queen, "at the first vespers of her fes-

tival," he devoutly traces out the records of Scotland's saints, till, pausing in his climax on the Castle rock, he exclaims: "On its highest and most conspicuous eminence, a centre of observation throughout a wide range of country, is the spot whence the purified spirit of St. Margaret passed away to heaven." What would the lecturer not have made of it had he known that so far from A.D. 1566 being the oldest date of the architectural remains, the little oratory of St. Margaret has survived all the vicissitudes of time and siege which overthrew the vast masonry of David's Norman fortress, and wrought the downfall of massive towers and donjon keep. It would have seemed to the enthusiastic missionary apostolic little less marvellous than the miraculous mist which cast its glamour over the eyes of Donald Bane, and helped the holy queen to her resting-place among the benedictine brothers whom she had housed in Dunfermline Abbey.

If we compare the foundations ascribed to St. Margaret with those of that "sore saunt for the crown," her youngest son, David I., it must be assumed that her saintly mantle fell to him, along with a zeal for church-building for which that devoted daughter of the church found little opportunity. The massive old Norman nave at Dunfermline still tells of the art of the same century in which Durham Abbey rose above the Wear.

We know also that Queen Margaret replaced the ruined shrine of Iona, desolated by the heathen Norsemen, with a church of which portions of the sacristy and other remains may still be traced in the beautiful ruins of St. Columba's Cathedral. The grotesque pictorial bas-reliefs which still adorn the capitals of some of its pillars, are highly characteristic of the age in which it was reared. One among them is specially noticeable, where St. Michael and the devil are busily engaged weighing the good and evil deeds of some departed brother in a pair of scales; and as the archangel's scale with its good deeds is outweighing the other, the foul fiend tries with his claw to turn the bias in his own favour.

But besides Queen Margaret's foundations at Dunfermline and Iona, she had her own chapel of the Holy Rood within the Castle of Edinburgh, in which the famous reliquary, with its enclosed piece of the true cross, was enshrined; and where, as the Saxon Chronicle tells with simple pathos, "When the good Margaret learned that her most beloved lord and their son Edward were slain, she repaired with her priest to the church, and there having devoutly performed all befitting rites, she prayed God that she might give up the ghost."

So many and marvellous are our modern discoveries, from the Laurentian eozoon to antediluvian mammoths preserved in ice, it may seem

somewhat less improbable now than it did in 1845, when I brought to light, in the Castle of Edinburgh, an ancient Norman chapel, the existence of which had been undreamt of for generations. Not that the actual building was either buried, or invisible above ground ; but externally it presented nothing suggestive of its ecclesiastical character ; and within it seemed no more to its military custodian than the murky vault fitly appropriated for storing the gunpowder used in firing salutes from the neighbouring Argyle battery. Nevertheless the original walls remained tolerably intact. The body of the chapel measures little more than sixteen feet long by ten feet broad ; so that it most nearly resembles some of the primitive Celtic oratories of the Hebrides. But its architectural details are of Norman character, and point to the eleventh, if not the twelfth century. At the east end there is a round-headed chancel arch, of good proportions, separating the nave from a semicircular chancel. It is decorated with the usual Norman zigzag mouldings, with a trigonal hood moulding ornamented with a lozenge-shaped pattern, which is curiously varied as it approaches the spring of the arch. The double cushioned capitals, and moulded bases remained, and only required the replacement of plain cylindrical shafts, to complete the chancel arch. Within this an apse with a plain alcoved ceiling completed the site of the altar ;

with a broken piscina projecting from the south wall. The little round-headed windows which were then blocked up have since been opened, and filled with painted glass; the ancient doorway in the north-west angle has been reopened, and restored externally; and what when I first visited it, was a gloomy cellar, subdivided into two stories by a floor which hid the chancel arch, is once more a chaste little Norman Chapel, provided with its stone font, and set apart as a baptistry for the garrison.

The chapel thus brought to light on the summit of the Castle rock takes a foremost place in interest, no less than in probable antiquity, among all the historical remains of Edinburgh. Is this miniature oratory the original chapel of the famous Black Rood, and the actual scene of those befitting rites, when Queen Margaret repaired for the last time, with her priest, to the church, to partake of the Holy Sacrament, and then returned to her chamber to die? The little chapel contrasts in all respects with the massive, rude, Norman work of Dunfermline Abbey; and experts in the chronology of such architectural relics have inclined to assign it to the reign of her youngest son, David I. For all ordinary cravings of the local antiquary, such a date might well suffice; but there is a charm in the associations of the Saxon queen, the counsellor and good angel of Malcolm of the Great Head, as

his quaint Celtic surname signifies, which we are naturally reluctant to lose. It is pleasant to think of good brother Turgot, the future prior of Durham, officiating at the altar of the Holy Rood in that little apse; and Queen Margaret kneeling before it, in the very chapel which still crowns the summit of the old Castle rock, alongside of the great rough son of "the gracious Duncan" of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. There is room, in all, only for a small group of worshippers. But, as imagination conjures up the scene, there gather round her, in fancy, Edward, who fell at the siege of Alnwick Castle, Edgar, Alexander, and little David, who all lived to wear MacAlpin's crown; Edmund, who died in an English cloister; and Ethelred, who, if an abbacy then involved celibacy, which is more than doubtful, must have taken the vows before he had any comprehension of what they meant. His royal grandfather, Duncan, was the son of an abbot of Dunkeld, and he was promoted to the same office, along with the earldom of Fife. There too, alongside of the kneeling queen, is little Maud, the Saxon, who lived to share the Norman Henry's throne, and restore the blood of Alfred to England's kings; and with her, her younger sister Mary, the future wife of Eustace, Count of Boulogne, and mother of Matilda, the Queen of Stephen of Blois. One would not willingly forego such rare historic associations, picturing themselves so definitely to

the mind's eye, if truth will lend any justification to the scene. Let us then inquire how far the vision may possibly be genuine, or in any degree permissible.

The queen's most prized relic, the famous Black Rood, has already been described. To it unquestionably the abbey of Holyrood owed its origin, and the later palace its name. The abbey was but the shrine, its Augustine brethren were the custodiers of the consecrating fragment of the actual Rood of Calvary, over which the queen's youngest son reared the House of Canons Regular of the Holyrood, with their own burgh of Canongate. But Edward I. got it into his clutches, to be used as a sort of soul-screw, or rack, for Scottish consciences, in wringing from them reliable oaths of allegiance to the usurping conqueror. It was an aggravation of his dilemma when some unfortunate Scot, whose name figures in the Ragman Roll, slipped back to an honest allegiance to his own land, that his broken vow had been made on its Black Rood. This choicest relic of St. Margaret, after lying in the treasury of Westminster for upwards of thirty years, was restored to Scotland by the treaty of Northampton in 1328; but as we have already seen, only to be again lost at the battle of Neville's Cross.

By this final loss of the prized rood, the abbey was converted into a rifled shrine; and so the

monks had to set to work on their later legend of King David going a-hunting on the festival of the exaltation of the Cross, in spite of the warnings of his confessor; and his rescue by means of a Holy Rood of his own, miraculously slipped into his hands, as he was about to be gored by the arch-fiend in shape of a stag. At sight of the miraculous cross the stag vanished; and, according to the new legend, the penitent king forthwith vowed to build on the spot an abbey for perpetual honour to the Holy Rood which he had retained in his hand as visible evidence of the miracle.

"That is part of the abbey built by St. David himself," said I. one day to an English tourist, pointing to the cloister wall and doorway on the south side of the ruined nave. "What! the Psalmist, do you mean?" was the wondering response. It is not quite so old; but the substantial remains of the abbey structure of A.D. 1128 lay claim to a respectable antiquity among surviving fragments of the olden time. As to its legend, it is undoubtedly of more recent date. We have no older record of it than that which Bellenden slipped into his translation of Boece; for we search in vain for it in the original chronicle. Bellenden had a namesake, possibly a relative, who was Abbot of Holyrood for sixteen years, a devout man who used his office liberally, according to the standard of his times, built a stone bridge over the Water

of Leith, with a chapel at its north end, dedicated to the honour of God, the Virgin Mary, and St. Ninian; "theikit the abbey kirk with leid," furnished its altar with a chalice of gold, and others of silver, its tower with the great bells, and its nave with a splendid brazen font; and when at last his good works brought him into disfavour with an evil generation of "prelatis, becaus he was not givin to lust and insolence after thair maner, he left the Abbay, and deit ane chartour monk." Such a devout abbot was not unlikely to be credulous about any legend in which the honour of his abbey was involved.

Among the earliest gifts of David I. to his monastery, were the churches of the Castle and St. Cuthbert, with the plot of land belonging to the latter, bounded by the fountain which still flows at the foot of the Castle rock, and has borne from ancient times the name of St. Margaret's Well. We know accordingly, beyond all doubt, of the existence of a church in the Castle of Edinburgh in 1128, when David I. was busy with the neighbouring abbey, in the valley below Arthur Seat; while from certain architectural details it is assumed that the little oratory which still remains was reared somewhere about the same period. But it appears far from probable that so plain a structure should have been built there on so small a scale, at the very time when the revenues of the crown were

being lavished on costly churches ; the little chapel of the Holy Rood in the Castle was being superseded by the magnificent abbey of David I., and that of Dunfermline was already in process of enlargement preparatory to the translation of the royal remains, which became, by the Bull of Innocent IV., the canonised relics of a saint and martyr. If, on the contrary, we suppose the little chapel to have been the actual oratory of the sainted queen, we can well believe that her sons would guard it with pious care, and seek to preserve it in its original condition. This may account for the existence of two ancient churches within the precincts of the Castle, both of which remained nearly intact till the close of the eighteenth century.

From all the evidence now accessible it would appear that there were in the Castle of Edinburgh, till a comparatively recent date, the little church or chapel of the Holy Rood, in which the famous Black Rood of Scotland, with its authentic fragment of the true cross,—the most prized relic of Queen Margaret,—was enshrined ; and also St. Mary's Chapel, the larger building, as I conceive, which continued, till the close of the eighteenth century, to form the north side of the great quadrangle. In Gordon of Rothiemay's bird's-eye view of 1647, the Chapel of St. Margaret is shown occupying its present site, detached from all other buildings, and duly designated "The Castel Chappel." But in

Sandby's "perspective view of the eastern side of the Castle," executed for Maitland's History about a century later, the north side of the great quadrangle, which now consists of a plain range of barracks, is occupied by a church with small windows, and a pitch of roof suggestive of the architecture of the twelfth century. Maitland describes it as "a very long and large ancient church, which," he says, "from its spacious dimensions, I imagine it was not only built for the use of the small garrison, but for the service of the neighbouring inhabitants, before St. Giles's church was erected for their accommodation. Be that as it will," he adds, "this large building at present is by two floors divided into three stories," and set apart for an armoury, magazine of ordnance, etc. Such is the last glimpse we get of the ancient chapel of St. Mary, in the Castle of Edinburgh.

By a charter of King Robert II. bearing date A.D. 1390, an annual revenue of eight pounds out of the great customs of the burgh of Edinburgh, is granted to Geoffrey Lyttister, chaplain, and to his successors, serving the chapel of St. Margaret the Queen, in the Castle of Edinburgh. This grant, which is recorded in the Register of the great seal, was confirmed by his successor, Robert III., but he transferred the services of the chaplain from the chapel of St. Margaret the Queen, to the chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, in the same Castle of Edinburgh.

A curious allusion in Barbour's "Bruce" reproduces for us the pictorial decorations of St. Margaret's Chapel, as they existed in the reign of David II. The poet narrates the romantic incident of the surprise of the Castle by William Francis, in 1312, when held for Edward II. by an English garrison, under the command of Piers Leland, a Gascon knight; and then he proceeds to state that this event had been long before revealed in vision to the holy Queen, and she had caused it to be painted upon the walls of her chapel, where it still remained visible in Barbour's days:—

“ Scho in hir chapell
Gert wele be portrait ane castell,
Ane leddir up to the wall standand,
And ane man tharapon clymand,
And wrat owth him, as ald men sais,
In French ; GARDYS VOUS DE FRANSAIS.”

It did not occur to the old Scottish poet that there was anything extraordinary in Queen Margaret rendering her prophecy in Norman French. But the description is interesting, as showing the kind of allegorical decorations executed on the chapel wall about A.D. 1380, when the poet wrote his fine epic.

But Edinburgh has another antique memorial associated with the name of St. Margaret, and with a more ancient, though well-nigh forgotten, saint, of whom it may be well to recall any recoverable

memories. According to such history as Scottish hagiology supplies, the blessed virgin St. Triduana, came to Scotland in the fourth century, in company with the famous anchorite, St. Rule, when he brought thither the relics of the apostle St. Andrew. The saint, and most of his followers, were cast ashore in Muccross Bay—as St. Andrews was then called,—and with them the precious relics, consisting of the arm-bone, three fingers, a tooth, and kneepan of the apostle. St. Triduana, with two other virgins, devoted themselves to a recluse life at Roscobry; but there her great beauty excited the ardour of Nectan, the Pictish chief; and to escape his solicitations, she fled to Dunfallad in Athol. Thither his messengers followed her, and on learning from them that the tyrant was captivated by the lustre of her eyes, she plucked them out and transfixing them on a thorn, she desired them to present to him the objects of his admiration. She thereupon withdrew to Restalrig—or Lestalrik, as it is called in the Aberdeen Breviary,—in the low ground to the north-east of Arthur Seat, where she died. The fame of her wondrous constancy spread far and wide. Her tomb at Restalrig continued for ages to be the resort of pilgrims afflicted with affections of the eyes; and wondrous are the legends of the blind restored to sight at her shrine and well. Sir David Lindsay, as we have already seen, speaks of pilgrims going to “St. Tredwell to mend their

ene," and again in the satirical inventory of the Scottish saints, in his "Monarchie," he introduces her depicted in true legendary fashion :—

" Sanct Tredwall als thare may be sene,
 Quhilk on ane prik hes baith her ene."

Doubtless at an early date a chapel was built at the tomb rendered famous by such miracles, and grew in wealth and importance. Charters of the reign of Alexander III. refer to it as then existing, as it doubtless had done at a much earlier date. In 1296 the parson of Restalrig, Adam of St. Edmunds, swore fealty to Edward I., and at some subsequent but undetermined date the church at Restalrig became the parish church of Leith. By a Bull of Pope Calixtus III., dated at Rome in November 1457, it appears that the later edifice, of which the choir and some other portions still remain, was in process of building at the personal cost of King James III. It was then erected into a collegiate church for a dean and canons; and by a charter of James IV. dated only a few months before his death at Flodden, the Abbots of Holyrood and Newbattle are empowered to erect into a new prebendary the chapelry of St. Triduana's aisle, founded in the collegiate church of Restalrig by James. Bishop of Ross.

The ruined choir, with other portions of the church, formed a picturesque group in the quiet village, in years gone by. One of its most beautiful features,

a crypt and mausoleum, adorned with a grace beyond the reach of art, by some venerable yews, is the burial vault of the old Logans of Restalrig, and the crypt, over which most probably stood "the Upper Chapel of the Parish Church of the Blessed Virgin of Lestalrig," in which James III. endowed a chaplainry in November 1477, and appointed as chaplain to serve at its altar, his own beloved orator and chaplain, Patrick Hog. The upper chapel and chapter house were destroyed, along with the collegiate buildings, and the nave and transepts of the church, in 1560, when the Assembly transferred the parish church to Leith, and ordered "that the kirk of Restalrig, as a monument of idolatrie, be raysit and utterly castin down and destroyed." The materials of the ancient buildings were by and by turned to account for building anew the Netherbow Port. But the beautiful hexagonal crypt remains entire, with its groined roof springing from a single pillar in the centre. Here lies the turbulent baron, Robert Logan of Restalrig, one of the Gowrie conspirators; and at its entrance, as Mr. Sharpe has noted, was buried a kind and venerable lady, the daughter of Prince Charles's secretary, Hay of Restalrig. The Logans forfeited their ancient possessions for their share in the mysterious Gowrie plot, and Restalrig passed to the Elphinstones of Balmerinoch. They, in their turn, lost it in 1745, for too great love to the

Stuarts. The Hays followed them in acquisition and in forfeiture of part of the same possessions; and so when Miss Hay, whom Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe recalled so lovingly, as a charming type of the fair Jacobites of "the Forty-five," craved a last resting-place under the yews at Restalrig, she found the door shut against her. Restalrig kirkyard was the favourite cemetery of the non-juring Scottish Episcopalians of last century, when the use of the burial service was proscribed in the city burial-grounds. Here Alexander Rose, the last representative of the Scottish Bishops of the Restoration times, lies interred. He was translated from the see of Moray to that of Edinburgh in 1687, but the Revolution came the following year. He was despatched to London with a loyal address from the Scottish Bishops to King James. But before he could reach Court, the Prince of Orange "had sat down in our gudeman's chair." The poor bishop had no instructions what to do in such an unlooked-for emergency; and when he applied to his Right Reverend brother of Canterbury, his Grace answered ambiguously, that "matters were very dark, and the cloud so thick or gross that they could not see through it." He would by no means accord the title of king to the new sovereign, yet without the royal pass he could not even get back to Scotland. According to his own account, William of Orange—"the Prince," as he calls him,—

gave him to understand that if the Scottish bishops would serve him as the English ones were prepared to do, he would throw off the Presbyterians, and uphold their church and order. But Bishop Rose was more honest than far-sighted, and so he answered plainly, "I truly think they will not serve the Prince so as he is served in England, that is as I take it, to make him their king, or give their suffrages for his being king." So William had to stand by his friends, and Scottish Presbytery became loyal and conservative, and got things all its own way.

Bishop Rose withdrew to a flat in the Canon-gate, nearly opposite the head of John Street, where an aged sister kept house for him till his death in 1720. He not only outlived all the Scottish brethren of his order, but all the English bishops who preceded the Revolution, so that in his later years he was regarded by the clergy and laity of his own communion with a devout veneration, as the solitary link which bound this proscribed and persecuted church to the good old times when the Stuarts still held their own by right divine. Bishop Keith says of him, "He died on the 20th of March, 1720, in his own sister's house in the Canongate, in which street he also lived. He was buried in the ruinous church of Restalrig on the Wednesday after. He was a sweet-natured man, and of a venerable aspect. I was one of his presbyters in

the city of Edinburgh from Pentecost Anno 1713."

A halo of sanctity gathered around the quiet little kirkyard in the estimation of the younger generation of non-jurors, after it had been consecrated anew by becoming the last resting-place of this confessor. After a time the villagers learned to look with a kind of awe on the grave of the venerable bishop; till in my own early days he and St. Triduana had got jumbled together into a confused tradition about an old Bishop of Restalrig to whom King Robert the Bruce brought his blind mother Queen Bleary, and the bishop, moved by his importunity, plucked out his own eyes and gave them to her!

Not far from the ruins of the ancient collegiate church there stood in my younger days, as it had stood for centuries before, a beautiful Gothic well, to which was no doubt due the local name of St. Tredwell, by which Sir David Lindsay refers to the virgin saint. The external structure by which the well had doubtless been originally surmounted was included, we may presume, in the crusade of 1560, when the other "monuments of idolatrie were utterlie castin doun." But the fine sculptured cella, and the pure fountain remained until recent years, the same objects of attraction as they had been to earlier generations; alike by the virtues still ascribed to the healing waters, and by the

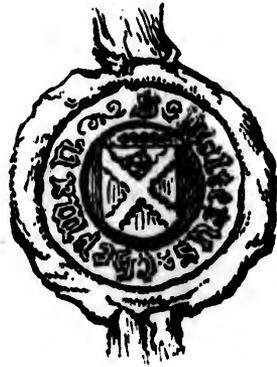
curious sculpturings of the antique masonry. The special virtue of the spring as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the eye, and even for restoring sight to the blind, referred unmistakably to the local saint. But not improbably, at a time when its virtues had fallen into neglect, the good Queen Margaret, built or restored the structure over the holy fountain, which, as the present masonry shows, had again been renewed in the fifteenth century; and so in later times it was known as St. Margaret's Well. In my own early days, a quiet cross road—the lover's loan of the rustic villagers,—wound its way between green hedgerows, from Abbey Hill to the village of Restalrig; and in one of its quietest nooks, under the shade of a fine old elder tree, with its knotted and furrowed branches, spreading a luxurious shade over the structure, stood St. Margaret's Well, with a rustic cottage in front of it. It was one of the most charming little nooks to which antiquarian pilgrim ever directed his steps; and the fount itself was a delightfully cool, refreshing spring. The brother of "the Holy Gild of S. Joseph," who undertook, in 1847, to enlighten the brethren of the old creed on the religious antiquities of Edinburgh, says, "S. Margaret's Well is doubtless familiar to many of you, for the limpid purity of its waters, and the venerable age of the stone vault that encloses it. Some of you may perhaps be able to recall a memorable

instance of the healing virtues of its waters, within these few years." The faith, therefore, in its wondrous powers lived on to our own day; as in the olden time told of in one of the lessons of St. Triduana's Office. "A certain lady, of noble family, of the country of the Angli," *i.e.*, a Northumbrian of the old times of the Heptarchy, "had lost her eyesight;" so runs the pious legend as preserved in the Aberdeen Breviary. "She devoutly pilgrimed to many saintly shrines in hope of restoration, but in vain. At length the blessed virgin Triduana appeared to her in a dream, saying: 'Go into Scotland, to a place called Lestalryk, and to my tomb;' and she, diligently obeying the command, obtained restoration of her sight." But her cares were not over, nor St. Triduana's powers exhausted; for by and by her little daughter fell out of a window, a height of thirty feet. Every bone was broken, and her eyes were torn out. "But, not unmindful of the virtues of the blessed Triduana, the lady devoutly besought her on behalf of her child, and the little maid was immediately made whole in sight and limb."

But the fountain once vital with such wondrous healing powers, and even in my own younger days the resort of pilgrims who manifested an undiminished faith in its virtues, has ceased to flow. The same railway which wrought the ruin of Queen Mary of Gueldres' tomb and shrine,

claimed the well of St. Margaret for the site of its workshops; and when at length, through the exertions of Dr. David Laing and other worthy coadjutors, the beautiful Gothic structure was exhumed from its burial under a railway embankment, the saints had abandoned their desecrated font; and the water had ceased to flow. It seemed on the whole a welcome *dénouement*. The actual fountain once vital with the special virtues of St. Triduana's gift of healing could in no way be transferred to another site. But the beautiful architectural shrine which had been the resort of pilgrims for so many centuries has been rebuilt in the royal park, at the base of Arthur Seat; and another spring, known of old as St. David's, or the Rood Well, now fills the basin with water as pelucid, and let us hope, not less healing than its own. The structure is a very tasteful one internally. From the centre of the basin a pillar rises, decorated with grotesque masks, from whence the water flows. Above these is the capital of the pillar from which rises a cluster of groined ribs, meeting at the top with others springing from corbels in each angle of the hexagonal cell, and finished with sculptured bosses at their intersections. A pointed arch, splayed within and without, gives access to the well, and a stone ledge or seat runs round the hexagonal chamber. Its new and more open site invites the addition of some external

structure worthy of the beautiful Gothic cella ; but all that is most interesting has been happily rescued from the inexorable utilitarianism of the modern vandals, whose railway programme would be incomplete without some ruined shrine.



CHAPTER XXIII.

The Days that are no more.

IN those halcyon days when the fourth James was king ; when the fair Rose of England—celebrated with such rare art in Dunbar's beautiful allegory,—held high court at Holyrood, and with her the poet laureat himself, "in Edinburgh with all mirriness:" the ancient capital overflowed its borders, and built fashionable and lordly suburbs in the Cowgate and on the height beyond, outside the circumvalations of A.D. 1450. There then stood on the knoll at the head of the old High School Wynd—with the Convent of St. Mary de Placentia in the hollow below,—the monastery of the Dominican Predicants, or Black Friars, founded soon after the institution of the order of St. Dominic by Alexander II. in 1230, and endowed with certain royal burgal revenues, and a gift of the vennel leading to the city, which thenceforth received its name of the Blackfriars' Wynd. Robert the Bruce and James III. figure among its later donors ; and the "Inventar of Pious Donations" includes a list of gifts and bequests to the monastery,

confirmed by the latter monarch in 1473. The buildings were sumptuous, and extensive gardens spread over the ridge to the boundaries of the Kirk of Field on the west ; but in 1528 the monastery was destroyed by fire, and the poor monks had very partially effected its restoration, when the Duke of Somerset and his heretical host, fresh from their victory at Pinkie Cleuch, made an end of it and its pleasure-grounds.

The name of the church of the Blessed Mary-in-the-Fields is significant of the time when the gardens of the Black Friars and those of the provost and prebends of St. Mary's divided between them the ridge of the slope which stretched away from the Cowgate ravine southward to the Borough Muir, and the citizens of those primitive days took a country stroll by way of the Blackfriars' Vennel to the Kirk of Field. But it too suffered woefully in the cruel raids of 1544 and 1547. The antagonism of religious antipathies furnished a new incentive to the ancient enmity between the Scots and English. Monasteries and churches, instead of presenting any claim of sanctuary, had become special objects of raid and spoliation ; and so the provost and prebends of St. Mary, after a vain struggle for a few years, sold their ruined hospice to the Duke of Chatelherault, and the collegiate buildings supplied materials for the ducal mansion, which the city purchased ere long as a home for

its infant university. In their feu-charter to the duke the provost and prebends justify their alienation of church property, because "their houses, especially the hospital annexed and incorporated with their college, were burnt down and destroyed by their auld enemies of England, so that nothing of their said hospital was left, but they are altogether waste and entirely destroyed, wherethrough the divine worship is not a little decreased in the college." The church, however, still stood; for, eleven years thereafter, in 1558, the Earl of Argyle headed a band of the congregation, as the reformers were called, which visited the Kirk-of-Field, threw down its altars, and burnt the images found therein. It was a stately building, with transepts and a lofty tower, as shown in a drawing of its ruins made in the fatal year 1567. This was despatched to Queen Elizabeth in illustration of the incidents of Darnley's mysterious death, and is still preserved in the State Paper Office.

Beyond the Kirk-of-Field stretched the Borough Muir and its forest glades, away to St. Giles's Grange in the hollow below Blackford and the Braid Hills; but many a striking feature diversified the moor. Here a path wound through the glades to the ancient chapel of St. Roque, to which, as we learn by the treasurer's accounts, King James made a pilgrimage on St. Roque's Day, August 25, 1507,—the very year when our Scottish Caxton,

Walter Chepman, was setting up his printing-press, which proved so inimical to pilgrimages and saintly shrines,—and there laid on the altar the kingly offering of xiiij*s*. St. Roque was the special resort for sufferers inflicted with boils or ulcers, and for the victims of the plague. Sir David Lindsay introduces the saint in *The Monarchie* with “ane byill new broken on his knee;” and again thus links him in satirical inventory with St. Apollonia and St. Triduana, the saintly dentist and oculist of more simple times, when exposing how the ignorant populace make

“Thair superstitious pilgramagis
 To menie divers imagis ;
 Sum to Sanct Roche, with diligence,
 To saif thame from the pestilence ;
 For thair teith to Sanct Apollene ;
 To Sanct Tredwell to mend thair ene.”

The picturesque ruin of the chapel of St. Roque lingered into the present century, and would have still adorned its suburban site but for a tasteless Goth who purchased the estate, and forthwith demolished the venerable historic relic as an unsightly incumbrance.

In another opening of the Borough Muir glade, a little to the east of the Lover's Loan of later days, stood the church of St. John the Baptist, founded by Sir John Crawford, one of the canons of St. Giles's, in the prosperous year 1512, just

before Flodden put an end to the merriment of one generation of Scots. Near by this a few years later, "ane noble and wise lady," Lady Janet, daughter of Patrick, first Earl of Hepburn—widowed by the fall at Flodden of George, fifth Lord Seton,—founded the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna. The nuns of the Sheens, as the place is still called, were sisters of the predicant order instituted by St. Dominic; and when, according to the bold satirist, Sir David Lindsay, the nuns and friars had everywhere else driven forth Chastity from their cloisters, she fled to "the Boroughmuir besouth Edinburgh," and received a hearty welcome from the virtuous ladies of the Sheens. The history of their convent acquires a peculiar interest as one of the latest of all the religious foundations in Scotland prior to the Reformation. The bull of Pope Leo X., by which its foundation is confirmed, is dated 29th January 1517. Cardinal Wolsey was then supreme in England; Henry VIII. was still a devoted son of the church; Charles I. of Spain, the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, had not yet succeeded to the imperial throne; Andrew Forman, by nomination of the Pope, had recently exchanged the French archiepiscopal see of Bourges for that of St. Andrews; Martin Luther was a brother of the order of St. Augustine; and Catherine, the nun whom he wedded eight years later, had only recently taken the veil. It is a strange

world! This very year Leo X. sent forth John Tetzel, the Dominican monk, on his famous errand for the sale of indulgences, and soon all Europe was in a blaze. As for Scotland, the peculiar circumstances in which it then stood kept it aloof from the great strife of opinions, but it made up ere long for lost time.

For a brief period the sisterhood of St. Catherine of Sienna lived sheltered from the world, only venturing forth on their annual pilgrimage to the balm well of St. Katharine, the martyr. But the convent shared the fate of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary-in-the-Fields, excepting in this, that its ruined remains occupied the ancient site in very recent years. In 1862 an enthusiastic mediævalist purchased the site, and had plans prepared for a small chapel with an apse, to be erected in connection with the sacred fragment. But such fancies are costly in execution. The romance of the old ruin was revived when Sir Walter Scott lodged Catherine Seyton there, under the care of her aunt, the Abbess. But, as she tells Roland Graeme, "the heretics turned all adrift." When the Marquis of Hertford burnt and harried everything around Edinburgh with indiscriminate fury, the convent shared the common fate. The sisters of the Sheens were turned adrift. As Catherine Seyton said, they were then "with the last year's snow;" and the ruined fane has since followed in their wake.

It had been in existence little more than a quarter of a century when the convent was burnt; and a few years later the whole of its possessions became the property of laymen.

The land on which the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna stood was bestowed by the same venerable canon of St. Giles, who in happier years had founded the church of St. John the Baptist; and his gift appears to have included that church, thenceforth used as the convent chapel. The Douglasses of Glenbervie, and the Lauders of Bass, joined with the Setons in obtaining the bull of Pope Leo X.; and John Cant, a pious citizen, with his wife Agnes Kerkettel, were also contributors. The initials of the old citizen and his spouse were to be seen on two shields under the crow-stepped gables of a tall land down the close on the south side of the High Street which still perpetuates his name. Cant's Close appears from old charters to have been a kind of ecclesiastical oasis in the burghal wilderness, and a very nest of church dignitaries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The fore land at the head of the close was the town lodging of the provost of the Collegiate Church of Crichton; and in a deed of 1582 the close is described as "the trans of the prebendaries of the Kirk of Crichtoun." In its later days of reputable gentility, the Dowager Lady Gray lived there in state; and made it a place of fashionable resort. "The Gray ladies," says Mr.

Sharpe, "were reputed in their younger days to have been given to frolic. My mother told me some stories that would hardly be credited now, about the frolics of ladies at the Oyster Cellar balls. But a good deal of freedom was allowed in those days, so long as they kept it within their own circle. The Dowager was visited here by all the Jacobite ladies. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me that her mother, the Duchess of Argyle, took her along with her to pay a visit, when the Lady Lovat was there. She was a little mean-looking woman, who spoke with a Highland accent her Inverness English, and had a tumbler on the table before her, which she used in a way that made Lady Charlotte sick. But though her manners were repulsive, the Jacobite ladies looked up to her as a martyred saint, and tolerated her in every vulgarity. *Lady Lovat's Land*, as it was called, was at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, with the Popish chapel, up the next turnpike behind ; so she had her confessor always at hand. In later times the Gray ladies found a nostrum for everything in gin. There was, *before the flood*, an honourable Miss Barbara, *alias* Baby Gray, who resided in Buccleuch Place. A lady, a near relation of mine, told me that she was once at a tea-party in Miss Baby's flat, when the lady of the house fell asleep in her elbow-chair. Her guests were talking of the best varnish for furniture, and how to make it. Barbara, reviving

a little, said with a snore—'put some gin in it, gin hurts naething,'—and so to her sleep again."

But this trivial gossip, with its characteristic peep into the select coteries of the old Edinburgh wynds and flats, in their hours of ease, has led us wide afield from that favoured resort of Dame Chastity and all the virtues, in the convent of St. Catharine, on the Borough Muir of Edinburgh, so interestingly associated with history, poetry, and romance. The "statuts for the baillies of the Mure, and ordering the pest" disclose less romantic associations, in which the virtues of St. Roque were very summarily called into request. The earliest of the statutes for arresting the spread of the plague was enacted in 1567. It provides that the bailies of the moor, the cleansers, and the bearers of the dead, are to wear a gown of grey, with a St. Andrew's cross wrought in white on it, both on back and front; and to carry a staff with a white cloth on the end of it, whereby they may be known wherever they pass. They are also to be provided with a close bier, coloured black, with a white cross upon it, and a bell hung to its side, to make warning to the people to avoid it; and then it is further enacted that "with all diligence possible, as sone as ony hous sall be infectit, the hail houshald, with their gudds, be depescit towert the mure, the deid buriat, and with like diligence the house clengt." The acts and statutes of the burgh

record some strange illustrations of the stern severity with which the civic authorities strove to avert the spread of the pestilence ; or, according to a modern figure of speech, to stamp it out. In 1530, Marion Clerk is convicted of concealing her infection, and of having gone to mass on the previous Sunday to the chapel of St. Mary, in St. Mary's Wynd ; and the unhappy woman is forthwith condemned to be drowned in the Quarry Holes, on the east side of the Calton Hill. In the same year, David Duly, tailor, is convicted of having attended mass in St. Giles's Church, when his wife was lying sick of the pestilence ; and he is accordingly adjudged to be hanged on a gibbet before his own door. The doom appears to have been forthwith executed ; but a subsequent entry records certain reasons for mercy which partially modified the rigours of his fate ; for it goes on to state that, "forasmuch as David Duly was decerned this day, before noon, for his demerits, to be hanged on a gibet before his door where he dwells : notwithstanding, because at the will of God he has escaped, and the rope broke, and fallen off the gibet, and is a poor man with small bairns, and for pity of him, the provost, bailies, and council banish the said David this town for all the days of his life ; and not come thereinto under pain of death."

One interesting memorial of the rule of the

bailies of the moor, in a subsequent outbreak of the plague remained in the open meadow of the Borough Moor, immediately to the east of Warrender House. Here, as I last remember it, among the daisies and the lambs of a bright spring day, lay the moss-grown slab, sculptured with a skull, surmounted by a winged sand-glass ; a mutilated scroll, with its half-defaced moralisings still whispering of hope ; and below it a shield bearing a saltier, with the initials M . I . R., and the date of the fatal year 1645. The M surmounted the shield, indicative of the standing of the deceased as a Master of Arts ; and so telling of a scholar and a gentleman who sleeps there apart from his kin, a victim to that last and most fatal visitation of the plague, to which also the daughter of Sir William Gray fell a prey, as already noted in connection with a romantic legend of the same eventful year.

But the special functions of the Borough Moor were of a different kind. It had its Bore Stane where the royal standard was reared for many a national mustering, including that fatal one on which the author of *Marmion* has conferred so poetic a charm. There too, as the great public common, outside the city walls, and beyond the troublesome interference of regal or civic functionaries, many a different muster initiated the wild outbreaks of Scotland's oft-recurring minorities ; the pranks of

Robin Hood and Little John ; or of that popular church dignitary, the Abbot of Unreason. A curious notice in the "Genealogie of the Sainte-claires of Rosslyn," recalls an incident connected with the gipsy gatherings that at times made themselves more free than welcome on the same Borough Moor. "Sir William St. Clair," says the genealogist, "was made Lord Justice-General by Francis and Marie, King and Queen of Scotland, in 1559. He gathered a great many manuscripts which had been taken by the rabble out of our monasteries in the time of the Reformation, whereupon we find as yet his name written thus : *Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, Knight*. He delivered once ane Egyptian from the gibbet in the Borough Moor, ready to be strangled, returning from Edinburgh to Roslin ; upon which account the whole body of gipsies were of old accustomed to gather in the stanks of Roslin every year, when they acted several plays, during the months of May and June. There are two towers which were allowed them for their residence, the one called Robin Hood, the other Little John."

But though still in such outlying haunts and homes the mirth and jollity of the Mayers found expression in many a gipsy fashion, the fatal year 1513 marks a crisis in the history of Edinburgh. With the most chivalrous of knight-errants for sovereign ; an English princess for queen ; and a

Court brilliant among the capitals of Europe for arts and letters, jousts, tourneys, and all that then seemed most worthy of royal patronage: the nation revelled in its year of jubilee. The capital overflowed its straitened limits, and stretched away southward into the open country, as if all further chance of invasion was at an end. But the Flodden wail awoke them from their illusive dream. The dwellers in the new and fashionable suburb of the Cowgate became keenly alive to the rashness which, in their luxurious taste for improvement, had tempted them beyond the city's walls. But the warning was not lost. The citizens of Edinburgh redeemed their character for prudence. Steps were forthwith taken to include the new suburb within the civic defences. The farmers of the Lothians lent horses and labourers to aid in the work; and soon a new wall with forts and flanking towers brought within the extended ramparts the Cowgate, the Kirk-of-Field, and all the New Town of that olden time. It was a hasty structure, and only partially answered their need in later times. But much of it survived in our own younger days, and still a fragment of it, including one of the flanking towers, remains at the head of the Vennel, as a characteristic memorial of that fatal year.

For well-nigh three hundred years thereafter the Flodden wall formed the limits of old Edin-

burgh. Scarcely a house arose beyond its protecting shelter; and the city thenceforth increased only by building on the open garden-grounds and public streets; by economising the passage-ways in the wynds and closes; or piling flat above flat till the upright street rose at times fifteen stories from the ground. The peculiarities of the civic site, with its straightened wynds and closes leading down either side of the steep ridge along which the High Street runs, added to the novel character of the walled city, and rendered carriages all but useless. It is recorded in the *Memorie of the Somervilles*, that the first coach seen in Scotland was brought by Alexander, Lord Seton, when Queen Mary came from France with Mary Seton in her train. The second was that in which the Regent Morton rode to the Tolbooth with the Lord Boyd and Lord Somerville in his company. But so long as Scotland had a parliament of her own, it was on horseback, and not in carriages that the three estates of the realm made their way in state to the Parliament Close. Queen Mary herself was borne in a litter when she did not choose to ride. In 1561, when the Cardinal's lodging in the Blackfriars' Wynd was sumptuously prepared for a banquet in her honour, we learn from the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, that, after supper "the honest young men in the toun come with ane convoy to hir:" as on the more notable occasion, when she parted

with Darnley for the last time, at the Provost's Lodging of the Kirk-of-Field, she was tracked by Bothwell's agents up the same wynd, on her way back to Holyrood, by the lighted torches of her escort.

The influence begot by this crowding of nobles and gentry, burghers, traders, and craftsmen, within such straitened limits, had not wholly exhausted itself in our own younger days, and some of its special results have been illustrated in previous pages. It unquestionably tended to beget a certain kindly simplicity and neighbourliness in the intercourse between different ranks of society; not wholly compensated for by all the refinements which the New Town has provided for modern citizens, including any scion of its ancient nobility who can be persuaded to shed the light of his countenance on the deserted capital, where his fathers dwelt in all befitting dignity in wynds and closes no longer deemed fit for a modern beggar. When the town mansion where, in 1696, Sir William Menzies of Gladstones dwelt, at the upper bend of the West Bow, came to be inventoried for demolition, in 1830, the occupants of its later subdivisions were thus enumerated, "one by John Edward, cobbler; another by Widow Mitchel; another by John Park, ballad-crier; another by Christian Glass, egg-wife; another by Duncan M'Lachlan, waterman; and another by Alexander Anderson,

blue-gown." But in the previous century it was deemed no way incongruous that the cobbler and the egg-wife should pass my lady, or her grace, on the way to their attic in the same common stair; and yet the egg-wife thought no less of the duchess, but probably more, than she does now when she catches a distant glimpse of her carriage and liveries on the broad highway.

On the site of the old prebendal lodgings of St. Giles's collegiate church, some of the most notably huge piles of perpendicular streets arose, up which dwelt an odd miscellany of grandees and commonality; until in two successive conflagrations the strange rookery was harried, and finally dispersed. The older pile, erected in 1685, towered up from the Cowgate to a height of fifteen stories, on the stone stairs of which, as they passed and repassed to their special flats in this civic hive, the representatives of nearly every order of society met, as on a common thoroughfare. Here dwelt, as Forbes of Culloden tells his brother, "the Lord President, and most of the Lords, with many good and great families:" my Lady Hartfield, Napier of Merchiston, and Lord Mersington, one of James the Second's judges, but a zealous Presbyterian, who, according to the apocryphal narrative of Lord Balcarras, on the news of the dethronement of the last of the Stuart Kings, headed the mob that gutted Holyrood Chapel, "a halbert

in his hand, and as drunk as ale and brandy could make him." Up the same stair were the residences of Sir James Mackenzie, Sir Patrick Aikenhead, Lady Harviston, and Lady Colston, with bailies, merchants, and humbler citizens. With the help of inventories relating to a judicial sale of the property in 1698, for which I am indebted to Dr. David Laing, we can still review the domestic arrangements of some of the select occupants of this fashionable rookery. Sir George Campbell of Cessnock, ancestor of the Earls of Marchmont, occupied a lodging on the fourth story above the close, "entering by the scale stair from the Parliament Close and Kirk-heugh," at a yearly rent of five hundred and fifty merks Scots, and "consisting of seven fire-rooms, and a closet with ane fire." Above him was Sir William Binning of Wallyford, in the fifth story, with equal accommodation at a somewhat lower rental. Lord Mersington's lodging was also on the fifth floor of the scale stair entering from the close; and included eight fire-rooms and a cellar, at the rent of two hundred pounds Scots; and so the judicial report proceeds with its impartial inventory, from the plebeian renters of garrets and "laigh houses beneath the grund," at an annual rate of twelve pound Scots, or twenty shillings sterling, to my Lord Crossrig, who pays three hundred pounds Scots for his flat and share of the common stair.

Sir David Home, Lord Crossrig, was one of the first judges nominated after the Revolution, and so came in for his full share of the satire and caricature of the Jacobite Muse. In a pasquinade in Wodrow's Collections, purporting to be "A letter from the ghost of Sir William Anstruther of that Ilk, once senatour of the Colledge of Justice," addressed to his former colleagues, and dated "*Elysian Fields*, 27 January 1711," the Earl of Lauderdale and Lord Crossrig are the only Lords of Session whom he reports to have met in "the agreeable aboads;" a compliment to the latter, which must be estimated by the known character of his associate.

But in 1700, before Lord Crossrig's ghost had taken its departure, in such questionable company, to "the agreeable aboads of the *Elysian Fields*," his Lordship figured in woeful plight, in a narrative of the conflagration by which, in that year, the whole huge pile in which he was a lodger was reduced to ruin. The account is preserved in a letter of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, to his brother, Colonel Forbes, printed in the Culloden papers. After describing the bursting out of the fire on a Saturday night; and as we learn elsewhere, "in the lodging immediately under the Lord Crossrig's lodging, in the Meal Mercat of Edinburgh, while part of his familie were in bed, and his Lordship going to bed," he thus proceeds: "There are

burnt, by the easiest computation, betwixt three and four hundred families; the Commissioner, President of the Parliament, President of the Session, the bank, most of the lords, lawyers and clerks, were all burnt, and many good and great families." It was in truth equivalent nearly to what the burning of the whole New Town would now be; while a comment of Sir John Cochran reminds us of what were the straitened dimensions of the city of Glasgow at so recent a date. "It is said just now by Sir John Cochran, and Jordanhill, that there is more rent burnt in this fire than the whole city of Glasgow will amount to." Duncan Forbes concludes with the woeful comment: "these babels of ten and fourteen storys high are down to the ground, and the fall's very terrible. Many rueful spectacles, such as Corserig naked, with a child under his oxter, happing for his life!"

Lord Crossrig had a wooden leg, which explains the incongruous allusion in this depiction of the rueful spectacle. This is still more definitely referred to in *The Assembly or Scotch Reformation*, a licentious play from the pen of Dr. Pitcairn, written in 1692, in which the following scene occurs:—

ACT IV. SCENE 4.—"The *Parliament Close*. Enter Will, a discreet smart gentleman, and Frank, his comrade, discouraging. People passing by.

"WILL.—Seest thou that dark, gloomy-ey'd fellow with the

wooden leg? He may be called a crooked justice indeed, for his mind is as deformed as his body; he's a true emblem of the whole bench. In short, sir, that judicature which was so famous for justice and literature when you went abroad, is now patch'd up of a pack of country lairds, and old, senseless, greedy, covetous clerks, with two or three pick'd advocates who are purely led by their interest and humour."

No time was lost in rearing anew the vanished babels, from which the rank and judicial wisdom, as well as the chicanery of Edinburgh and its courts, had been thus ruefully driven forth. In my own younger days the buildings in the Parliament Close still maintained their old pre-eminence as the loftiest lands in Edinburgh. Though only twelve stories high, the floors were built with higher ceilings, and the vast pile rose from the Cowgate in all its former imposing altitude. An open piazza, decorated with pillasters and a Doric entablature, after the model of the quadrangle of Holyrood Palace, ran round the whole south and west fronts within the Parliament Close, and was continued along the front of the land facing the cross, which survived the second destructive conflagration, and so was known in later years as "The Salamander Land." With the picturesque old turrets and sculpture of the Parliament House still untouched, as in the days of the First Charles; and old St. Giles's unchanged as when its gifted provost, Gawin Douglas, was penning the pro-

logue to his Virgil, in the Prebendal Close: the lofty tenements, at its eastern side added to the effect of the quadrangle, over which the equestrian Charles II. continued to rule, in spite of the Revolution and all its changes. With the rebuilding of the later fabric, "the good and great families" resumed their occupation of its aristocratic flats. There Lady Murray of Stanhope charmed her select assemblies with the choicest of Scottish melodies. There also the Countess of Wemyss resided in the memorable year 1736, when her footman, William Maclauchlan, having first made himself too free with the attractions of John Lamb's ale-house on the same stair, sallied out in the very crisis of the Porteous Mob's assault on the Tolbooth, and narrowly escaped a halter for his pains. My lady's footman was brought to trial: for the berated magistracy only wanted a decent pretext for satisfying the manes of Porteous, and the wrath of Queen Caroline, by the sacrifice of such a scape-goat. The drunken varlet's showy livery had made him an object of note in the crowd, and some one had thrust into his hand one of the Town Guard's Lochaber axes, so that the pct-valiant serving-man awoke to find himself libelled by the Lord Advocate as the arch-conspirator of the Porteous Mob. Nor was this the last of it. The younger scions of the noble family of Wemyss had doubtless been aroused from their beds by the shouts of the rioters in the

neighbouring close, and the din of their sledge-hammers thundering on the old Tolbooth door. The apprehension of poor William, whose worst fault appears to have been too great a relish for Johnnie Lamb's ale, revived their interest in the event, when the rest of the town was settling down to its ordinary affairs, and well-nigh ended in a domestic tragedy of their own. Not long after, the great-grandfather of the present Earl, who was then a boy, proceeded along with his sisters to get up a representation of the event which had produced so strong an impression on their minds. The prison was broken into, the supposed culprit carried off, and the young romps got so thoroughly into the spirit of their dramatic sports, that they hung up their brother over a door, and had well-nigh finished their play in real tragedy.

The aristocratic denizens of the Parliament Close had mostly taken flight from its old purlieus, when in 1824, another conflagration wrought the final ruin of the huge pile which had won for itself the name of Babylon, and claimed undisputed pre-eminence among the lofty lands of the Old Town of Edinburgh. Its destruction prepared the way for the architectural revolutions which have since effaced the last traces of the Parliament Close, to replace it with the prim and formal gentility of the modern "Square." To those, who can recall the quaint picturesqueness of the old Parliament House and

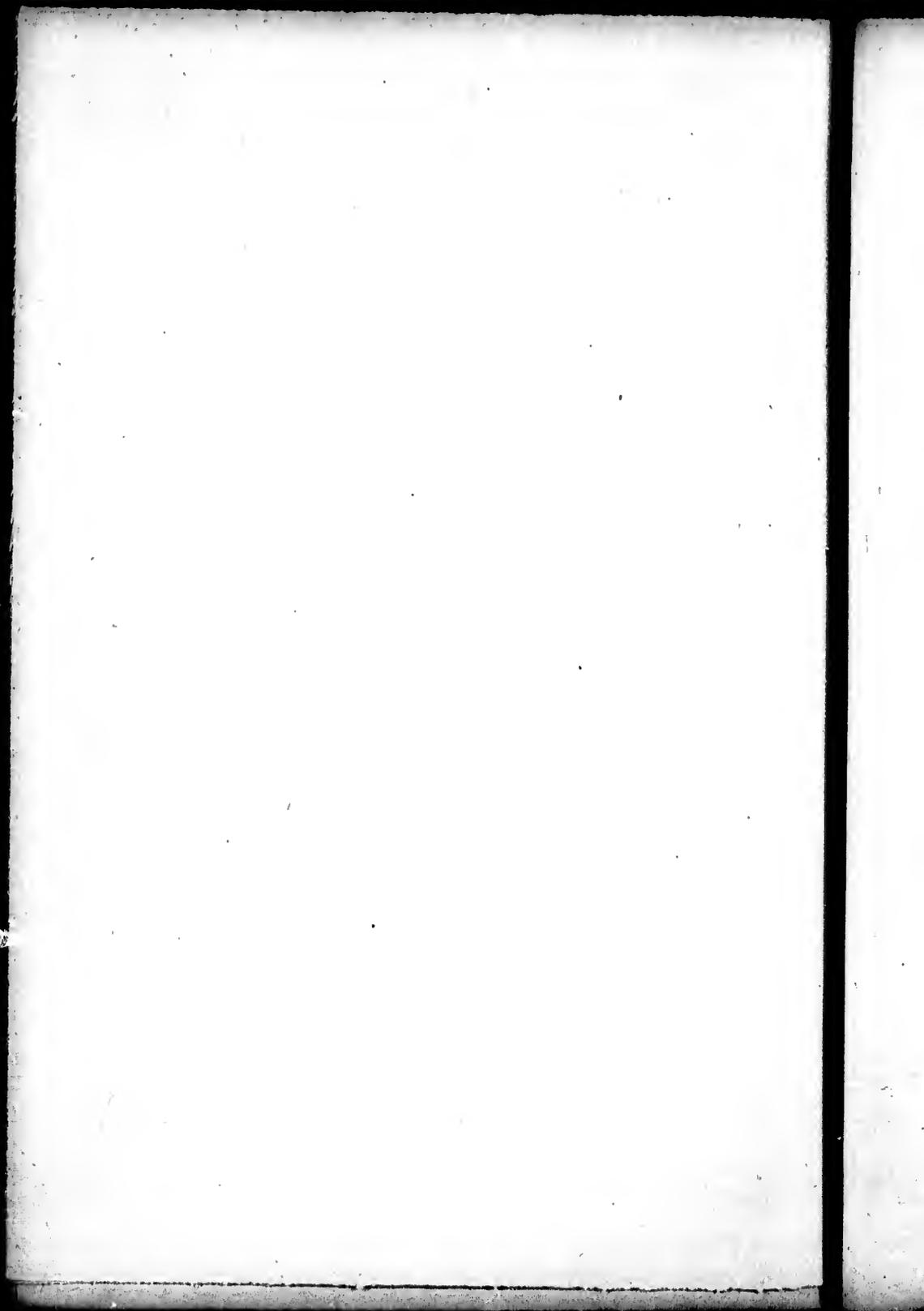
the still unrestored church of St. Giles, the later architectural symmetry is a poor exchange.

High o'er it rose St. Giles's belfry crown
 Of curious fret-work, whence the moonlight stole
 In regal guise ; and, through its arches thrown,
 Traced out a shadowy crown athwart the hall
 Where Scotland's peers once sate, as if in scorn
 Or vain regret o'er the deserted pile.
 For centuries its paving had been worn
 By courtiers, hard to match in crafty guile,
 By squire, and baron bold, and lovely dame,
 And Stuart kings still worthy of their trust ;
 While underneath their feet, with nobler claim,
 Hoar generations mingled, dust with dust.
 'Tis in Time's wonted fashion ; nor so strange
 That we need fret at his effacing finger,
 Since spite of oft-told tale of chance and change
 Some memories of the olden time will linger.
 Fire, fret, and modern taste—the worst of all,—
 Have swept in ruthless havoc o'er the scene ;
 And the lead king and shadow on the wall
 Alone survive of all that once hath been.

It is even so with all the curious memories of that olden time, when the burghers plied their industrious traffic in the High Street and the Luckenbooths, while the gentry and the nobles of Holyrood maintained undisputed social supremacy in the neighbouring closes and wynds ; or attained to a pre-eminence of patrician magnificence in the palaces of the Cowgate. But all is changed beyond recall. The manners and the fashions of a

century ago would now seem strange to us as the world before the flood. Yet they are so near to our own day that the reminiscences of intercourse with an elder generation are full of glimpses of the old days before them, when Gay and Smollett, Goldsmith, Home, Johnson, Boswell, Hume, and Burns, were writing poems, histories, essays on miracles; dancing minuets, drinking, and doing much else which comes back on us now with so novel an interest as memories of the days that are no more.





INDEX.

A.

ACHISON, Archibald, i. 144.
Achison, Sir A., i. 144.
Adam, Dr. A., i. 300.
Albany, Duke of, ii. 25.
Alexander II., i. 2.
Alexander III., ii. 255, 267.
Alva, Lady, i. 54.
Alva, Lord, ii. 83, 95.
Angus, Earl of, i. 97.
Antiquaries, Society of, i. 259.
Apollo, Altar to, ii. 162.
Argyle, Earl of, ii. 104.
Argyle, Jean, Countess of, ii. 24.
Argyle, Marquis of, ii. 101, 104,
112.
Armstrong, Johnnie, ii. 75.
Arran, Earl of, i. 97.
Arthur, King, ii. 201, 209.
Arthur's Oon, ii. 178, 207.
Arthur's Seat, ii. 202, 205.
Ashburton, Lord, i. 321.
Assembly Close, ii. 79.
Assembly, the, i. 18, 62, 66;
ii. 310.
Auchinleck, Lord, i. 253.
Auchtermuchty, Barony of, i. 155.

B.

BALLAD OF QUENE MOLL, ii. 28.
Ballantine, James, ii. 20.
Ballochmyle, the lass of, i. 165.

Barnard, Lady Anne, i. 63, 302.
Barras, the, i. 83.
Baxter's Close, i. 249.
Bean, Queen of the, i. 165.
Beaton, Cardinal, i. 95; ii. 305.
Beatoun, Andrew, i. 166.
Beatoun, Mary, i. 164.
Bede, ii. 228.
Beggar Raw, ii. 3.
Bishop's Land, i. 67.
Black, Dr. Joseph, i. 59, 73.
Blackfriars' Monastery, i. 2, 98;
ii. 292.
Blackfriars' Wynd, i. 95; ii. 292,
299, 305.
Blacklock, Thomas, i. 300.
Black Rood, the, ii. 230, 238, 243.
Blair's Close, i. 306.
Blyth's Close, i. 121, 129.
Bonkil, Sir E., ii. 5.
Boswell, Sir A., i. 65.
Boswell, James, i. 253.
Bothwell, Bishop Adam, i. 57,
102, 179, 183.
Bothwell, Anna, i. 181, 186.
Bothwell Bank, ii. 66.
Bothwell, Lord, i. 165, 179.
Bothwell, Sir R., i. 184.
Bothwell, Richard, i. 57.
Bowhead, i. 54.
Brougham, Henry, i. 103.
Brown's Court, i. 259; ii. 154.
Brown, Miss Frances, ii. 58.

- Brown Square, i. 293.
 Buccleuch Churchyard, i. 300.
 Buchan, Earl of, ii. 155, 193.
 Burnet, Elizabeth, i. 235.
 Burns, R., i. 167, 198, 235, 241,
 248, 308, 318.
 Burton, Dr. J. H., i. 259.
 Byres' Close, i. 178.
- C.
- CAMPBELL, Lady Charlotte, ii.
 299.
 Campbell of Monzie, i. 6.
 Canmore, Malcolm, ii. 232, 244,
 256.
 Canongate, i. 148; ii. 286.
 Cant's Close, ii. 298.
 Carlyle, Dr. A., i. 44, 239, 261;
 ii. 80, 87, 100, 124, 129.
 Carmichael, Mary, i. 153.
 Carrubber's Close, ii. 122.
 Casket, Mary de Guise's, i. 124.
 Castle, Edinburgh, ii. 101, 105,
 266.
 Castle Hill, i. 118, 146, 157;
 ii. 130.
 Cat Stane, ii. 202.
 Cecilia, Princess, ii. 13.
 Chambers, Dr. R., i. 105, 124,
 149, 200, 204, 293; ii. 140,
 145, 150.
 Charles I., i. 141, 145.
 Charles II., ii. 102, 107.
 Charles, Prince, ii. 220.
 Charteris, Henry, i. 335.
 Chastillard, i. 166.
 Chatelherault, i. 58, 122.
 Chatterton, i. 9, 55, 525.
 Chepman, Walter, i. 87.
 Chessmen, Lewis, i. 29.
 Christie's will, ii. 77.
 Cist, oaken, ii. 138.
 Claudero, i. 323, 326.
 Claverhouse, i. 38.
 Cleanse the causeway, i. 97.
 Clerk, Baron, i. 158; ii. 167.
 Clerk, Sir James, i. 158.
 Clerk, Dr. John, i. 216.
 Clerk, Sir John, i. 159.
 Clerk of Eldin, ii. 175.
 Coates House, i. 178.
 Cockburn, Mrs. i. 17, 63, 235,
 290, 303.
 Cockburn, Patrick, i. 307, 314.
 Cockpen, Laird of, ii. 132.
 College, i. 74.
 College Wynd, i. 56, 58.
 Corstorphine Church, i. 108.
 Cowgate, i. 80, 100, 141; ii.
 304.
 Craig, John, i. 102.
 Cranstoun, Helen, i. 317.
 Creech, W., i. 242.
 Crichton Street, i. 300, 308.
 Cromek, R. N., i. 11.
 Cromwell, i. 36; ii. 101, 106.
 Crosby, Mr., i. 257.
 Cross, Bristol High, i. 326.
 Cross, City, i. 221, 227, 234,
 270, 328.
 Crossrig, Lord, ii. 309.
 Cunningham, Allan, i. 11.
- D.
- DALZELL, General, i. 25, 37.
 Darnley, Lord, i. 162, 171.
 David I., i. 108; ii. 238, 267,
 277.
 David's Tower, ii. 268.
 Denoon, Miss Jenny, i. 226;
 ii. 127.
 Dick, Sir Alexander, ii. 157.
 Dingwall, Sir John, ii. 3.
 Douglas, Duchess of, i. 255.
 Douglas, Earl of, ii. 268.
 Douglas, Gavin, i. 87, 91.
 Douglas, Lady Jane, i. 67.
 Douglas, Tragedy of, ii. 125.
 Douglas, Viscount, i. 61.
 Doway College, i. 45.

Dow Craig, ii. 2.
 Dowie, Johnnie, i. 44, 85, 248.
 Drummond of Hawthornden, i. 145; ii. 216.
 Drummond, James, i. 332.
 Dryden, i. 225.
 Duddingston, ii. 157.
 Dudley, Lord Robert, i. 165.
 Duff, Bailie, i. 76,
 Dunbar, W., i. 86, 92, 271, 276, 334, 336.
 Dunkeld, Palace of Bishop of, i. 93, 94, 96.
 Durie, Abbot George, i. 218.
 Durie, Lord President, ii. 77.

E.

EASY CLUB, i. 191.
 Edgar Atheling, ii. 231.
 Edgar, Mrs., i. 20.
 Edwards, Miss C., i. 287.
 Edwin, the Angle, ii. 230.
 Eglintoune, Countess of, i. 159, 221, 240.
 Eglintoune, Lord, i. 159, 221.
 Elliot, Sir Gilbert, i. 20, 205, 227, 282, 285.
 Elliot, Miss Jeanie, i. 20, 282, 294.
 Endmyleis Well, i. 218.
 Erskine of Alva, i. 17, 140.
 Erskine, Sir A., i. 184.
 Erskine, Lady C., i. 63.
 Erskine, Hon. H., i. 20.
 Erskine, Sir J., i. 20.
 Erskine, Lord, i. 183.
 Ewer, Bronze, i. 49.

F.

FAIRNIELEE, i. 305, 310.
 Fleming, Mary, i. 153, 165, 166.
 Flodden, i. 276, 287, 332, 346.
 Flodden Wall, the, ii. 304.
 Flowers of the Forest, the, i. 275, 282, 290.

Foote, i. 21.
 Forbes, Lord President, i. 205, 212; ii. 309.
 Forrester, Sir A., i. 108, 109.
 Forrester, Sir , i. 109, 111.
 Forrester's Wynd, i. 106.
 Fountain hall, Lord, i. 252.
 French Ambassador's Chapel, i. 105.
 Fullerton, A., i. 135, 136.

G.

GALLOW LEE, the, ii. 74.
 Galway, Countess of, i. 227.
 Gay, i. 229, 232, 245.
 George Square, i. 5, 295.
 Gladstone's Land, i. 249, 262.
 Glenorchy, Lady, i. 54.
 Goldsmith, O., i. 62, 67, 169, 256.
 Golf, ii. 116.
 Golfer's Land, ii. 118.
 Goodsir, Professor, ii. 17, 19.
 Gordon, Alexander, ii. 163, 170, 182.
 Gordon, Lady Jane, i. 165; ii. 104.
 Gosford's Close, ii. 154.
 Gosford, Viscount, i. 144.
 Græme, Roland, i. 166, 172.
 Grammont, Count de, i. 17.
 Gray, Andrew, i. 263.
 Gray, Lady, ii. 298.
 Gray, Sir W., i. 262.
 Greenside, i. 355; ii. 93.
 Grierson of Lag, i. 26.
 Griskin Club, ii. 125.
 Gueldres Chapel, ii. 25.
 Gueldres, Mary of, ii. 1.
 Guise, Mary of, i. 33, 101, 121.

H.

HADDINGTON, Countess of, ii. 104.

- Haddington, Lord, ii. 83.
 Hailes, Lord, i. 205; ii. 233.
 Halkerstone, John, ii. 4.
 Halket, Sir C., i. 215.
 Halton, Lord, i. 229.
 Hamilton, Mary, i. 153.
 Hamilton, Duke of, i. 68, 71, 224.
 Hamilton, T., Earl of Haddington, i. 103.
 Hamilton, Patrick, i. 120.
 Hammermen's Close, i. 147.
 Hardyknute, i. 202, 204.
 Hawley, General, i. 350.
 Hay, Father, i. 184, 185.
 Hay, Lady Catherine, ii. 154.
 Hay, Lord David, i. 161.
 Hay, Miss, i. 54; ii. 285.
 Hepburn, Bishop, i. 276.
 Hepburn, J., i. 215, 216, 226, 239.
 Hertford, Earl of, ii. 263, 297.
 High School, i. 2, 57; ii. 169.
 Hogg, James, i. 12, 13.
 Holy Rood, the, ii. 238, 243, 276.
 Holy Rood, Chapel of the, ii. 272, 279.
 Holyrood, Lord, i. 179.
 Holyrood Palace, ii. 113, 120.
 Home, John, i. 239, 312; ii. 124.
 Home, Lord, i. 281.
 Home, Mary, Countess of, ii. 103.
 Hope, Edward, i. 134.
 Hope, General Sir J., i. 25.
 Hope, John de, i. 137.
 Hope, Sir Thomas, i. 103, 134, 137.
 Hopetoun, Earl of, i. 25, 237.
 Horn, Colonel, i. 304.
 Horse Wynd, i. 227.
 Hume, David, i. 250, 253, 312; ii. 261.
 Hume, Earl of, i. 280.
 Hume, Lord, i. 288.
 Hyndford, Countess of, i. 25, 237.
- J.
- JACK'S Land, i. 251.
 Jackson, R., i. 247.
 Jackson, W. W., i. 8.
 James's Court, i. 251, 254, 259.
 James I., i. 107, 109.
 James II., ii. 1.
 James III., i. 106; ii. 12, 283.
 James IV., i. 111, 336; ii. 283, 294.
 James V., i. 99, 150.
 James VI., i. 103, 107.
 John's Coffee-house, i. 225.
 Johnson, James, i. 280.
 Johnson, Dr. S., i. 248, 253, 279.
 Johnston, John, i. 128.
 Johnston, Miss Soph., i. 63, 300.
 Jonson, Ben., ii. 217.
 Juniper Green cist, ii. 143, 147.
- K.
- KELLY, Earl of, i. 17, 19, 21, 28.
 Kelvin Grove, i. 82.
 Kennedy, Bishop, ii. 264.
 Kennedy, Miss Susanna, i. 158, 221.
 Kincaid, Provost, i. 234.
 Kinloch's Close, i. 162, 193.
 Kirk of Field, i. 57; ii. 293.
 Kirkcudbright, Lord, i. 69.
 Kirkpatrick, Sir T., ii. 83.
 Knox, John, i. 35, 94, 153, 218.
- L.
- LADY LOVAT'S Land, ii. 299.
 Lady Stair's Close, i. 249, 262, 266.
 Lady's steps, i. 60, 245.

- Laing, David, i. 72, 110, 209, 332, 334; ii. 11, 15, 20, 290.
 Laud, Archbishop, i. 148.
 Lauderdale, Earl of, i. 229.
 Leven, Earl of, ii. 101.
 Lewis chessmen, i. 29.
 Lewis, Monk, i. 16.
 Libberton, W., i. 106, 107.
 Liberton's Wynd, i. 85, 106.
 Lindsay, Lady Anne, i. 194, 215.
 Lindsay, Sir D., i. 272, 335, 347; ii. 257, 282, 295.
 Linlithgow, i. 347.
 Livingstone, Mary, i. 153, 155.
 Lockhart, George, i. 223.
 Lockhart, Lord President, i. 223.
 Logan, Robert, ii. 43.
 Lothian hut, i. 319.
 Lovat's Land, Lady, ii. 299.
 Luckenbooths, i. 228, 246, 338.

M

- MACKENZIE, Sir G., i. 37.
 Maclauchlane, W., ii. 85, 312.
 MacLellan of Kirkcudbright, i. 69.
 Macmoran, Bailie, ii. 169.
 M'Naught, R., i. 133, 150.
 M'Vicar, Rev. Neil, ii. 221.
 Maiden, The, i. 331.
 Mansfield, Lord, i. 64; ii. 87.
 Mar, Countess of, i. 140.
 Mar, Earl of, i. 107, 136, 184.
 Martin, D., i. 44.
 Mary of Gueldres, ii. 1.
 Mary de Guise, i. 33, 101, 121.
 Mary, Queen, i. 33, 99, 123, 154, 179; ii. 257, 305.
 Masques, ii. 115, 120.
 Maud, The Saxon, ii. 247.
 Maye Marion, i. 112.
 May Weddings, i. 181.
 Menteith, Countess of, i. 166.
 Mercury, The Sign of the, i. 190.

VOL. II

- Mersington, Lord, ii. 307.
 Middleton, General, i. 20, 21.
 Minto, Lord, i. 284.
 Mirror Club, i. 243.
 Moir, Dr., ii. 162.
 Monbòddo, Lord, i. 234, 312.
 Mons Meg, i. 41.
 Montgomery, Lady Effie, i. 222, 223, 224.
 Montrose, Marquis of, ii. 104, 112.
 Moray House, ii. 73, 102, 105.
 Morocco Close, i. 161.
 Morocco Land, i. 266.
 Morton, Regent, i. 35.
 Murray, Lady, of Clermont, i. 54, 241, 268; ii. 83.
 Murray, Lady, of Stanhope, ii. 63.
 Murray, Mrs. Nicky, i. 18, 64, 67, 70.
 Murray, Sir R., i. 227.
 Murray, Regent, ii. 23.
 Muskoka, The, i. 275.

N

- NAIRN, Katherine, i. 54.
 Nairne, Andrew, i. 256.
 Nairne, Lady, i. 300, 313.
 Netherbow Port, i. 326; ii. 284.
 Netherbow, The, ii. 172, 173.
 Nidries Wynd, i. 140.
 Nisbet of Dean, ii. 215, 218.
 Nova Scotia, Baronets of, i. 145.

O

- OAK Coffins, i. 90.
 Old Assembly Rooms, ii. 98.
 Old Bank Close, i. 223.
 Oliphant, Lord, i. 161.
 Oliver's Land, i. 161.

P

- PARLIAMENT CLOSE, ii. 64, 107.
 Parliament House, i. 87, 90.

Y

Parr, Dr., i. 33.
 Paterson, John; ii. 118.
 Paton, George, i. 248.
 Pennycuik House, ii. 168.
 Pestilence, The, i. 263.
 Picts, ii. 195.
 Pinkerton, i. 206.
 Pitreavie, Lady Wardlaw of, i.
 120, 202, 210, 214.
 Playhouse Close, ii. 124.
 Plummer, Dr. A., i. 73.
 Porteous, Captain, ii. 80.
 Porteous Mob, i. 235; ii. 79.
 Prestoun, Sir S., ii. 6.
 Primrose, Viscount, i. 249, 267.

Q

QUEENSBERRY, Duchess of, i.
 229.
 Queensberry, Duke of, ii. 166.
 Queensberry, Earl of, i. 61, 229,
 230.
 Queen's Marys, The, i. 152,
 164, 174, 176.
 Quincy, Hon. Josiah, i. 31.

R

RAINE, Rev. J., i. 9.
 Rambouillet, Seigneur de, i. 162.
 Ramsay, Sir Andrew, ii. 134.
 Ramsay, Allan, i. 188, 216, 218,
 228, 232; ii. 123, 130.
 Ramsay's Close, ii. 132.
 Ramsay Lane, ii. 132.
 Randolph, Sir T., i. 164.
 Ratho Bog, ii. 156.
 Renton, Miss E., *vide* Mrs.
 Sharpe.
 Renton, J., i. 240, 241.
 Restalrig Church, ii. 282.
 Revels, Queen of the, i. 165.
 Richard of Cirencester, ii. 190,
 249.
 Richmond, Alexander, ii. 84.

Riddle's Close, ii. 168.
 Riddle's Land, i. 250.
 Riddles of Cheeseburn, i. 8.
 Ridotto, The, i. 225.
 Ritson, i. 207, 279.
 Romieu, Paul, ii. 99.
 Rose, Bishop Alexander, ii. 285.
 Ross, Walter, ii. 109.
 Roxburgh, Countess of, i. 47.
 Rumbold, R., i. 38.
 Russel, Rev. J., ii. 6.
 Rutherford, Alison, *vide* Mrs.
 Cockburn.
 Ruthven, Lord, House of, ii. 98.

S

SALAMANDER LAND, The, ii.
 311.
 Sandillan's Close, ii. 264.
 Selkirk, i. 278.
 Sempill, Sir James, i. 156.
 Sempill, John, i. 153.
 Sempill, Robert, i. 156.
 Sempill's Close, i. 157.
 Scott, Sir Walter, i. 5, 7, 46, 56,
 124, 181, 204, 237, 301.
 Scott, Sir William, i. 157.
 Seton, Alexander, Lord, ii. 305.
 Seton, Mary, i. 166; ii. 305.
 Seyton, Catherine, i. 166; ii. 297.
 Sharpe of Hoddam, C., i. 240,
 241.
 Sharpe, C. K., i. 3, 5, 122, 140,
 143, 222, 270, 294; ii. 33, 111,
 128, 265, 299.
 Sharpe, Mrs., i. 21, 238, 240,
 254.
 Shonkes of that Ilk, ii. 40.
 Simpson, Sir J. Y., ii. 22, 160,
 161, 197.
 Smibert, John, i. 265.
 Smollett, Tobias, i. 233, 287.
 Somerville, Rev. Dr., i. 282, 286.
 Souters of Selkirk, i. 278, 280.
 Spence, Bishop Thomas, ii. 39.

- Stair, Lady, i. 249, 267.
 Stair, Viscount, i. 138.
 Stamp Office Close, i. 221.
 St. Anthony, ii. 50.
 St. Anthony, preceptory of, ii. 43, 46.
 St. Anthony's Sermon, ii. 52.
 St. Anthony's Well, ii. 42.
 St. Catherine of Sienna, the convent of, ii. 296.
 St. Cecilia, ii. 12.
 St. Cecilia's Hall, i. 19.
 St. Clair, Sir Wm., ii. 303.
 St. Cuthbert, ii. 222, 226.
 St. Cuthbert's Church, ii. 214, 215.
 St. Giles's Church, i. 87; ii. 112.
 St. James's Court, i. 251, 254, 259.
 St. John the Baptist, the Church of, ii. 295, 298.
 St. John Street, i. 234, 237.
 St. Katherine, ii. 235.
 St. Katherine, balm well of, ii. 236, 297.
 St. Leonard's Crag, ii. 102.
 St. Margaret, ii. 231, 244, 254, 266, 271.
 St. Margaret's Chapel, ii. 248, 272, 280.
 St. Margaret's Well, Castle, i. 183.
 St. Margaret's Well, ii. 288.
 St. Mary's Chapel, ii. 279, 301.
 St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel, i. 101.
 St. Mary's Wynd, ii. 301.
 St. Michael's Altar, i. 119.
 St. Nicholas's Altar, i. 119.
 St. Ninian's Chapel, ii. 3.
 St. Ninian's Row, ii. 3.
 St. Roque, ii. 294.
 St. Rule, ii. 225.
 St. Triduana, ii. 282.
 St. William of Rochester, ii. 231.
 Steven, Rev. Dr., ii. 10.
 Stewart, Archbishop, i. 276.
 Stewart, Bishop, h. 277.
 Stewart, Dugald, i. 317.
 Stonefield, Lord, i. 53.
 Stormont, Viscount, i. 64.
 Stowell, Lord, i. 257.
 Strachan's Close, ii. 110.
 Surtees, R., i. 8, 9.
- T
- TAILORS' Hall, Cowgate, ii. 123.
 Tam o' the Cowgate, i. 103.
 Telfer, Mrs., i. 25, 237.
 Tennis Court, ii. 116, 120, 122.
 Thor the Long, ii. 225.
 Tolbooth, The, i. 88; ii. 72, 112, 192.
 Tolbooth, Canongate, ii. 70.
 Tooke, Horne, ii. 87.
 Topham, Captain, i. 257.
 Town Guard, i. 329; ii. 88.
 Traquair, Earl of, ii. 77.
 Trinity, Collegiate Church of the Holy, ii. 2.
 Turgot, ii. 238, 241, 250.
 Twelfth Night, i. 164.
 Tytler, Miss, i. 293.
 Tytler, William, i. 20, 198, 233; ii. 114.
- U
- ULSTER, i. 145.
 Union Lockhart, i. 224.
 Uphalieday, i. 165.
 Urquhart, Sir T., i. 146.
- V
- VOCAT, David, i. 57.
- W
- WALL, City, i. 85.
 Wall, Flodden, ii. 304.
 Wardlaw, Lady, i. 202, 210, 214.

- Warriston, Lord, ii. 104, 112.
 Warwolfe, i. 105.
 Webster's Close, i. 259.
 Webster, Dr., i. 261.
 Weir, Grizel, ii. 94.
 Weir, Major, i. 2, 250; ii. 91.
 Well-house Tower, i. 83.
 Wemyss, Countess of, ii. 312.
 West Bow, ii. 86, 91, 96, 306.
 West Port, i. 84.
 Whitefoord, Caleb, i. 169.
 Whitefoord House, i. 167.
 Whitefoord, Sir John, i. 167.
 Whitefoord, Maria, i. 169.
 Wilson, James, i. 323.
 Windmill Street, i. 301.
 Wintoun's House, Earl of, i. 171.
 Witches, ii. 110.
 Wooden Mare, ii. 106:

Y

- YORK, Duke of, i. 36, 37; ii.
 113, 116.



114

i.

ii.

